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THE

VISITOR,

OR

MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR

FOR 1840.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT, SOUGHT OUT OF ALL THEM THAT HAVE PLEASURE THEREIN. HIS WORK IS HONOURABLE AND GLORIOUS: AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER. HE HATH MADE HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO BE REMEMBERED: THE LORD IS GRACIOUS AND FULL OF COMPASSION.—PSALM CXI. 2—4.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE, AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK ON THESE THINGS.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 8.

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THE

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Ancient two-horse chariot. Designed from various sculptures and paintings.

ANCIENT CHARIOTS.

THE warriors of primitive times were carried to the field in chariots, generally drawn by two horses. The engraving represents an Egyptian prince in such a vehicle, taken from numerous delineations among the ancient sculptures. It was made of frame-work, covered with leather, but so light as to be easily borne by a man.

The period in which the chariot was first used in battle, cannot now be ascertained. It appears, however, that the aboriginal inhabitants of Canaan were trained to that mode of warfare, long before their land was invaded by Joshua. Thus we read:—"The children of Joseph said, The hill is not enough for us: and all the Canaanites that dwell in the land of the valley have chariots of iron, both they who are of Beth-shean and her towns, and they who are of the valley of Jezreel," Joshua xvii. 16. But here it should be observed, that the chariots were only

armed with iron, and not made of that metal. The ancients used them, having a kind of scythes fastened to long axle-trees on both wheels, and these mowed down men as grass of the field. Formidable in assault, they furnished no common means of defence. Hence the sacred historian says: "The Lord was with Judah; and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron," Judges i. 19.

The chariots of princes and heroes were intended for ornament as well as service, being frequently richly embossed with gold and other metals. Homer describes that of Rhesus as adorned with a profusion of gold and silver, and Lycaon's chariot as furnished with splendid curtains, expanded like the wings of a bird. Solomon, the richest and most magnificent sovereign of his time, had chariots of proportionate taste and splendour.

"The chariots of God," says the psalmist, "are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels;" and similar imagery is employed when he says, in words so frequently used in supplication: "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things," Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

NEW YEAR'S PEAL.—UNCLE BARNABY'S CHAPTER OF MORTALITY.

It was the last day of the year . . . . when Frank and myself petitioned my uncle's permission to sit up and hear the midnight peal. It is a pretty general custom, I know not whether it is universal, to ring the church bells half an hour before and after twelve o'clock at night. This is called, ringing out the old year, and ringing in the new one. Uncle said he thought we should miss our rest, and be unfitted for the engagements of the next day. Beside, as the village peal consisted only of three bells, one of them wofully cracked, so that there was not much more harmony than in the clacking of an old woman's broken pattens, he thought we should not find much entertainment. But Frank felt sure, as the night was still, and what little wind there was, was in the right direction, that we should hear the numerous and fine-toned bells of the city of . . . . which was about five miles distant. Moreover, we both thought that we could bear the fatigue of sitting up late for once without injury. My uncle at last consented, and invited us to pass the evening in his library, the windows of which opened towards . . . . . Ten o'clock was the hour at which the family usually separated, and at that time we were assembled around a blazing fire. Frank asked my uncle if he knew the origin of the custom of bell-ringing at that season. Uncle said he did not, but that it always struck him as very incongruous; the season, he thought, demanded serious reflection rather than noisy mirth. "I don't know," said he, "how it may be with you young ones; but to an old man like me, the merry peal sounds plaintive rather than joyous. It seems, as one of our poets has said,

"'But the knell of my departed hours;'

and the knell, too, of my departed friendships. I have been accustomed for many years to keep a sort of obituary of friendship, and oh how rapidly the list extends! and were it not for a few dear young ones rising up around me, how very small would be my remaining circle! How few can I number now among my living friends that were such when I began this list of the departed, and how soon will my own name be added to the latter class! As there is still an hour and a half before the peal will strike up, perhaps we may find it an interesting though mournful employ to look through my register."

We were both delighted with the proposal, and the book being produced, we drew still closer around the fire, and uncle began reading over his list, occasionally making a remark on the character of the deceased person, or informing us of the degree of relationship in which they stood to the family. We thus became possessed of many interesting family anecdotes, and gathered from my uncle's observations some useful practical hints: a few of them I may, perhaps, be able to recollect and present to the reader.

"My first entry," said my uncle, "is the death of a younger brother, one that came between your father and me, Frank. This was the first time I had known real sorrow. Ronald was my constant companion and playfellow. We were seized with the measles together. He was taken, and I left. The distress of all the family at losing him was extreme; for he was a lovely child, and beloved by all. His

death, I think, was the means of impressing on my mind two very important lessons; one was, the power of Divine grace, and the value of true religion in sustaining the mind of the Christian under affliction. Even to the present day, I remember the meek resignation with which my beloved parents bowed to that heavy stroke. About the same time, a fine boy, about the age of my brother, was taken from a family who, it is to be feared, were strangers to religion. The mother murmured bitterly at the bereaving dispensation, became deranged, and continued so through life.

"The other lesson impressed on my mind was the duty of cherishing tender affection and exercising constant kindness towards those with whom we are united in the most intimate connexions. I could remember with pleasure the interchange of habitual kindness between Ronald and myself. I recollected with intense pain one instance of unkindness and alienation. The spot and circumstances of our trifling quarrel are still vividly pictured to my mind, and send a painful thrill through my conscience. My childish feeling was, if I should die and go to heaven, as I hoped Ronald had done, my first impulse on meeting him there, would be to embrace him and ask his forgiveness. A more correct and permanent effect of the recollection has been, to check the utterance of a hasty expression, the indulgence of an unkind feeling, and to prompt me, on recollecting that I had said or done any thing that might give pain to another, to lose no time in frankly confessing the fault and seeking a cordial reconciliation.

"The next year was distinguished by the death of two relatives of the family, Mrs. H. and Mrs. L. Each was the mother of a numerous family with whom I occasionally associated. I believe they were both, in their way, good women, and well-intentioned mothers; but neither of them succeeded in securing the affection or the happiness of her children. Mrs. H. alienated her children by harshness and severity, which she intended for their good. In her scheme of education, all the stress was laid upon discipline, the effect of which was to 'make the children mind her and fear her.' Perhaps they did so in her presence; but the effect produced on their minds was such as led them to look upon her death as their release from bitter thraldom and arbitrary restraint, and, being set at liberty, to please themselves; a liberty of which they availed themselves to a ruinous extent. Mrs. L. erred on the side of fondness and indulgence. She made herself and all around her miserable by needless anxieties; a slight cold or the cut finger of one of the children would occasion her a fit of illness. Then she would never suffer them to be controlled, lest their spirits should be broken and their tempers spoiled. Certainly their spirits were not broken, but stood erect, in defiance of all proper authority; their tempers were much as those of spoiled children generally are. I believe they were a sad exercise to the patience and forbearance of a second mother, but that they had great reason to be thankful for her mild yet firm discipline.

"This year died Mrs. Harris, the superintendent of our nursery, a victim to procrastination. (See vol. iv. page 147.)

"Mr. W———, our next door neighbour, the fat man who was always complaining that he had no appetite, and yet killed himself by over eating and drinking. He rose late, languid, feverish, had no relish for food, and enticed down a few slices of hot roll or buttered toast by the help of anchovy, red herrings, or German sausage. In consideration of his failure at breakfast time, it was deemed requisite to take a luncheon, perhaps of turtle soup and sherry wine, perhaps oysters and porter. At dinner time there was generally a great failure of appetite, until, tickled by the tempting variety which his table always displayed, the poor man was induced to partake of fish, poultry, game, and pastry, with ample potations of beer, wine, and perhaps spirituous mixtures. If the muffins at tea did not quite relish, an egg or two would be called in to lend their persuasions, and then, having had little or no appetite through the day, the poor man would fancy that he might relish a bit of something hot for his supper; a roast duck or partridge, or a dish of broiled kidneys, or toasted cheese. It would be necessary then to take a glass of spirits and water to promote digestion, and procure sleep. Even that infallible remedy sometimes failed, and year after year Mr. W. was continually ailing, and at length died of apoplexy, in the forty-fifth year of his age. It is probable that being a child at the time, I should not have known so much about the matter, but that Mr. W. had a habit of dropping in at my father's to complain of his uncomfortable feelings and want of appetite. My father told him he believed

that a month's exchange of occupation and diet with one of his ploughmen would cure all his ailments. A similar prescription, rather more tersely expressed, has been frequently given by a celebrated physician to his patients, but I have not heard of many cures effected by it. That class of valetudinarians can seldom be sufficiently convinced of its efficacy to induce them to give it a fair trial. However, boys, it may be worth your remembering; and if, in future life, your maladies should not yield to ordinary remedies, at least give it a trial: it is, 'Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it.'

"Miss ———, sixteen years of age, the intimate friend of my sister, afterwards Mrs. Tatnall. I recollect her a fine, lively, rosy girl, as much so as my own sister; but she became pallid, feeble, and sickly, and died, universally lamented by her family and friends. My sister visited her frequently during her illness, and was much affected by her death, which the medical gentleman, on a subsequent examination, alleged to have been brought on by tight lacing. Whether or not this was correct, it had a very happy effect on both my sisters, who, notwithstanding the tyrannical laws of fashion at that day, ever after yielded the formation of their persons to the graceful simplicity of nature.

"My grandmother ——, a choice old lady, of the race that is now nearly extinct. I can fancy I see her now, seated in her richly-carved, high-backed chair, with her large silver buckles, a stiff full dress of rich silk; apron, cuffs and handkerchief of the finest French cambric; a massy gold watch hooked on her apron string; several mourning rings on her fingers, her silvery hair smoothed back; then a delicately white little cap, and over it a black lace hood, which I believe was the symbol of widowhood, (the portrait of Mrs. Katherine Henry, the wife of Philip, and the mother of Matthew Henry, has always put me in mind of uncle Barnaby's description of his grandmother,) her gold-mounted spectacles in a tortoise-shell case, and a large Bible, with crimson velvet covers and gold clasps lying open before her. These were trifles in themselves, but they fixed themselves in my memory; happily not alone, but in connexion with many holy sentiments, many portions of Scripture read and affectionately pressed home upon me by my venerable ancestor, or committed to memory by me at her desire. Before she died, all her children and grandchildren were gathered around her, like those of the patriarch Israel, to receive her parting blessing and admonitions. The funeral sermon was preached from the closing verses of the ninety-first psalm, a portion of Scripture which was eminently verified in her character and experience. Blessed be God for pious ancestors, and may piety like her's descend and multiply through all the generations of her descendants!

"My cousin Edward ——, and a young friend, Lawrence ——, were drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure boat. What an affecting lesson on the frailty and uncertainty of human life! In the midst of life we are in death. What a signal instance of preserving goodness have I to acknowledge, in that while others were taken, I was spared. I was to have been of the party, but was prevented by a slight indisposition. Will the life thus distinguished yield any revenue of praise to its Preserver and Benefactor? and am I prepared to resign it, if some other accident or disease should attack me, from which I am not to escape? Let me remember that a respite is not a reprieve, and that

> Safety consists not in escape
> From dangers of a frightful shape,
> An earthquake may be bid to spare
> The man that's strangled by a hair.

God has smitten others, and he thereby warns me. Prepare to meet thy God.

"Old Richard ———, my late grandmother's coachman. He had lived in the family nearly threescore years, and had seen three generations. His worth and fidelity rendered him truly honourable, and gained for him deserved honour. Richard was born at the time of the great fire of London, and at three days old, had been thrice removed with his mother from the spreading devastation. He often spoke of the goodness of God in preserving both lives under circumstances so peculiar. In his childhood and youth, it was Richard's privilege to associate with some of the confessors of Charles the second's reign. His parents attended the ministry of the excellent Richard Baxter: indeed, he received his name as an expression of the respect of his parents for that holy man; and many prayers were offered that he might resemble him in spirit, and these prayers were not offered in vain, accompanied as they were by parental instruction and example. Richard embraced and exemplified the same

truths which that good man laboured so successfully to diffuse both by his tongue and pen; and though our Richard was not a preacher of the word, there is good evidence that he was a successful propagator of it, his conversation and example having been blessed to several of his associates. 'He that winneth souls is wise.'

"Archibald R——, my school-fellow and college companion, a highly gifted youth, and one who did run well but, alas, was hindered. Archibald possessed brilliant talents, and far outstripped all competitors, especially in those exercises which call forth original genius rather than plodding perseverance. He was as amiable as he was talented, and won the love even of his unsuccessful rivals, as well as the admiration of indifferent judges. His conduct was strictly moral, and even exemplary. His views of sacred truth were scriptural and clear; and there was reason to hope that he experienced the power of religion in his heart. In course of time, Archibald became a popular preacher. Wherever he preached, admiring crowds were convened; and it was considered almost a disgrace not to have heard the celebrated Mr. ——. It is true that the bulk of his congregations were gathered from among the lovers of novelty and variety; but even judicious and experienced Christians listened with delight to his eloquent appeals, and rejoiced to see such brilliant talents consecrated to the work of the Lord; but they had not heard him many times before they observed with pain an effort to display himself, even at the expense of obscuring the great and glorious objects which the Christian minister should constantly labour to exhibit. He seemed to be more full of himself than of his subject. He more than once received a faithful and affectionate expostulation, and for a time gave to the preaching of the cross something more like its due prominence; but again he relapsed into his former egotistical parade. His conversation became less and less spiritual. His chosen associates were selected, not for superior wisdom and exalted piety, but for brilliancy of talent, keenness of wit, and connexion with the more fashionable circles of literary society. The time came when Archibald could speak of experimental religion with levity bordering upon sin, and indulge scepticism on those glorious doctrines of the gospel, concerning which he had at one time said that he determined to know nought beside.

"Poor Archibald!" continued my uncle, with tears in his eyes, "he was not happy. The new views he embraced he found alike inefficient in affording solid support and satisfaction to his own mind, and in instructing and saving those who heard him. I unexpectedly met him a few months before his death, when he sighed for the unsophisticated pleasures of religion which he thought he once enjoyed, but declared himself unable to return to that state of mind which would prepare for their enjoyment. I was much shocked at hearing of his death, and never had an opportunity of hearing any thing as to the state of his mind on its near approach. My dear boys, may you never suffer yourselves to be carried away by pride and vain philosophy, but ask for the good old paths and walk therein, that you may find rest to your souls.

"Very different from the doubtful and misgiving feeling with which the name of poor Archibald R. was entered in my little obituary, were those of entire confidence and unmingled veneration for a long life of consistent piety, and a death-bed of humble, solid, and edifying assurance, which rested, and which are to the present day awakened, on referring to the name of an aged minister on whom our family, when in town, constantly attended. 'The doctrines,' said he, 'which for half a century I have preached to others, are now the support of my own soul. Precious Christ! Precious gospel! Precious hope! The Rock of salvation is solidity itself.'"

The next entry in my uncle's book, seemed to awaken in his mind feelings of deep and melancholy interest. He more than once endeavoured in vain to subdue them and proceed with his wonted composure. At length with an agitated voice, he said, "True, indeed, it is, that man walketh in a vain show. We set our affections on that which is not; and our very affections are the sources of our afflictions; our hearts bleed, and our very lives are smitten down to the ground when lover and friend are put far from us.

> "Now I forbid my carnal hope,
> My fond desires recall;
> I give my mortal interest up,
> And make my God my all."

As uncle uttered these words, he closed the book, and appeared for a few moments lost in thought. His own placid, benignant smile soon played again on his

countenance, and we hoped he might have been inclined to proceed with his reminiscences. But as if suddenly recollecting the occasion of our midnight interview, which I believe had been forgotten both by Frank and myself, he pointed to the time-piece, which to our great surprise intimated that the midnight peal must be nearly over. It wanted only a quarter to one o'clock. We threw up the library window and listened a minute or two; but, with much greater interest, spent the few remaining moments in joining with my uncle in prayer that we might be enabled so to mark the flight of time, and so to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom. C.

THE HAWTHORN.

"The milk white thorn, that scents the evening gale."—BURNS.

"Lo! the green thorn her silver buds
Expands to May's enlivening beams."
C. SMITH.

NATURAL ORDER. Rosaceæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Icosandria Di-Pentagynia. *Cratægus Axycantha.*

Calyx superior, of one leaf, with five permanent segments. Petals five, round, growing from the edge of the calyx, *b* and *c*. Filaments, awl shaped, incurved, *d*. Anthers, two lobed. Germen, inferior, roundish, *f*. Styles, generally one, sometimes two or three. Stigma knobbed. Berry, globular, deep red, crowned with the calyx, containing from two to five capsules, each one valved, *e*. Seeds, two in each cell, egg shaped. Branches thorny. Leaves three or five lobed, regular, smooth, and glossy. Flowers white in lateral corymbs. Thorns small, awl shaped. Blooms in May or June.

How many early and pleasurable associations does the sight of this tree revive! How closely is it connected in our minds with the delights of spring, and images of rural festivity. This must have been peculiarly the case with our forefathers, identified as it was to them with the May-day games in which it held so distinguished a place. But though these village sports have comparatively fallen into disuse, who can regard the lovely blossom of the hawthorn without feeling wafted back in memory to the happy days of childhood? With what ecstacy did we hail the appearance of its milk-white buds in the hedge newly mantled with the lovely green of early spring! They seemed the final proof required to assure us of the delightful fact, to which all around us testified, that "the winter was past, the rain over and gone." How many hours have rapidly sped by, while surrounded by the beloved companions of our early days, we culled the new-found treasures of the field to form our little posies, ever reserving the best, the loftiest place for the fragrant branches of our favourite May tree. How many wistful glances were cast toward the topmost bough, where grew the finest branches, the whitest sprays; while every renewed attempt to reach the desired object, waving in mid air far beyond the reach of the longest arm, but robbed it of its snowy honours, scattering around a cloud of perfumed flakes. Little were the insidious thorns regarded, or the wounds and injuries they too often inflicted, were the desired prize but attained and borne in triumph to deck the grate or fill the jug. At no season of the year is the hawthorn devoid of interest; it does indeed combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, the useful with the agreeable. While yet the ground is locked by the paralyzing hand of frost, the March blast whistles through the leafless trees, and all around seems dead and sterile; the hawthorn hedge which skirts this scene of desolation, protrudes its little round buds; small at first, and scarcely to be distinguished from the woody branches, yet ere long tipped with a faint speck of green, which tells of brighter skies and warmer days to come. And as the spring advances, though with hesitating and uncertain steps, and all nature revives at her genial call, "the intertexture firm of thorny boughs," becomes a living mass of the freshest verdure. The beautifully shaped leaves of the most delicate green, are soon enlivened by the red tinge assumed by the young wood, while ere long appear the pearl-like buds, each set as it were in a downy cup of the lightest green, and

studded round the edge with the dark tips of the calyx segments.

"Between the leaves the silver whitethorn shows
Its dewy blossoms, pure as mountain snows."

Then, as the petals expand their concave milk-white segments, crowned with the dark tipped anthers, like so many rays surmounting a pearly coronet, what can exceed the beauty of each individual flower? And what can surpass the appearance of an individual tree viewed from a distance: a mass of the bright and lovely green of spring varied with snow-like wreaths of the most dazzling whiteness; while the perfume extending far and near fills the air with the most delightful odour. Again, when the chilling gales of autumn, the party-coloured tints of the forest, and the rustling leaves beneath our feet, tell too truly of the approaching dreary season in which nature sinks into her annual state of repose, thence to regain fresh strength to resume, with another spring, her round of ceaseless bounty, the hawthorn, which has been overlooked during the bright months of summer, will relieve the melancholy scene. As the tawny leaves fall one by one upon the ground, the interlaced branches again appear loaded with their scarlet crop of "stony haws." It has been often remarked that an abundant supply of these berries betokens a severe winter; but experience has frequently proved that this omen is not to be depended on. Yet if superstition can find no food in these vegetable harbingers of winter, what Christian eye can regard them unmoved? How forcibly do they repeat the delightful truth, that "the goodness of God endureth continually;" that he who wields the destinies of empires, and rolls the heavenly bodies through the infinity of space, is not regardless of the wants of the meanest of those beings into which he hath breathed the breath of life. Yes, the feathered songsters, those choristers of heaven, whose little voices are ever tuned in notes of grateful praise to their Almighty Creator, are not overlooked by him. He knows the season of their need, and makes a bountiful provision for their sustenance; while the means by which he supplies their wants, conduce to the gratification of man.

"Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care."

The derivation of the various names by which this tree is known is very obvious. *May*, from the month in which it usually blossoms, as well as from the importance attached to it in the rural sports which were celebrated on the first day of that month; though owing to the variations of the seasons, as well perhaps in some measure to the alteration of the style, it is very seldom now found in bloom so early. *Hawthorn*, as well as its Danish and Swedish names, (Hagetoon and Hagetorn,) are most probably formed from the Saxon word *hage* or *haeg*, hedge. *Whitethorn* requires no explanation; and the word *quick*, applied to a hedge formed of this plant, signifies life, and was most likely used to distinguish such fences from those of wood, as it cannot be considered a quickly growing plant.

The hawthorn seldom exceeds thirty feet in height; when young, it grows from one to three feet in a year, afterwards it increases in size very slowly, and spreads chiefly in an horizontal direction. The trunk is generally gnarled the bark rough, and the branches tortuous and irregular. The timber it affords is hard and durable, finely grained and susceptible of a high polish; but owing to a deficient supply of a useful size and its great tendency to warp, it is seldom used. The hawthorn is principally cultivated for the hedgerows of England, or as an ornamental shrub, for which, as we have seen, it is well calculated. For the former purpose it is invaluable, on account of the ease with which it is propagated, as well as the impervious barrier which it affords, when properly trained, against the inroads of man and beast. The ancients used it for this purpose: we find in the Odyssey that Ulysses, on returning to his father, found him alone, the servants having been despatched to the woods for

"——— sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn."

Columella describes a hawthorn hedge as preferable to any other, being more lasting and less expensive. They were probably first used in this island by the Romans, and by degrees became general. Persons who are acquainted with those parts of England or the Continent where they have not yet superseded the stone walls, will be able to appreciate their value in improving the appearance of the country.

The branches form excellent fuel, especially for heating ovens; they are likewise frequently used to protect young plants, hedge-rows, etc. The leaves are good fodder for cattle. The berries, as we have seen, form a main supply in winter for the wants of the feathered tribes; they are also used medicinally, and in some parts of France a fermented liquor, of a very intoxicating nature, is made from them.

The hawthorn has ever been a favourite with the poets. What can be more picturesque than an old tree, with its gnarled trunk and tortuous branches, when under the influence of gradual decay, yet still sending forth an annual crop of leaves, flowers, and fruit. How interesting are the associations with which we connect it, when it stands in the village green, the trysting place of the hamlet, the play-place of the children, the favourite resort of the aged. Such a tree has Goldsmith immortalized in his touching description of his native village.

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed."

Milton describes this tree as the favourite resort of shepherds:

"Every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

While another poet represents a monarch regarding such a spot with envy.

"Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings who fear their subjects' treachery?"

Chaucer in a yet earlier period was not regardless of its beauties.

"Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree,
Who finely clothed in a robe of white,
Fills full the wanton eye with May's delight."

Perhaps a few words upon the May-day sports of our ancestors may not be uninteresting or irrelevant to our subject. They no doubt originated, like many other of our popular customs, in the pagan ceremonies which the heathen were wont to observe at this season of the year, in honour of Flora, the goddess of flowers. The younger part of the community were accustomed to rise with the dawn of day, and went forth to the woods with the sound of music, there to gather large branches of May, which they brought home in triumph to adorn their doors and windows. The after part of the day was spent in rural sports, principally in dancing around a high pole, erected for the purpose in some place of public resort, which was annually decorated for the occasion with garlands of flowers, streamers, etc. Even royalty itself was not negligent of the festal occasion, as Stowe tells us in his account of the Mayings near London, as these sports were termed.

"In the moneth of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walke into the sweet meddowes and greene woods, (many of these are now covered with long lines of houses) there to rejoyce their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmonie of birdes, praising God in their kinde. And, for example, hereof Edward Hall hath noted, that King Henry VIII., as in the third of his reigne and divers others yeares, so namely in the seventh of his reigne on May-day, in the morning, with queene Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's hill."

Here a pageant was prepared for their entertainment, two hundred "tall yeomen dressed in greene, with greene hoods, and bowes and arrows," personated Robin Hood, and his band of archers. The chieftain, who represented this renowned outlaw invited the king to witness the skill of his men, and then entertained them "in greene arbours made of boughes and deckt with flowers where they were set and served plentifully with venison and wine, to their great contentment." Stowe goes on to relate, "I find also that in the month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish or sometimes two or three parishes, joyning together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles with divers warlike showes, with good archers, morris-dancers and other devices for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-plaies and bonfires in the streets." These sports being found to lead, as might naturally be expected, to much excess and licentiousness, the May-poles were ordered by Act of Parliament, in 1644, to be removed. At the Restoration, however,

they were replaced, and one in the Strand was reared with much ceremony. It remained there for many years, until being much decayed, Sir Isaac Newton obtained permission to remove it to Wanstead Park in Essex, where it was used to support an enormous telescope, one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, presented to the Royal Society by a French gentleman.

Many of our old poets have commemorated these Mayings. We have only room to insert Herrick's description of the street when decked with these branches, in his poetical invitation to his mistress "to goe a Maying."

"Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branches; each porch, each doore, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorne neatly interwove."

But the first of May is now comparatively neglected, and these rural festivities have ceased, though in some of the more secluded districts and villages, May-poles are yet standing, and the younger part of the population retain the custom of going a Maying. In London, too, the annual processions of the chimney sweepers remind us of former times. Much as we must all deplore the decline of any old customs which tended to cement the ties which ought ever to exist between the upper and lower classes of society; and natural as it is for all to welcome the return of the delightful season of spring, yet we could hardly desire the revival of these public revels. In these days it would be impossible to observe them with the simplicity of former times, and they would only furnish an excuse for intemperance and wickedness. Against similar scenes, the apostle no doubt cautioned his Galatian brethren, when he warned them of the works of the flesh, among which he enumerates "drunkenness, revellings, and such like," on the ground that "they who do such things should not inherit the kingdom of God." The Roman Christians too are charged to the same effect, Rom. xiii. 13.

Ere we close these notices of the hawthorn, we will just allude to the tree known by the name of the Glastonbury thorn; with which a superstitious legend is connected. Tradition states that it sprang from the staff used by Joseph of Arimathea, who on a visit to this country to found a Christian church, fixed it on the ground on that spot on Christmas day; praying that God would by it work a miracle to convince the heathen around of the truth of his mission. The staff took root immediately, put forth leaves, and the next day was covered with blossoms. For many years, it was believed that every Christmas eve the tree budded, and the next day bloomed. Slips from this tree were said to possess the same miraculous power. The mystery, like many others by which our forefathers were misguided in the days of Popery, has however been satisfactorily accounted for. The Glastonbury thorn is a variety of the common hawthorn, distinguished for bearing two crops of leaves and flowers in a year: it comes into leaf for the second time late in the autumn, and blooms in the course of the winter. As for the staff being transformed into a tree, that is by no means so doubtful as that Joseph of Arimathea ever visited Britain; for it is well known that the hawthorn, as well as many other trees, will often grow from stakes.

Before taking our leave of the hawthorn, let us learn from this favourite tree a valuable lesson, well conveyed in the following lines by an anonymous writer:

"On summer's breast the hawthorn shines,
In all the lily's bloom,
'Mid slopes where the' evening flock reclines,
Where glows the golden broom.

When yellow autumn decks the plain,
The hawthorn's boughs are green,
Amid the ripening fields of grain,
In emerald brightness seen.

A night of frost, a day of wind,
Have stripp'd the forest bare:
The hawthorn too that blast shall find,
Nor shall that spoiler spare.

But red with fruit, that hawthorn bough,
Though leafless yet will shine;
The blackbird far its hues shall know,
As lapwing knows the vine.

Be thus thy youth as lilies gay,
Thy manhood vigorous green;
And thus let fruit bedeck thy spray
'Mid age's leafless scene."

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.—No. I.

One of the most remarkable of the scientific discoveries which have distinguished the present age, is that which has recently been made known under the term of photogenic drawing, or Daguerreotype. It has frequently happened that an application of some well known scientific fact, which, when proposed, seemed so simple that we wondered

why we did not observe it ourselves, had been delayed year after year, without attracting any attention, or at least a very partial examination. It is equally worthy of remark, that discoveries are generally made by different persons at about the same time, so that it is often difficult to apportion the honour between them, or to say who ought to be considered as having had the first idea, or as having followed out a principle with most success. It is thus with the photogenic drawing. There are already many candidates in the field, and nation is in competition with nation for the discovery of this process, and a much more laudable competition it must be considered than that in which life and property has been so often sacrificed.

The art of photogenic drawing may be said to depend on two facts—That the forms and shadows of bodies may be thrown by the rays of light on surfaces capable of receiving them, and That light has the property of changing the characters of certain chemical compounds such as the white chloride of silver which it converts into the black oxide. This explanation of the art is, we are conscious, liable to many objections, and we should, perhaps, have better described it, by saying, that it is a method of obtaining the forms, proportions, and groupings of natural objects, by the physical and chemical action of light upon a prepared ground; but we doubt whether this would convey so much information as the previous less accurate but more explicit statement. When we say that the definition wants in accuracy, it must not be understood that it is contrary to present practice; but, on the other hand, although it is now perfectly true, new methods may be discovered of producing the effect required with greater ease and with more advantage. Let us, however, now turn to an examination of the principles to which we have referred, and endeavour to explain them fully to the reader.

A work has been recently published by M. Daguerre on the history and practice of the Photogenic Drawing, which has been translated by Dr. Memes. In this book we find an analysis of the report presented to the Chamber of Deputies by M. Arago, and from it we may extract the following passage, which fully illustrates the first principle to which we referred—the projection of the forms of bodies upon prepared surfaces.

"Two centuries ago, a philosopher of Naples, Giovanni Battista Porta, discovered that if a very small hole be pierced in the window shutter of a room, completely darkened in other respects, or better still if the aperture be perforated in a thin metallic plate applied to the shutter, all the exterior objects from which rays can enter through this opening will be represented on the opposite wall, in dimensions enlarged or diminished according to the distance. He found also that even with this imperfect apparatus, throughout a large extent of the picture, objects were painted in their natural colours, and with considerable truth of linear perspective. A short time afterwards, Porta found that it was not necessary to have the opening very small, thus limiting the view; but that if the perforation was covered with a lentiscus, or a convex glass, it might be of any dimensions. He remarked also the great improvement thus produced in the delineation. The images passing through the simple medium of the hole were without distinctness of position, intensity of colour, or neatness of outline. On the contrary, with the lentiscus, the mimic forms rivalled the vivacity and strength of nature herself, the focal distances being properly adjusted. It is well known that all these discoveries of Porta have become truly astonishing in precision of detail and strength of colouring since the art of constructing achromatic glasses has been brought to its present perfection. Formerly a simple lentiscus composed of one kind of glass only, and consequently acting with as many separate focuses as there are colours in the undecomposed white ray, transmitted a comparatively indistinct image of objects. Now that we employ achromatic glasses, which combine all the incident rays in one focus, and that a periscopic construction of the apparatus likewise has been adopted, great perfection has been given to its effect.

"Porta constructed also portable dark chambers: these were composed of a tube, longer or shorter, armed with a lentiscus as its optic instrument; a screen of white paper, or some prepared substance, occupied the focus, and upon it the images of external objects were received. The Neapolitan philosopher proposed his simple arrangements for the benefit of those who had not been taught drawing. According to him, nothing else was required in order to

obtain the most perfect transcripts of nature than merely to trace carefully the outline of the focal image.

"These anticipations of Porta's have not been realized. Painters and draughtsmen, those in particular who execute large views, have still recourse to the camera. They, however, employ it merely to group objects *en masse*, to trace their contours, and to fix them in their proper position and magnitude, according to the principles of linear perspective. As to those effects proceeding from the imperfect transparency of our atmosphere, whence arise all the charms of tone and colouring, which, by a sufficiently erroneous appellation are designated by the term aerial perspective, the most experienced artists are aware that in reproducing these, the camera affords them no assistance. No person, however, has witnessed the neatness of outline, precision of form, the truth of colouring, and the sweet gradations of tint, without regretting that an imagery so exquisite and so faithful to nature could not be made to fix itself permanently on the tablet of the machine. Who has not been deeply anxious that some means might be discovered by which to give reality to shadows so exquisitely lovely. Yet in the estimation of all, such a wish seemed destined to take its place among other dreams of beautiful things; among the splendid but impracticable conceptions in which men of science and ardent temperament have sometimes indulged. This dream, notwithstanding, has just been realized. Let us take, then, the invention of its germ, and mark carefully its gradual unfolding."

The principle here referred to, is employed in the camera obscura, an instrument employed to throw the rays of light from external objects, by reflection from a looking glass, so that the image may be formed on some horizontal prepared surface, which is done in such a manner as to give the proper form and colours to them.

The next thing to be considered is a means of giving permanence to the image thus formed; this will be done, probably, in various ways, and indeed is already accomplished in more than one. There is a substance, long since discovered, called lunar or caustic silver, or, according to modern nomenclature, chloride of silver. This remarkable compound, although in itself white, becomes black when exposed to the light, the shades being more and more dark according to the intensity of the light. The knowledge of this might have suggested to the alchymists, that if any image were thrown upon a piece of paper, or any other medium, impregnated with it, that image would be painted by the rays of the sun, although, as far as lights and shadows are concerned, the picture must be the reverse of the real object; the parts which are deeply shaded, those on which no light falls, will remain white, and those which are brilliantly illuminated will be quite black. Strange as it may appear, this application was not thought of by the early chemists, nor indeed until the commencement of the nineteenth century.

Wedgewood seems to have been the first person who had any idea of applying the property of which we have spoken to the formation of drawings. The inquiries of this philosopher were published in June, 1802, in the Journal of the Royal Institution, and he there proposes paper steeped in chloride of silver to copy paintings on glass and engravings.

The experiments made by Wedgewood were repeated by Davy, who states he had obtained representations of objects exhibited in the solar microscope, but only at a short distance from the lens. Both Wedgewood and Davy then were unsuccessful in their attempts to introduce a photogenic drawing. Not having obtained the drawing, they of course devoted no time to the discovery of a method of fixing it, although this would have been to them an object of not less importance than the production of the outline. The pictures when produced cannot be submitted to the action of day-light, and are therefore only to be examined by the light of a lamp or candle. Some means, therefore, must be provided to neutralize the action of the light upon the paper.

In the year 1814, M. Niepce, a country gentleman residing on his property near Châlon, on the Gaône, commenced a series of photogenic experiments. In January, 1826, he became acquainted with M. Daguerre, and in 1827, during a short stay in England, read a paper on the subject before the Royal Society of London. "On an attempt," says M. Arago, "having been made to establish a priority of invention, thees sketches, still in a state of good preserv-

ation, were immediately and honourably produced from the collections of certain English philosophers. They prove beyond dispute, as respects both the photographic copies of engravings, and the formation, for the use of artists, of plates in the state of advanced etchings, that M. Niepce, in 1827, was acquainted with a method of making the shadows correspond to shadows, the demi-tints to the demi-tints, the lights to the lights. These early essays farther prove that he had discovered how to render his copies once formed, impervious to the erasing and blackening effects of the solar rays. In other words, the ingenious experimentalist of Châlons, by the composition of his grounds, had so early as 1827, resolved a problem which had defied the lofty sagacity of a Wedgewood and a Davy."

In December, 1829, a deed of partnership was drawn out between MM. Niepce and Daguerre, and by their united efforts, the art has been brought to a wonderful state of perfection. We are not, however, certain, from the evidence before us, that the name of M. Daguerre should be applied to the invention excluding that of M. Niepce, as the French have done, for it is quite certain that we are as much, if not more indebted to him; but we suppose the process will now always be known in France as the Daguerreotype.

But it is here necessary to remark, that the English philosophers have not been entirely excluded from this work, although they have taken but a small and comparatively insignificant part. Soon after the publication of M. Daguerre's process, Mr. Fox Talbot stated, in a communication to the Philosophical Magazine, that he had been for four years acquainted with a process analogous to that of M. Daguerre; and yet it must be allowed that the operations of these two philosophers are sufficiently distinct. With Mr. Fox Talbot's arrangement, the picture is taken on prepared paper, and all the lights and shadows are reversed; a densely heavy thunder cloud appearing white, and a brilliantly illuminated body of water, quite black. According to the French process, the image is impressed on the silvered surface of a copper plate; the lines are distinct, and the shadows are in their proper places. In our next paper, we shall proceed to explain the former of these processes. H.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

JANUARY.

The new year begins its career in winter: it is ushered in by clouds and storms, yet we welcome and hail its approach. The old year, with its sorrows and joys, its hopes and fears, its gratifications and disappointments, has passed; its chequered months, have rolled back into eternity, and we stand on the margin of an untried future, over which hangs a dense cloud, receding only in proportion as we advance, so as merely to lay bare the present, while all beyond it is unseen; for we know not what a day may bring forth. Let us then use the present, and be thankful that it is ours to employ and improve. How a Christian should use the present, depends upon the circumstances in which he is placed, —the exigencies, and the duties of the hour; but among all his pursuits he will not forget his God, or heedlessly pass by the works of the great Creator, whose Spirit, at the beginning, moved upon the face of the waters, and whose great works are recorded in Scripture, that we may render them tributary to his praise. Need we then an apology, if, as each month appears, we direct our readers to the natural occurrences which, in the order of things, God has appointed; at least as far as our portion of the world is concerned, invite them into the fields and lanes, "by woods and lawns and living streams," show them a bird's nest, a bud, a flower; teach them to feel an interest in the fluttering insect, whose little life is its all; to relish the beauties of nature; and instead of gazing around them, and exclaiming, "All is barren," teach and induce them to acknowledge,

> "These are thy works,
> Parent of good. Thyself how wond'rous then!"

But what is there worth looking at in winter, when the trees are leafless, and the hedges bare, and the ground either locked up with frost, or deluged with rain; when the fallow lands look dreary, and the lark has forgotten his song, and the sun, far in the south, scarcely rises above the verge of the horizon, and soon finishes his course? Such, methinks, I hear some reader ask, as he looks from this paper to the window, then stirs the fire, and shivering, creeps closer to the blazing embers, glad that he is not obliged to go out in such a bitter day. What, then! is there no pleasure in a winter's walk? nothing to see, nothing

which will afford interest and instruction? Come with me into the fields and lanes, let us stroll through the wood, and by the farm; dare the cold, and see if we shall not be repaid for our exertion. Credit Cowper, no mean authority, when he says, that he "who can derive no gratification from a view of nature, even under the disadvantage of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any."

It is very cold; yet see how well the animals, destined to endure our winter, are enabled to withstand the severity of the season. The coat of the ox, no longer short and smooth, is deep and rough; the rain can scarcely penetrate it; it is the same with the horse, save when pampered and stall fed; in the more exposed and bleak districts, its increase of clothing is very remarkable. The Shetland pony is now as rough and shaggy as any painter who loves the picturesque can desire. The fur of all the wild tenants of our heaths and woods is increased in depth and thickness. The under fur of the hare is full and thick, whereas, during summer, it is very thin and short. The red grouse of the heath-covered hills, has a warm thick downy feathering to the very end of its toes; and the ermine, which, during the summer, was sleek and of a reddish brown, is now full furred and snowy white, except the tip of the tail. The alpine hare, and the ptarmigan of the Highlands have also changed their brown and mottled livery for one of purest whiteness; thus assimilating with the snow in colour, they better escape observation, when all around is open and exposed. But not only so, white bodies or substances are less rapid conductors of caloric than coloured, and while the atmosphere is so far below the vital temperature of the animal, its heat is thus, as it were, preserved and husbanded, for the maintenance of life.

But we miss the bat, we miss the hedge-hog, we miss the dormouse. They may soon be found; but in what situation? in quiet slumber,—a slumber termed hybernation, during which the blood slowly circulates; the temperature of the body is reduced nearly to that of the atmosphere; and the vital functions are almost suspended. Is not this just one remove from death? No; it is the Creator's plan of preserving from death; it is a state of insensibility which the breath of spring will dissolve, at once restoring animation and vigour. We shall see the bat wheel again round the steeple, or the trees; the hedgehog will interrupt our woodland walks at eventide, and roll itself up at our approach; and the little dormouse will build its nest in the thicket, when the thicket can afford it concealment.

What a flock of small birds! they must amount to thousands! They are larks, the same species whose song trills in the blue summer sky, the minstrel appearing but a speck in the vault of heaven. The lark is only gregarious during winter. At the close of autumn this bird assembles in flocks, augmented by visitors of the same species from more northern regions, and the assemblage scours the country in search of food, sweeping and wheeling around the turnip fields and fallow lands, as if to reconnoitre ere settling. Larks in winter are generally fat, and esteemed a delicacy for the table, and hence their wholesale destruction: while the flocks are sleeping at night, a wide light net is drawn over them, and thousands are thus taken. From the neighbourhood of Dunstable, vast quantities are sent to the London markets; nevertheless we see no apparent diminution in the numbers of these delightful warblers, when the summer months return.

That is the song of a bird; how clear, how shrill! It is the wren, one of the smallest, but one of the hardiest of our British birds; it may be seen hopping from twig to twig, and flitting down the hedgerow, inquisitively examining the closely-covered buds, and prying into the crevices of the bark in quest of dormant insects and their larvæ, on which it feeds; then suddenly breaking forth into a clear strain, which ceases as suddenly as it began. But the wren is not our only winter songster: we have the robin, whose cheerful note is familiar to all, a favourite every where, with his rust-red breast, and his full black eye: the woodlark also, on a fine day, pours out his melodious strain. The woodlark (*Alanda arborea*) does not congregate like the skylark during the winter season, in large flocks, but merely associates in small families of five, six, or seven, which separate in the early part of the spring. The hedge-sparrow, or winter-fauvette (*Accentor modulares*) may also now be heard warbling a gentle yet sweet and varied song; the thick hedge conceals the plainly-dressed songster, but it is well known; a pair builds in every

hedgerow, in every garden, in every orchard, before the leaves have yet unfolded; and the nest, and its bright blue eggs are too often borne away in petty triumph by the thoughtless schoolboy.

The golden-crested wren, or gold crest, (*Regulus auricapillus*, Selby,) the most diminutive of our British birds, less even than the common wren, (to which it is not generically related,) braves our severest weather, and may be observed flitting through the coppice, and along the edges, like a little fairy, all life and animation. It is a singular circumstance, that in the winter of 1822, thousands of these birds were seen to arrive upon the sea-shore and sand-banks of the Northumbrian coast; many of them were so fatigued by the length of their flight, or perhaps, by the unfavourable shift of wind, as to be unable to rise again from the ground. The flight must have been in prodigious quantities, as its extent was traced through the whole range of the coasts of Northumberland and Durham. There appears little doubt of this having been a migration from the more northern provinces of Europe, (probably the pine forests of Norway and Sweden,) from the circumstance of its arrival being simultaneous with that of large flights of the woodcock, fieldfare, and redwing. (See Selby's Brit. Ornithol.)

What can be more graceful in its actions, more pleasing in its colours, than the blue titmouse, (*Parus cæruleus*); there it hangs, head downwards, on that slender spray, pecking the buds in search of small caterpillars. In this pursuit its attitudes are amusingly varied; all elegant; all quick and lively. It is gone; another twig is undergoing its scrutiny. There too is its relative, the great titmouse, (*Parus major*,) remarkable for its well-contrasted colours, and its active, restless, busy habits. Little care these birds for the coldest weather: they are clad in soft deep plumage, and retire at night into barns, pigsties, stables, or the holes and chinks of old walls or trees, for comfort and security.

See the fields, green with the rising blade, are blackened with rooks, all intent upon the destruction of the larvæ of beetles, which they eagerly devour, to the benefit of the farmer, who need not grieve at the trifling mischief they do by the dislodgment of the roots of the corn; a mischief compensated a thousand fold by their services.

The redwing and the fieldfare are winter visitors; flocks of them are wheeling round the fields; they settle under the hedges, and along the borders of coppices, or in turnip fields; gleaning a scanty subsistence from the berries of the hawthorn, the dogrose, the holly, the ivy, and the mountain ash; adding thereto snails and the larvæ of insects.

The Crossbill.

What a singular bird flitted by and plunged into yonder firwood! It was a crossbill, (*Loxia curvirostra*, Linnæus.) Instances of this curious and

interesting bird breeding with us have been met with, though rarely. It is, however, to be regarded as an occasional visitor only. Its habits and manners remind us of the parrot; like the parrot, though its toes are not two before and two behind, it clings in any posture with the greatest ease, and is active in the extreme; its bill consists of two mandibles arched, so as to cross each other, and that not always on the same side; the seeds of the fir constitute its principal food, and to obtain them it inserts the point of its bill between the scales of the fir-cones, and by an adroit lateral movement of the cross mandibles, wrenches open the scale, and disengages the seed, which it seizes at the same moment. Apple and pear trees sometimes suffer to a trifling extent, from the depredations of flocks of this bird; but more so on the continent than in our island. Its visits here are rare, and in inconsiderable numbers, except occasionally; for, as is the case with many of our visitors, it sometimes makes its appearance in large flocks, and then for several winters is to be looked for in vain. It is, however, one of our earliest visitors; for it breeds in the pine forests of Germany, Sweden, and Poland, during the first months of the spring; and it is very remarkable, that in the year 1821, as Mr. Selby informs us, this island was visited, even as early as the month of June, by immense flocks of these birds, which spread themselves through the country, and were to be seen wherever fir trees were abundant. The greater part of the flock, as proved by the numbers killed, consisted of old females and young birds of the year; their course was northward, as they were seen in the fir tracts of the north of Scotland in September after they had disappeared from the districts south of the Tweed. The appearance of a crossbill in January gives us reason to suppose that it will stay and breed with us.

How thronged are the open lands, near the shore, with various species of the feathered race; wild fowl of all colours, driven from the inland parts to the mouth of rivers, and to bogs and estuaries of the sea, where nature provides them an unfailing banquet, when the lakes and marshes are locked up with frost. Curlews and whimbrels are sailing on their long and pointed wings; gulls are wheeling in easy undulations, and settling and rising, at home, on the land, on the water, or in the air; and flocks of lapwings, distinguished by their pied livery, driven from the moorlands and waste lands of the interior, to the southern shores, cover the fallow lands like rooks searching for worms or larvæ, or approach the marshes along the beach, eager for such food as may be here obtained. But why attempt to number the birds, which at this season haunt our shores, and draw their sustenance from the prolific waters?

Where are the reptile tribes of our island at this season? Not one is to be seen. No, the beautiful snake is torpid in its retreat; the viper is quiet in its hole; the frog lies buried in the mud of the marsh or pool; and so does the water newt, (triton,) and the toad; and the lizard in his burrow, in the brake, or coppice. The food on which these reptiles live is not now within their reach, were they even active and vigorous; and their cold blood, never much exceeding that of the atmospheric temperature, loses the requisite stimulus of warmth with the decline of summer; when, as if aware of the torpidity to be undergone, as the means of their preservation, they each retire to their appointed dormitory. How wonderful, how mysterious is that instinct, which the great Creator has imparted! Every creature, according to its organization and concomitant mode of life, habits, and food, according to its animal necessities, is guided and impelled by an irresistible influence. It reasons not, it dreams not of the why and wherefore; it refers not effects to causes; it is not made wiser by experience; it acts as all its species do and ever did, and unconscious of the part it plays in the economy of nature, fulfils its destiny, and contributes its quota to maintain the balance of creation. To man is appointed another line of duties, for him are reserved other springs of motives and actions: his is a reasoning soul; and hence between him and the most sagacious, or apparently sagacious brute, is a wide gulf, not to be filled up.

But where are the insects? many in a larva state lie buried in the ground; many, unhatched in the egg, wait for spring to emerge devouring caterpillars; many in the chrysalis state sleep torpid till the returning warmth shall bid them break forth from their mummy-like envelope, and expand their wings upon the breeze. But some are now alert; the

transient sunshine has roused whole hosts of gnats, (culicules, and tipulidæ;) they are dancing as if in the exuberance of pleasure; in a few hours they will all be gone, each hastening to its concealment; but to-morrow's sun will call them forth again, should to-morrow be a genial winter's day.

The naked twigs and branches enable us now to look for the eggs of such insects as deposit them in order upon the smooth bark, to which they are attached by a sort of glue or gummy excretion, which unites them to it securely. Here are the eggs of the lackey moth, and others may soon be found; but here again observe the beautiful operations of instinct; no insect deposits her eggs on any tree but that, the leaves or bark of which is ordained to form the proper food of the caterpillar progeny, when hatched. She makes no mistake, for a mistake would be fatal to the continuance of her race, and she is not left to choice in such a matter; but is instinct-directed in all she does, and acts, as far as she is concerned, without the slightest idea of the future.

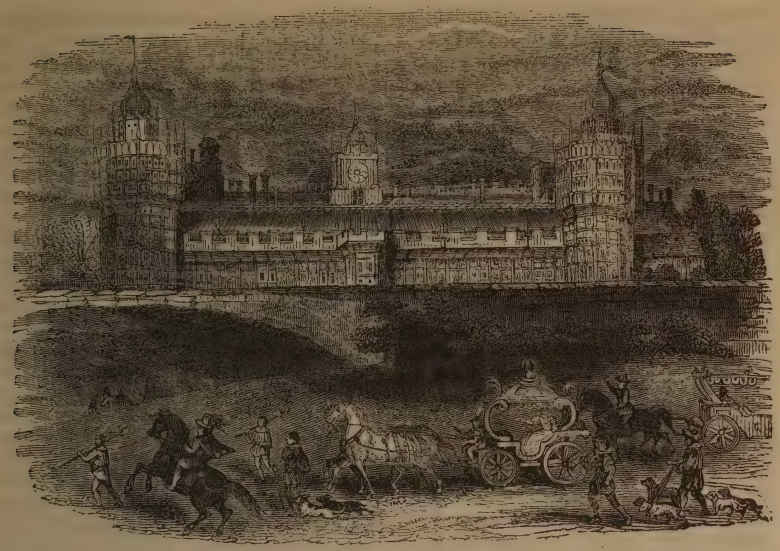
What shall we say of the vegetable world; does it lie dead? Not so; the sap is already beginning to circulate in the roots, secured from the cold in the bosom of the genial earth; stilly, indeed, is the work of restoration, the commencement of the functions of vitality, but it is sure; nay, it has already made great progress, and some of our hardier plants look cheerfully. The catkins of the hazel are beginning to unfold; and the daisy "glints forth, scarce reared above its parent earth;" the red dead nettle, the white dead nettle, the primrose, the grounsel, and chickweed adorn each sunny bank; the mezereon and hepatica are about to flower, and the snowdrop is already through the ground. The mosses are green and vigorous, and the lichen tints, with its many hues, the old gnarled trunks of trees, and the time-worn stones of ruined towers, over which the ivy, ever verdant, throws a wreath as if to hide the progress of decay, or show that for nature man himself labours, even when he ministers to his own power or glory.

Surely a winter's walk in January is not destitute of interest. Reader, try it for yourself, using your eyes, (availing yourself of a pocket miscroscope,) and using your ears to catch every sound; and when you return with the glow of health, and the animation which exercise produces, you will not repent that you have left the fireside for a season to look at nature in "her least attractive dress." But what is the severity of this season, in our climate, to that of the ice-bound regions of the north, where

"Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard!
There the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
Arms his fierce winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the world.
There, undissolving from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains, high on mountains piled,
Seem, to the shivering sailor, from afar
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid, o'er the surge
Alps frown on Alps; or hideous rushing down,
As if old chaos was again returned,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more—a bleak expanse
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward."—THOMSON.

THE SCRIPTURES.

THE inspired Scriptures derive their singular unity, not only from all the doctrines forming one vast and ever-during system of truth, but from all the rays of heavenly light converging upon one glorious and Divine Person who is the sum and the centre of the whole dispensation: "To Him give all the prophets witness." Whatever may be their theme in the first instance, it terminates and rests at last upon the advent of the promised Deliverer. Whether they sing of judgment or of mercy, they are carried forward to the great King, who shall break in pieces his enemies with a rod of iron, but who shall rule over his subjects with the sceptre of righteousness and peace. To Him give all the apostles witness. Their lives were spent in proclaiming His salvation; their blood was shed in confirmation of his faithfulness and truth. To Him give all his disciples witness in all ages of the world. To Him the true Church gives witness, acknowledging his omniscience, to foreshow the trials that were to befall believers, and his almightiness to rescue them from all dangers, confessing that he is the First and the Last, and that in his hand are the keys of life and of death.—*Douglas.*



Nonsuch Palace.

ENGLISH HISTORY.
ELIZABETH.

QUEEN MARY died between six and seven o'clock in the morning of November 17, 1558. The council assembled the parliament then sitting, and at noon Elizabeth was proclaimed queen. This change was received with more than common rejoicing; such was the state of affairs at that time, and such the apprehensions entertained of still severer persecutions, and deeper national disgrace from the policy lately pursued. The most bigoted of the Papists expected that their cruel proceedings would be stopped; but though it was believed that Elizabeth was favourably disposed to the Reformation, yet she had conformed to the church of Rome, and they still hoped that Popery would predominate. Her early measures were such as to keep both parties in suspense as to the course she would pursue.

Elizabeth was at Hatfield when her sister died. She was then in her twenty-fifth year, highly gifted with natural abilities, which had been cultivated by study. But the course of instruction most beneficial, both to her subjects and herself, was the severe sufferings she experienced during her sister's reign. The poet has well said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and the same sentiment has been expressed by a writer of Divine authority, who has declared that "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Elizabeth, though a female of the highest rank, had been bowed down as heavily as the meanest of her subjects; she learned wisdom and caution from her sufferings. The efforts made for her destruction in the late reign are well described by bishop Aylmer: "What assemblies and councils, what examinations and wrackings of poor men were there, to find out the knife that should cut her throat! What gaping among many lords of the clergy, to see the day wherein they might wash their goodly white rochets in her innocent blood!" But though man may plot, he cannot execute his designs, unless the Lord permit. The time was come when Popery was to be humbled; Elizabeth was the main instrument chosen to effect this.

On receiving intelligence of her sister's death, Elizabeth immediately appointed as her counsellors, thirteen who had been thus employed by the late Queen; but she joined eight Protestants to them: among these was Sir William Cecil, who was her principal adviser from the first. He communicated to her the intelligence of her sister's decease, he was employed to prepare the address she delivered to the council, and the first minute of business requiring immediate attention, still in existence, is in Cecil's hand-writing.

On November 23, the queen removed

to the Charter-house, near London, attended by more than a thousand of the nobility and gentry, with many ladies. Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, rode next to her as master of the horse. When approaching the metropolis, she was met by the principal clergy, and others, all of whom she received with much affability, excepting Bonner: from that ecclesiastical butcher she turned with expressions of disgust. Her decided disapproval of persecution was shown on the day after her arrival, when, on learning that Sir Ambrose Jermyn, a magistrate of Suffolk, had stopped the proceedings against the Protestants in his neighbourhood, a letter of thanks was sent to him, in the queen's name, expressing her wish that others would act in the same manner. But the desire of the Popish prelates to continue the persecutions was openly declared. At the funeral of queen Mary, on December 13, Jewel relates, that bishop White spoke in strong terms against the return of the exiles for religion, declaring that it would be a good deed if any would slay them! His discourse was thoroughly popish, and in strict accordance with his text, "I praised the dead more than the living," Eccles. iv. 2. But he was only directed not to leave his own house for a time.

On November 28, the queen proceeded to the Tower, entering it with very different sensations from those which oppressed her when last within those gloomy walls. The words of Psalm cvii. are very descriptive of God's merciful dealings with her: "He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder." A few days afterwards, she removed to Westminster, where she kept the festival of Christmas, on which day she withdrew from the public service when the host was to be raised as an object to be worshipped. These removals were made by public processions, in which the people displayed great joy. Elizabeth was of a goodly presence, and conducted herself so as to win and to retain the general favour. From the beginning to the end of her reign, she ever manifested a desire to possess the affections of her people. On every occasion she endeavoured to act so as to secure popularity, and she succeeded. She did not seek self-gratification as her primary object; or, rather, she was best pleased when she pleased her people.

The position of Elizabeth on her accession was full of difficulty. The nation was at war with France, and consequently in a state of hostility to Scotland. The Spanish alliance had been very disadvantageous to England; but there was no reason to suppose that Philip would long continue on good terms with Elizabeth, unless she consented to marry him, which, he having been her sister's husband, would be a more objectionable measure than the union of her father with Catherine of Arragon, while another Spanish match would be hateful to the nation. The Pope and all the European powers under papal influence would become her open enemies, as soon as she ventured to show a decided inclination to favour the reformation. Public affairs were in the utmost disorder: the treasury empty; no adequate preparations to meet the attacks of enemies; trade in a languishing state; the people suffering severely from the effects of recent famine and pestilence; and the nation in debt to the amount of four millions, a sum in those days almost incredible.

Nor was Elizabeth free from other and still more serious causes for disquiet. Those of her subjects who were attached to the Reformation, considered her mother's union with Henry VIII. to have been valid, and her title good; upon their principles Henry's marriage with Catherine of Arragon was altogether unlawful, as the Pope had no power to do away the laws of God; thus it was void from the beginning, so that no question need be entertained as to the regularity of the divorce. But, on the other hand, the Papists both at home and abroad considered that Henry's marriage with Catherine was valid, and the divorce unlawful, so that Ann Boleyn's marriage was, in this view, null and void from the beginning; therefore Elizabeth was illegitimate, and had no claim to the English throne. This had also been declared during her father's reign; but though the act had not been repealed, he restored her to the succession, by the will he was empowered to make. Under these circumstances, Papists at home, as well as foreign powers, considered that Mary, queen of Scots, had the right to be queen of England. Francis I. of France was the only Popish monarch who had recognized the legitimacy of Elizabeth; but his successors disallowed it. Even her brother had given priority to the family of the duchess of Suffolk, which caused some to consider the surviving sisters of Lady Jane Grey as having claims to the throne.

The desire of the most bigoted Papists, to set aside Elizabeth, and place upon the English throne Mary of Scotland, then married to the dauphin of France, appeared without delay. Some practices of this nature, in which the brothers of cardinal Pole were implicated, were made known to the council as early as November 22. Soon afterwards the disposition of the French government was shown, by the title of queen of England being openly given to Mary, as well as that of queen of Scotland. Her husband also assumed the royal arms of England as a part of his armorial bearings, in defiance of all the rules of heraldry, thereby showing his design to claim the English throne. At their marriage, before the death of queen Mary, they did not in any way mention the title of England; but within two months after Mary's decease, a grant to lord Flemming was made by the dauphin and dauphiness of France, under the title of "King and Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland." Subsequently the officers of court publicly announced and addressed Mary Stuart as queen of England. It is important to keep these facts in view; for they show that from the very beginning of her reign, Elizabeth was placed in a situation of danger by the pretensions of Mary, who never formally relinquished them. This explains the subsequent proceedings between these two queens. It was impossible for Elizabeth to act in a friendly manner towards such a pretender to her throne. The Pope at once showed Elizabeth the danger of her position, by declaring that as illegitimate, she had no right to the crown of England; that it belonged to him to settle the succession; that if Elizabeth would submit to his decision, he would treat her with fatherly affection and favour! But the queen had tasted that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;" she desired to have no more of the mercies of the Pope.

On January 12, 1559, the queen returned to the Tower preparatory to her coronation; from thence she proceeded on the 14th in a car richly adorned, in solemn procession to Westminster, the order usually observed before a coronation. On the following day, she was crowned in Westminster Abbey. Considerable difficulty had been experienced in finding a prelate to place the crown upon her head, without which her right to the throne would have been doubted by many. Several sees were vacant by death: the Romish prelates refused to officiate; but at length Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle, was prevailed upon to perform the ceremony, which was conducted agreeably to the Roman pontifical, except that the elevation of the mass was omitted. This shows how opposed the bigoted Papists were to the government of Elizabeth, though as yet she had given no decided proofs of an intention to favour the Reformation. But during the procession from the Tower, she showed her determination that the English Bible should be set forth again. In Cheapside a pageant was exhibited, representing Time leading Truth from a cave where she had been hidden. She had an English Bible in her hand, inscribed "the Word of Truth," which was presented to the queen. Elizabeth received the book and pressed it to her heart, returning thanks, and declaring that she would often read over that book. The general character of the pageants of that day was much superior to those usually exhibited. They were comparatively free from heathenism and popish superstition, while many made direct reference to those doctrines of truth whereby alone monarchs can reign with safety and satisfaction. But the queen would not proceed so rapidly as the Protestants wished. On the following day, a gentleman presented a petition, alluding to the liberation of prisoners at a coronation, requesting that some other prisoners, namely Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, with one Paul, might be released; the queen smiled, but answered that it was needful first to inquire whether they wished to be set at liberty.

Doubtless it would have been far more satisfactory, as well as more gratifying to every lover of the truth, had Elizabeth at once decidedly expressed her sentiments in favour of true religion. But there is too much reason to apprehend that her heart was convinced, rather than changed. Though she never would have acted with blind bigotry like her sister, yet she seems to have been a Protestant quite as much from circumstances as from inclination. The Reformation under her never proceeded so far as under Edward VI. She would probably, if left to herself, have adopted a course still more modified, half way between her father and brother. But the nation demanded more, and she could not refuse to go farther than probably her own inclination dictated. Doubtless all this was overruled for good, and we cannot but admire

the dealings of Providence, whereby the Most High caused it to be for the interest of the queen and her people to oppose the detestable tyranny of the Popedom, and its efforts to suppress the truth. Yet had Elizabeth gone forward more decidedly, there is no reason to doubt that she would have been sustained in her course; and had she been more under the influence of personal piety, she would have escaped many of those difficulties in which she was afterwards involved. All that the queen did as to religion, previous to the meeting of parliament, was to stop the Popish persecutions, to forbid any one to preach without a license, and to direct that a part of the public services should be in English. The mass was still continued, but the elevation and idolatrous adoration of it were forbidden. Preparations were also made to bring the whole question of religion before the parliament.

On January 29, 1559, the parliament met. Efforts were made to procure the election of members well disposed to the queen. Sir Ralph Bagnal, who had stood alone in his opposition to the introduction of the Papal authority, was now returned as knight of the shire for the county of Stafford. One of the acts passed restored to the crown the first-fruits and tenths of ecclesiastical preferments, which had during the late reign been placed at the disposal of Cardinal Pole to forward Popery. Another act allowed the queen to apply part of the bishops' revenues to the public service. A more important law restored to the crown supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, and set aside that of the Pope. This was expressed in less objectionable terms than in the reigns of her father and brother. Lever, an exile, urged that the title of supreme head of the church ought not to be assumed by any mortal. Elizabeth was induced to take lower ground, though she was acknowledged as supreme governor in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters. As a woman, she was not qualified to act personally in reference to the matters brought before her in this capacity. She was therefore authorized to appoint what was called "the high commission court," vested with arbitrary power in matters relating to religion. It led to much oppression and many abuses.

Another law related to uniformity in matters of religion. Previously to this act being passed, ten Protestant and as many Popish divines were instructed to discuss publicly, whether having prayer in an unknown tongue, is contrary to Scripture, and the practice of the primitive church; whether every national church may not regulate its own ceremonies without reference to the papal authority; and whether the sacrifice of the mass can be supported from Scripture. The Papists cavilled, and shifted their ground; they refused to argue these points fairly in writing, as they at first agreed to do. Some of the Papists were imprisoned and fined for contumacy; they had gone so far as openly to propose to excommunicate Queen Elizabeth.

The Act of Uniformity directed the restoration of Protestant worship according to a form, not very different from that appointed in the reign of Edward VI. The variations were made from a desire to retain the moderate Papists within the national church; but, like many other conciliatory measures in religious matters, this failed as to the object sought to be attained, while an opening was thereby made for difficulties and evils arising from other causes. The alterations were chiefly as to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by introducing expressions which would speak less clearly against the doctrine of the real presence; but how much depends upon this! The doctrine of transubstantiation, or of the real presence of the body of Christ in the consecrated elements, in any degree, implies an authority and power in the priest, which leads by sure steps to the errors of popery. Men of learning and speculative minds may try to rear a system which clothes the priesthood with a degree of divine power above their fellowmen; but in fact the priest thereby is "showing himself that he is God;" for no one less than the Creator can effect the change contended for, however disguised by the term "spiritual sense," if any alteration is supposed to have been effected in the sacramental elements.

We must also notice with considerable regret, another result of education in Popish principles. This act did not allow that liberty of conscience in matters of religion, which every man has a right to exercise. At this time, the restraining measures were aimed only at Popery; they did not go beyond fines and imprisonment, and contrasted very favourably for the Reformation, when compared with the proceedings of queen Mary's reign. They were called for by the conduct of the bigoted Papists, some

of whom still openly gloried in the persecutions of which they had been guilty. Dr. Story boasted in the House of Commons, that at Uxbridge he had thrown a fagot at "an earwig," as the Protestants were contemptuously styled, while singing psalms at the stake, severely wounding him in the face. But these laws were subsequently found to press very severely on many Protestants; and it was not till a long time afterwards that the evil of attempting to interfere with the right of private judgment was admitted. Even the best men of the sixteenth century were very ignorant on the subject of toleration. This must be attributed to its right source,—to Popery: it was only by degrees that scriptural truth on this subject prevailed. But Antichrist, whatever form it assumes, whether Popish or Protestant, is the same; it is intolerant, and the leaven is so congenial to human nature, that it can never wholly be removed.

The number of ecclesiastics who adhered to Popery was very small; so far Elizabeth and her counsellors succeeded in their plans to procure outward compliance. The number of bishops had been reduced by death to fourteen: these were decidedly attached to Popery: they agreed to refuse the oath respecting supremacy, when tendered to them in June, 1559, calculating, that if they were firmly united, the queen would not venture to expel so many from their sees. But they were ignorant of the resolute spirit of Elizabeth, who, with her counsellors, saw the absolute necessity for standing firm against the Pope having any influence in England. Thirteen bishops persevered in rejecting the oath. Kitchen, bishop of Llandaff, alone took it. Only about two hundred parish priests and other ecclesiastics gave up their preferments! Nares states, that of nine thousand four hundred beneficed Romish clergy, only one hundred and seventy-seven relinquished their stations; the rest conformed. The result was very disadvantageous to the Reformation. For a long period the pulpits of England were nearly silent. The doctrines of truth were seldom heard from them, or at most in a homily, which, however excellent, was purposely so mangled in reading, as to be unintelligible to the hearers. Hence the principles of popery remained deep-rooted in many a country parish, though the outward practices were restrained. The monastic establishments formed by queen Mary were dissolved. In the month of August, several crucifixes, images, and other superstitious articles, removed from St. Paul's, and other metropolitan churches, were burned in the streets, a pleasing contrast to the burnings of martyrs by queen Mary less than a year before.

Jewell and other valuable English reformers had by this time returned from the continent; they saw with deep regret how slowly and imperfectly the Reformation proceeded. Even in 1563, there were but three Protestant preachers in the university of Oxford. Burnet has printed some of the correspondence between Jewell and his friends abroad, in which he bitterly sorrows over this state of things. In 1562 he laments that outward matters connected with Popery were allowed to remain, adding, "for in doctrine we have gone to the quick." Again, in 1566, he wishes "that all, even the slightest, vestiges of Popery could be removed from the churches, and much more from the minds of men. But at this time the queen cannot bear any change with respect to religion." Jewell was one of the chief ornaments of the English church in this reign. In 1562, he published his celebrated Apology: it was a defence of the Protestant faith, as re-established in England. In a controversy with Harding, he triumphantly refuted and exposed the leading errors of Popery, meeting the Romanists even on their own ground. The works of Jewell present a faithful picture of the controversy, as it was then carried on, and have supplied a rich store of materials for later writers.

Having thus stated the course pursued in re-establishing the Protestant religion in England, it will not be necessary to go into minute details, for which we have not room in a brief sketch like the present. During this reign, it was continually manifest that the Reformation was checked and limited by the fears of its friends, as well as by the artifices of its enemies.*

The popish prelates were at length removed from their sees, but were treated in a manner widely different from their own proceedings in the late reign. Bon-

* The reader may be referred to Strype, Burnet, and Soames, as writers of the established church, for particulars upon these subjects; also to Neale, Brook, and Price, for the statements of writers of other denominations of Protestants. The accounts of Romish historians cannot be referred to as elucidatory of the real proceedings of this reign. They are all written with a manifest design to distort and misrepresent, often by the grossest falsehoods.

ner was the only one subjected to imprisonment: he remained in the Marshalsea till his death, in 1569, indulging in licentious expressions, and gross disorderly conduct. When the pictures were shown to him, in the early editions of Fox's Acts and Monuments, which represented him inflicting tortures upon the Protestants with his own hands, the callous wretch viewed them with a laugh, and asked how the artist could depict him so well? He openly gloried in what he had done. His imprisonment, indeed, was necessary to screen him from popular indignation; but the immediate cause was an intemperate memorial presented to the queen by himself and other bigoted Romanists, condemning the Reformation even as begun by Henry VIII., and stigmatizing the martyrs these prelates condemned to the flames, as malefactors suffering justly the Divine wrath. When the Popish prelates were summoned to declare whether they would obey the laws lately passed, archbishop Heath had the effrontery to tell the queen that she could not desist from the suppression of heresy—meaning thereby the persecution of the Protestants—without exposing herself to a curse! Elizabeth at once replied, in the words of Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;" and declared her determination, together with that of her parliament, to resist Popery.

The vacant sees were filled up. Parker was appointed archbishop of Canterbury, and others, his associates in taking refuge on the continent, were nominated to various bishoprics. These excellent men exerted themselves to promote the truth: they effected much, though far less than they desired; for the general proceedings of government limited rather than encouraged them.

The queen had suffered much from the principles of Popery, but she showed a desire to retain some of the ornaments, ceremonials, and superstitious observances adopted mostly from heathenism in the early ages of the church, which made way for the grossest errors of Romanism. Among them were the crucifix, and lights burning on the communion-table, which Elizabeth for a time retained in her chapel: the former was a gross superstition connected with image worship; the latter was of less importance, but it was a practice of ancient pagan worship, and therefore ought to be discarded by all Christians. The bishops feared that these things would lead to further abuses; they remonstrated with Elizabeth, who unwillingly consented to their removal. She was afterwards more fully aware of the necessity for showing her departure from Popery; and Nowel, dean of St. Paul's, having caused a prayer-book adorned with pictures of the Virgin and saints to be laid in her seat, as a new year's gift, she openly reproved him in the vestry after service, declaring truly, that such ornaments were hinderances to devotion.

Matters of a secular nature now claim attention. One of the proceedings in parliament was to address the queen, urging her to select a husband, accompanying this request with strong expressions of loyalty and personal regard. The queen replied in courteous terms, but said that she considered herself married to her kingdom, and that at present her desire was to have it inscribed on her tomb, "Here lies a queen who lived and died a virgin."

One of the affairs most pressing was to make peace with France. Philip, finding that he could not rely on support from England, had already done this, but felt his honour concerned to extricate his ally from a war undertaken on his account. The main difficulty was respecting Calais. The French would not relinquish this place, while to give up the claim would annoy the national feelings of the English. A treaty was at last made, by which Calais was to be restored by France in eight years, under heavy pecuniary forfeitures. The English government wisely resolved not to forego the advantages to result from peace to their exhausted kingdom, in the vain endeavour to procure again a place, the possession of which was rather an empty honour than a real benefit, and which increased the feeling of dissatisfaction between the two countries.

In this summer, the first of her reign, we find Elizabeth enjoying the country. For this purpose, she visited her palace, at Nonsuch, in Surrey, and other places. The annexed engraving represents Nonsuch, an edifice erected by Henry VIII. It is from an old picture, which also represents the queen in her chariot, or car.

The state of affairs in Scotland required the especial attention of Elizabeth. Mary Queen of Scots had been affianced to the dauphin, and removed to France when very young. Her marriage was completed in 1557, when she was in-

duced secretly to sign a deed, by which she conveyed to the King of France her claims to the throne of England as well as Scotland, in case she died without leaving children. This document has been lately published. Her union with France could only be supported by discouraging the Reformation in Scotland, and persecuting the reformers in that country. At this juncture, Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of England, when an intention directly to interfere with her, was manifested by the assumption of her regal title and arms by Mary and her husband, as already mentioned. They had not been assumed during the preceding reign, therefore it was plain that the insignia were not merely borne as indicating a distant claim to the succession, but being taken immediately upon the death of Mary of England, they evidently were meant to imply that the bearers had a better right than that possessed by Elizabeth. All who acknowledged the papal supremacy necessarily took this view. It is worse than idle to speak of the contest between Mary Stuart and Elizabeth, as many do, assigning the cause to be petty female jealousies.

The English armorial bearings were openly displayed at a festival in Paris, when the king, having engaged in a tilting-match, was mortally wounded by the shivers of a lance, by Montgomery, the captain of the Scotch guard. He died July 10, and was succeeded by the husband of Mary, Francis II. The deceased, Henry II., who was thus unexpectedly called to his account, had lately engaged with Philip and the Pope in extensive designs to suppress the Reformation, and had just passed a decree, ordering all the Lutherans in his own dominions to be put to death. A few days before the death of Henry, he had ordered a body of troops to be sent to Scotland, where the queen regent was already at issue with the chief nobility. She required absolute submission to the measures directed by France, and the English ambassador had learned it was intended to put the leading nobles to death. It was evident that the Scottish nobility and gentry would not be left to themselves to settle the differences which had arisen among them about religion; for these troops were despatched immediately after the accession of Francis. The Reformation in Scotland was to be crushed by foreign interference; thereby alone the designs of France against England could be efficiently promoted.

The French commander caused Leith to be fortified, which excited the public displeasure. The populace destroyed some monastic establishments, while the lords assembled at Stirling, and took measures that the kingdom should not be reduced to a mere province of France, in which the Reformation could be rigidly suppressed.

The lords then called a parliament, which met at Edinburgh, and deposed the regent; but Knox urged that her misconduct should not operate against the allegiance they owed to Mary as their sovereign. They also denounced the French as enemies to their country. Thus hostilities were decidedly begun in Scotland, and it was evident that the result would affect England. If the French were successful, England would be attacked, the pretensions of Mary and Francis to the English throne having been distinctly avowed. Under these circumstances, Elizabeth was obliged to take a part. She assisted the Scottish Protestants with some supplies, but not till the French were on the point of prevailing. At this juncture, the English fleet entered the Firth of Forth, and stopped the advance of the French army. It was plain that Elizabeth had delayed this interposition till the last moment; no desire but that of preserving her own kingdom influenced her. She expressly stipulated with the Scottish lords that they should maintain their allegiance to Mary, only seeking to be freed from French counsellors. There is no doubt that Elizabeth interfered constantly with the affairs of Scotland. This is represented by Popish historians as unwarrantable, and designed to foment civil wars in that kingdom: it was defended by Cecil, on the ground that such interference was necessary to avert danger from his country and his sovereign. He declared that he thought it lawful to use the same means of defence which the adversary used in offence. Here, as in many other instances, we must regret that the state policy even of the most upright rulers, departs from the plain and simple declarations of Christianity. But it must be allowed that France was making great use of Scotland to forward political designs against England, before the latter took part in the Scottish civil dissensions, as the only effectual way to meet

the adversary. A plea of right to interfere in the affairs of Scotland, was advanced on the ground of feudal superiority over that kingdom; but such claims can only be regarded as pretexts, however plausible they might have sounded at the time when they were considered valid. And if subjects ever have a right to appeal to foreign powers, or if foreign powers ever are justified in interfering with other nations, for defending themselves, the Protestants of Scotland, and the English queen, were fully justified in their union at this period.

At this time, the French threatened to invade the south of England, but it was plain that the main contest between the two countries would be in Scotland. English troops were sent to assist in compelling the French army to return home. Philip interposed, admitting that the object of Elizabeth was "to have her realm in safety," but urged that her troops should be withdrawn from Scotland. Elizabeth expressed her willingness to do this, if the French troops were withdrawn, whose presence rendered her interference necessary.

Leith was besieged, but the French garrison did not surrender till July 6, 1560; terms of peace were then agreed upon. The principal clauses were, that the French soldiers should leave Scotland, and that the fortifications they had erected should be demolished; a council to exercise the government in her absence was to be chosen by Queen Mary and the states; all public offices should be filled by Scotsmen; Elizabeth's right to the throne of England should be recognized, and the royal arms and title of that country were no longer to be borne by Mary. Cecil, who was then at Edinburgh, with great difficulty obtained the consent of the French envoy to the latter article. The English troops then returned home; the Scottish parliament met, and established the Reformation. But Mary and Francis refused to ratify the treaty. The designs of the Papists against England were not laid aside. The importance which the French government attached to keeping an armed force in Scotland, sufficient to control the kingdom, was shown by a suggestion made to Elizabeth by the French envoy at her court, that Calais might be restored at once to England, if she would withdraw her forces then attacking Leith. Camden states, that "she answered flatly, that she little esteemed Calais, a poor fishing town, in comparison with the safety and security of all Britain." That the designs of France were directed to the English throne, and that the possession of Scotland was regarded as a means thereto, manifestly appears from the refusal of Francis and Mary to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh.

Another change soon followed, which weakened the French power over Scotland, and stayed the designs against England. Francis II. died in December, 1560, leaving Mary Stuart a widow, without children. He was succeeded by his younger brother, Charles IX.; they both were under the control of the bigoted princes of Guise, whose designs against the French Protestants were retarded by this change. These plots had proceeded so far that the King of Navarre, the father of Henry IV., and his brother the Prince of Condé, were to have been put to death in a few days, but the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, needed the support of Navarre in consequence of the death of Francis, and caused him to be released. She was appointed regent, and for a short time supported the reformed religion against the Princes of Guise; but she was in her heart a bigoted Papist, as her conduct soon afterwards plainly showed.

Mary Stuart felt this change bitterly. Naturally of a lively disposition, she had been brought up in the court of France, from the age of six years; a court, then, as in later days, distinguished for its pursuit of frivolous and vicious pleasures. Its gaieties were highly pleasing to a character like that of Mary: she was trained in the fashionable accomplishments of the times, but there was no attention to prepare her for discharging the severe duties of her royal station, while her mind was kept in bondage by the degrading superstitions of Popery. For a time all seemed to gratify this vain young female; when only aged seventeen, she found herself queen of two kingdoms, with a claim upon a third, esteemed valid by those around her. But a darker hour was at hand: by the unexpected death of her husband, she was suddenly cast down from what she considered the pinnacle of honour and happiness. She could have exclaimed, "Ye have taken away my gods, (all that I have been taught to value,) and what have I more!" The French queen-mother greatly dis-

liked Mary, so that she had to withdraw from the court where lately all had been subject to her will. Even those she most trusted, recommended her to return to Scotland; her best friends also advised her to conciliate the reformed party there, and to wait with patient hope to succeed to the English throne, if Elizabeth continued to remain unmarried. To Mary, so recently the queen of France, all this was a bitter trial; but as one whose ideas of happiness were restricted to the gaieties and frivolities of a polished court, the return to the coarse manners and want of refinement displayed in her native land, was still more trying.

Mary applied to Elizabeth for a free passage through England. This was offered, if she would ratify the treaty of Edinburgh. Mary was very indignant at this request, and refused to do so till she had consulted with her counsellors in Scotland, though it was evident that if Elizabeth treated with her on any other terms, she in some degree sanctioned Mary's claim to the English throne. It was also important, that there should be no appearance on the part of Elizabeth, of a change in her friendly disposition towards the Scottish Protestants. But there was no design on the part of Elizabeth to intercept Mary. Had there been any desire to detain the queen of Scots, it would have been easy to have raised some pretext while she was passing through England. Some English ships were then at sea, searching for pirates: they saw Mary's vessels, and being satisfied that she was on board, saluted and dismissed them. This clearly appears from a contemporary authority.

Mary left Calais for Scotland, in August, 1561. Brantome, who accompanied her, describes her regret on quitting the land which her fancy depicted as the only place desirable for an earthly residence. Looking towards the shore, as the shades of night came on, she exclaimed, "Adieu, France, farewell, farewell, my dear France," with other expressions indicating her affection for that land. She ordered a couch to be spread on deck, desiring to be called with the early dawn, if the French coast was still in sight. It was visible; she started up, and when the shores at last receded from her view, she said, "Adieu, France: all now is over, farewell, France." That Mary was a pleasing, and, in some respects, an amiable female, may be allowed; but it is evident that under bad training she was become the mere slave of her morbid feelings and sensations; looking back to past pleasures, rather than going forward to future employments; a spoiled child of indulgence and frivolity, acting on the impulse of the moment, though constantly planning deep and crafty schemes: wholly unfitted for the duties which awaited her, and evidently regarding them with dislike. Such dispositions in the ruler of a kingdom portended evil both to herself and her people, with trouble to her neighbours.

Mary arrived safely at Edinburgh. The people received her with expressions of joy; but she was not pleased at their rude language, manners, and habits, nor at their rough attempts to welcome her to her native land. Smarting also from recent persecutions, the people could not behold her attachment to Popery with complacency. Her half-brother, the Lord James Stuart, prevented an unjustifiable interference with her religious observances, but she had to listen to the strong expressions of Knox and others against idolatry. She bitterly resented this, disclosing without hesitation, her determined resolution to uphold Popery. Thus Mary at once placed herself on ill terms with her subjects, who could not but contrast her conduct with that of the English queen, with whom also Mary seemed desirous of being on ill terms, again refusing to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, thereby refusing to withdraw the assumption of a present right to the English throne, unless Elizabeth would recognize her as being entitled to the succession. This could not be listened to. The English nation were not inclined to hear that another Popish Mary was likely to be their queen, while to recognize her title would have given fresh energy to the partizans of Popery. But although Elizabeth, from prudential motives, refused to recognize Mary as her successor, she never sought to set aside her claim to be lawfully so considered; while Mary clearly displayed her opinion, that she had a title to the English throne, not as the successor of Elizabeth, but in preference to that princess, whom her Popish views led her to consider an usurper of her rights.

OLD HUMPHREY'S VISIT TO LLANTONY ABBEY, IN SOUTH WALES.

Now and then I love to go back to periods that are past; to live over again

those seasons of interest and gratification which have flung a sunbeam in my path in days gone by. The more we remember what we have enjoyed, the louder is the call upon our thankfulness. Oh that my heart were filled with praise, and my mouth with thanksgiving!

There is another enjoyment, too, that I love to indulge; and that is, the recreation of sketching a character with my pen. Scores of such sketches I have by me, that no eyes but my own have ever seen. They will be found, perhaps, among a mass of unconnected manuscripts when the mortal part of Old Humphrey is laid in the dust. It would have been a good thing for me through life if I had devoted half as much time to correcting my own character, as I have spent in observing the characters of others; but that has not been the case, and the consequence is, a frequent exhibition on my part of those infirmities that I so quickly detect in my neighbours.

Think not, however, that I delight to banquet on the failings of my friends: this would be but an unlovely and unchristian employment. It is the oddity, the peculiarity, rather than the infirmity of human nature that I love to portray. At times, indeed, a strong dash of shadow mingles with my sketches; but if this be in the original, no marvel that it should appear in the copy. I will give you one of my sketches now.

I am about to describe humanity in a novel form; at least, in a shape that it does not commonly assume. When we see a miser clutching his money bags, and looking around him suspiciously, we are certain of his selfishness; when a dealer in any article unduly praises what he would sell, we suspect him of the same evil; but when a man, under the guise of hospitality, offers us the best his house affords, no wonder that we should be somewhat thrown off our guard.

Many a wintry wind has blown over the Black Mountains, and many a fall of snow has fringed their rugged eminences since I visited Llantony Abbey. It may be that the Abbey of Llantony is known to you; but if not, it may be a treat to you, on some future day, to visit its time-worn and desolated walls.

In my time, I have been a capital pedestrian; twenty miles have I tramped before breakfast, and once I walked with a friend forty-seven miles on the last day of a lengthy excursion. Thus it is that old men prate about their past achievements! Leaning on a staff for support, and walking "softly," the breeze blowing about their thin grey locks, they dwell on the youth, the strength, and activity of their by-gone days. Bear with them! Bear with them!

It was at Christmas time that I set out on foot with two friends for Llantony Abbey. We had twenty-one miles of unknown ground to tramp over, at least unknown to me, and my friends had but a very general knowledge of it; a heavy fall of snow which had taken place added greatly to the fatigue of our journey, but we entered on our enterprise with light hearts and cheerful spirits. True it is, that our feet were sadly clogged with snow, so that we lifted up our heavy heels like labouring men walking across a fresh-ploughed field; and then, again, the descending flakes driven in myriads full in our faces, somewhat impeded our progress, to say nothing of the knee-deep snow-drifts we had to encounter in our occasional wanderings from the proper path; but these things are trifles when buoyant hearts are filled with the spirit of adventure. On we went, finding amusement in our toil, and laughing at each other's mishaps and difficulties.

My friends were well educated. The elder of the two had a sobriety mingled with his cheerfulness that made him very companionable, and the younger added to his general buoyancy of heart, that ready wit, which, when under the influence of judgment and good nature, is always agreeable. An interesting enterprize is not the less pleasant when shared by agreeable companions. My Llantony trip is vividly impressed on my memory. I should be sorry to think that it was blotted from the memory of my companions.

As we trudged onwards, little incidents occurred that gave an interest and variety to our journey. A friendly discussion, an anecdote, or an apt quotation from some favourite author; an allusion to the past, or a speculation relating to the future, by turns, called forth our conversational powers. How much of interest and pleasure is at times crowded into the brief space of a single hour!

In a state of society, our every day duties and occupations often mould us into positions foreign to our natures and inclinations, so that we appear other than we really are. In a friendly ramble, we are ourselves; restrictions vanish, and we feel at liberty, a social feeling gathers

around our hearts, and we think, speak, and act in our natural character. There are in such seasons, buoyant emotions, happy turns of thought, a disinterestedness, and a baring of the bosom, if I may so speak, that are delightful to share and pleasant to reflect upon.

In one place, we came to the very edge of a precipice, whose perpendicular depth must have been more than a hundred feet. A tree leaned over from the bank, and up this tree I foolishly climbed, to drop, from amid its branches, a stone to the ground beneath. There are reckless moods wherein peril operates as a charm on the youthful mind, alluring the bounding heart to danger: no doubt you have found it so as well as myself.

In a village through which we passed, we were treated in a very abrupt and discourteous way by a respectable-looking personage, whom we had civilly asked to direct us the road to Llantony. Now I hate churlishness in man or woman! A hog setting up his bristles and grunting in a menacing manner, without provocation, is scarcely more forbidding than a churlish man. As we pursued our course, guided rather by a sight of the distant hills, than by our knowledge of the roads, we were every now and then pent up by the enclosures of the different homesteads, or by the high hedges of the fields we had entered. Many a swollen brook had we to cross, and many a snow-drift to struggle through.

At last we came to Llantony Abbey, a romantic ruin situated in the very heart of the mountains. A spot can scarcely be conceived more solitary and shut out from the world; the broad-breasted everlasting hills surrounding it on every side. Save the gorge at which we had entered, we looked in vain for any inlet to the valley.

We had been told that a bed might be got at the neighbouring village pothouse; but this was a mistake. The clergyman of the parish had taken up his residence at the pothouse, there being no parsonage house near. The dormitory where we intended to sleep was thus occupied, and, as a last resource, we were fain to seek a shelter for the night, wet and weary as we were, in the inhabited end of the old Abbey.

A part of the ruin had been built up into some appearance of a mansion or dwelling-house, and this was inhabited by an old man of the name of Hollowblast; a name most admirably in keeping with the dreary situation of his abode, and the bleak mountains that rose around his habitation.

Up the stone steps of the residence of Mr. Hollowblast we climbed with some difficulty; for they were slippery and heaped with snow, and we were much fatigued. My younger companion, who had rolled up his trowsers to the tops of his boots, cut a comical figure, lifting up his legs, as he did one after the other with his hands, being unequal in any other way to win the postern gate or doorway of Mr. Hollowblast's habitation.

It was certainly an untimely hour, to say the least of it, for three weary pedestrians, with boots and stockings saturated with snow water, unexpectedly to apply for an asylum in so lonely a place; no wonder that the old gentleman received us, at first, rather ungraciously.

Since the time of which I am now speaking, the brow of Old Humphrey has been graven by the hand of time, and his feet have travelled far toward the grave; but how has it been with his heart and his affections? Are they nearer heaven than they were? are they yearning for the mansions of the blest? Let me heave a sigh, and go on with my narrative.

There sat the redoubted Mr. Hollowblast in his arm-chair by the fire, with a worsted night-cap on his head, a pair of blue, broad-ribbed, worsted stockings, of ample dimensions, drawn over his legs and thighs.

While standing near the door, we made known to the old gentleman the object of our call. Attracted by the fame of Llantony Abbey, we had visited the place, but found no house where shelter for the night could be afforded us. We were wet, we were weary, and as strangers we trusted he would render us all the assistance in his power.

"Why, gentlemen," said he, eyeing us with that scrutinizing glance with which a shrewd landlord is wont to regard customers of a doubtful appearance, "this is an awkward time of night to come upon one unexpectedly, and an awkward time of the year too. Had it been in the summer, now, we could have managed the matter; for then we keep a bed or two always ready: but in winter it is altogether another affair. If you had only sent me word of your coming, there would have been no difficulty."

These observations were all very natural; but seeing that we could neither

alter the season of the year, nor the hour of the night, they sounded rather discordantly in our ears. As a kind of compromise, however, between the comforts we stood in need of, and the difficulties that existed in the way of procuring them, we proposed, with permission, to sit all night by the fire.

For a few moments we appeared to be hung up in the balances by our prudential host, and it seemed equally uncertain whether we should be considered of full tale and weight, or whether we should kick the beam. A feather would have turned the scale. Happily the decision was in our favour.

"Well, walk in, gentlemen," said Mr. Hollowblast, "and draw up to the fire. We will see what can be done for you; I know what it is to come in wet and tired after a journey. Mary, put some wood on the fire; these gentlemen must be sadly starved, and a good fire is a comfortable thing such a night as this. Be handy, girl; bring some wood as soon as you can. Let me see! If we have got nothing else, we can make a cup of tea, and a good cup too. Our bread is not to be found fault with, and there is no better butter any where. A pot of good tea and a plate of good toast and butter will be just the thing. Nothing so refreshing as tea after a journey. I have seen a good deal of life; I know what it is to come in wet and tired after a journey, and can feel for the gentlemen. Let them have a cup of tea as good as you can make it for them."

Before our sympathizing host had half finished these open-hearted observations, my younger companion, putting it down as a settled thing that in his weary state no possible contingency could compel him to move more than a stone's cast or two from the place where he then was, had begun to pull off his wet boots and stockings. This was an undertaking of some little difficulty, and soon attracted the attention of old Mr. Hollowblast, whose kindly feelings in our behalf again overflowed from his lips.

"Hark ye! Mary," said he, as soon as he heard her bring in the wood he had ordered her to fetch, "these gentlemen are wet in the feet, for they have walked a long way in the snow, see if you can find some of my warm woollen stockings; or worsted will do. 'Tis a sad thing to sit in wet clothes, and especially with wet feet, and bring a pair or two of my old shoes and slippers. I have travelled a good deal, and know what it is to come in wet and tired after a journey. Be handy, girl! let us make the gentlemen as comfortable as we can; for I can feel for them."

It is a common observation that "Every man has his weak point," but if the word point were put in the plural, the remark would be quite as correct. Now one of the weak points of old Mr. Hollowblast was a disposition to talk about lord Anglesea, whom, in days gone by, he had served in the capacity of steward, or something of that kind. We were patient listeners, and thus secured the good will of our garrulous host.

The tea was excellent, the toast capital, and we did justice to them both; for of all recreations to those who are half famished, eating and drinking is the most agreeable.

"Let me see," said Mr. Hollowblast, soon after the tea made its appearance, "haven't we a bit of the goose left? we had a goose for dinner, and a good one too, and if there is any of it left, gentlemen, you shall have it and welcome. Mary, see what you can find: may be the gentlemen would like to pick a little of the goose, if you can find any. I know what it is to be weary and hungry: bring what there is of it, Mary, much or little, they shall have it and welcome."

Mary, after a little rummaging in the larder, produced a couple of drumsticks of the dinner goose, and sundry other fragments, which added considerably to the pleasure of our repast. Nor did the old gentleman forget, while we were burnishing the bones, again and again to refresh our memory with the often repeated information that he "had seen a good deal of life," that he knew what it was "to be tired and hungry, and that he could feel for us."

In sketching this portrait from the life, I am dealing as gently as I can with the original. Human sympathy is a costly thing. Oh that it were always disinterested! Oh that we were more interested in each other's eternal, as well as temporal welfare!

By the time we had taken our tea, Mr. Hollowblast appeared to take a still stronger interest in our welfare. "Mary," said he, "haven't we a little brandy, and an odd bottle of sherry in the house? I have some remembrance of such a thing; and if we have, let the gentlemen have it: where is the use of hoarding up comforts when people stand in need of them? See

if you can find the sherry; for I am almost certain there is an odd bottle left. The gentlemen shall have it and welcome." Many other indulgences were offered us by the old gentleman, invariably enhanced in value by a seeming indifference to his own interest and a professed concern for ours; but we prudently declined any other than common comforts, being very well satisfied with our accommodation. At last that most important inquiry, How we were to pass the night, became of necessity a subject of discussion.

It is wondrous what a change is produced in the mind by an hour's social converse! When we first entered the abode of Mr. Hollowblast, he appeared as if he would begrudge us a chair to sit upon; but afterwards he seemed to be lying in wait for opportunities of pressing upon us comforts and luxuries in abundance. Even the difficulty of providing us a place of repose for the night was overcome by his sympathy and commiseration.

"Mary," said he, "we must manage it somehow, that these gentlemen may not have to sit up all night; it grieves me to think of it. They are not accustomed to sit up; and besides, they are weary, and stand in need of a good night's rest. Go and ask our neighbour, Mrs. Williams, to step up here; tell her I want to see her particularly."

In a short time, Mrs. Williams made her appearance, and then our considerate host made a most pathetic appeal on our behalf. "Neighbour Williams," said he, "these gentlemen have walked a long way, and come unexpectedly to see the Abbey. It is a sad awkward time of the year, and late at night, too; but I have done all I can to make them comfortable, for I have seen something of life myself, and can feel for them. Now, neighbour Williams, we are at sad fault for a bed: you have got one, I know, that is at liberty; and if you will spare it for these gentlemen, I shall take it as a favour done to myself; it will be but for one night, and I shall be very, very much obliged to you. We ought to do what we can for one another; and I hope you will not refuse me the bed for these gentlemen, for I am sorry for them from my heart."

Mrs. Williams acted her part admirably, and after some natural remarks about the "very late hour," "room to make tidy," "bed to air," "clean sheets," and a few other minor disadvantages and difficulties which a compliance with the request of Mr. Hollowblast would involve, gave in her acquiescence to the proposal made to her, and retired to prepare a dormitory for our accommodation.

The next requirement made was that Mary, the servant, should give up her bed; an arrangement to which no objection was made on her part, so that every impediment being removed, my companions stretched their weary limbs in the spare bed of Mrs. Williams, and I passed the night on the curtainless couch where Mary, the domestic, was wont to repose.

The morning came, and we assembled at the breakfast table of Mr. Hollowblast. The moans of the aged gentleman during the night, told me that he was labouring under some bodily affliction; but he made no complaint to us. The winds were abroad, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, and we had arranged, after an inspection of the old Abbey, to ascend the Black Mountains; a substantial breakfast was, therefore, a very necessary preliminary to our undertaking.

And now came the winding up of our account with our sympathizing, hospitable, and generous host. He said that he made no charge; he could make no charge; we were gentlemen, and he well knew that we should act like gentlemen. It was, to be sure, an awkward season of the year, and a late hour at night at which we had come upon him; and he had no doubt that we should consider that it had put him about a good deal, but he would leave the matter entirely to ourselves. He hoped that he had done his best to make us comfortable; there was nothing in his house which he had not offered to us, for he had seen a good deal of the world, and knew what it was to be at a distance from home, and to come in wet and tired after a journey.

With these, and other observations, and not forgetting to remind us that he should have rather liberally to recompense his neighbour, Mrs. Williams, he contrived to get from us about double the amount we should have paid at a regular inn.

"What is man!" How clingingly alive to his real or supposed interests! When a new principle is implanted in his soul, he can practise self-denial and disinterestedness; till then, self! self! is but too apparent in all his deeds. The Christian character is a lovely one, and

rendered still more so by the strong contrast afforded by a worldly mind. It would be enough to make us yearn for heaven if it were for nothing else than to be stript of our selfishness.

When we parted with old Mr. Hollowblast, he rose from his arm-chair to shake us all by the hand. The same cap which adorned his brows the preceding night, was on his head, and his legs were defended from the cold, by the same ample, blue, broad-ribbed worsted stockings as we had before seen. We left him under an impression that we should meet no more till the last trumpet should sound, and that impression was correct; for soon after we heard that he was gathered to his fathers.

We visited the old Abbey, and lingered amid its snow-capped, ruined walls. We climbed the Black Mountains, and stood on their highest eminence, admiring the goodly prospect of the country around; but neither the ruined Abbey, nor the broad-breasted mountains are so vivid in my remembrance as the grotesque figure of old Mr. Hollowblast.

CONSCIENCE.

It is certain that all men are inevitably conscious of being the subjects of a supreme moral government. The sense of right and wrong, peculiar to us; our instinctive discernment of things, as virtuous or vicious, of good or ill desert; shows that we are positively subjected to moral law; that there is actually prescribed to us, by some authority or other, a rule of conduct. Every law of our nature must have originated with Him who gave us our being; for the creature could no more give laws to its own being, than make itself. If we are the subjects of moral obligation, the Creator made us so: that natural rule of our actions, which the sense of moral obligation implies, is a rule which he has enjoined. And there are circumstances which seem solemnly to intimate that we are under His constant discipline, and ultimately responsible for the use which we make of that rule. Especially does this seem to be intimated by that faculty of instinctive self-reflection peculiar to our nature: that secret, mysterious, authoritative, monitory power, which is seated within us. If upon the actions of others we find our minds constantly passing a moral judgment; with infinitely greater decisiveness, pungency, and force, do we find them passing it on ourselves. This, it must be admitted, is a striking feature of our constitution, and one that demands attention. What then, I ask, is the meaning and the import of that secret power which we call conscience; which, while it approves and affords pleasurable reflections when we have done good, admonishes us, on the other hand, of evil, upbraids and smites us when we have done wrong; punishes us, invariably, with inward smart and pang when we have yielded to our passions in opposition to our reason, when we have consulted present pleasure at the expense of known duty? What is this stern, this solemn voice that utters in the soul of man, when no one hears it but himself, "Man! thou art guilty?" What is this which makes the heart to palpitate and tremble, while the aspect of the outward countenance is calm? What is it that haunts the culprit in the dark—that gives a suspicious eye and unsteady hand, even where detection seems impossible, and is not apprehended—that makes the thief to flee when no man pursueth him, and infests his bed with dreams and images of terror? I tell you, and every man feels, that that voice is the echo of another; that that inward conviction is but the utterance of the verdict of a higher judge. Every man feels it, we repeat, that he is held within the grasp of a power from which he cannot disengage himself; that he is the subject of a government above, and independent of human arrangement and convention. From all known facts of human history we are warranted to affirm, it is universal. No matter how obscure a man he is, he is sensible that the moral feelings and moral doings of his own soul are under the immediate ken of Heaven. No matter how great he is; he may preside in courts and seats of law, but on his own tribunal he is sensible, Felix-like, that he himself is before the bar of an unseen judge. No matter how famed he is, he is sensible that there is a judgment which is not arrested by public opinion, and whose awful verdict falters not amid the plaudits or reproaches of a world. Nor does it matter much what are his peculiar sentiments; this inward witness tells the truth, in spite of every modifying system, and against every falsifying creed. It matters little even how reck-

less and how bold he is. He may long have laughed to scorn the terrors of his conscience, and gorged himself with opiates till he is all but delirious or mad; or he may have fettered that conscience, and bound it down by efforts of unnatural blasphemy and sin: but anon and evermore it mutters, and it thunders and shakes his inmost soul, and with its fierce inflictions seems to drag him to the bar of his Creator, and antedate his doom.

Let it not be said that all this is the mere death's head of superstition, or the bugbear of the nursery. This terrific power of conscience is felt in circumstances of danger, and on the near approach of death, the most severely by those very persons whose creeds and opinions it might have been expected would render them least liable to superstitious fears. It is not the religious, but the irreligious, whom conscience agitates the most. They may before have mocked, or scorned, or cursed all notions of religion and of God; but in calamity, and sickness, and peril of death, the scorners are either silent in confusion, or in mingled fear and hope betake themselves to prayer. In such circumstances of trial, these high-minded and sound-hearted scoffers at religion commonly betray the hollowness of their principles and the falsehood of their creed.

Then let me ask the calm and thoughtful reasoner, What does all this intimate? Whence this inevitable belief of the existence of a Supreme Being? Whence this common consciousness of moral obligation? Whence this instinctive sense of ultimate accountability to an invisible judge? Is it all nothing but illusion? Can it be here, amid the most solemn impressions and suggestions of nature, that confusion and contradiction are introduced? The question, be it remembered, is not whether these are old arguments or new ones; but what is the true force of them? And who, deeply pondering these things, can resist the conviction that such impressions are the silent, but distinct and undeniable monitions of truth, telling that there is an infinite, almighty, righteous Governor of the world; that he takes continual cognizance of the principles and conduct of men, and rules them by moral laws; that to him they are amenable, and will certainly give account; and that it is his high will, and the very end for which he made them—the noblest end for which they could be made—that, regulated by his authority, they might subserve the moral purposes of his government, and, approved by him accordingly, with his favour might be blest.—*J. Griffin.*

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. I.

It has been argued, with great truth and force, that the undesigned coincidences which appear in the sacred writings, strikingly illustrate the veracity of their authors; and it is a matter of regret that they have hitherto attracted so little attention: we purpose, therefore, to furnish a few specimens of them, in the hope that they will interest and profit our readers, and lead some, at least, to the valuable works from which they are taken.

In the eighteenth chapter of Genesis we find recorded a very singular conversation which Abraham is reported to have held with a superior Being, there called the Lord. It pleased God on this occasion to communicate to the Father of the faithful his intention to destroy forthwith the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, of which the cry was great, and the sin very grievous. Now, the manner in which Abraham is said to have received the sad tidings, is remarkable. He does not bow to the high behest in helpless acquiescence—The Lord do what seemeth good in his sight—but, with feelings at once excited to the uttermost, he pleads for the guilty city, he implores the Lord not to slay the righteous with the wicked; and when he feels himself permitted to speak with all boldness, he first entreats that fifty good men may purchase the city's safety, and still encouraged by the success of a series of petitions, he rises in his merciful demands, till at last it is promised that even if ten should be found in it, it should not be destroyed for ten's sake.

Now, was there no motive beyond that of general humanity which urged Abraham to entreaties so importunate, so reiterated? None is named. Perhaps such general motive will be thought enough: I do not say that it was not; yet I think we may discover a special and appropriate one, which was likely to act upon the mind of Abraham with still greater effect, though we are left entirely

to detect it for ourselves. For may we not imagine, that no sooner was the intelligence sounded in Abraham's ears, than he called to mind that Lot his nephew, with all his family, was dwelling in this accursed town, Gen. xiv. 12, and that this consideration both prompted and quickened his prayer? For while he thus made his supplication for Sodom, I do not read that Gomorrah and the other cities of the plain, Gen. xix. 28; Jude 7., shared his intercession, though they stood in the same need of it—and why not? except that in them he had not the same deep interest. It may be argued too, and without any undue refinement, that in his repeated reduction of the number which was to save the place, he was governed by the hope that the single family of Lot (for he had sons-in-law who had married his daughters, and daughters unmarried, and servants) would in itself have supplied so many individuals at least as would fulfil the last condition—ten righteous persons who might turn away the wrath of God, nor suffer his whole displeasure to arise.

Surely nothing could be more natural than that anxiety for the welfare of relatives so near to him should be felt by Abraham—nothing more natural than that he should make an effort for their escape, as he had done on a former occasion at his own risk, when he rescued this very Lot from the kings who had taken him captive—nothing more natural than that his family feelings should discover themselves in the earnestness of his entreaties—yet we have to collect all this for ourselves. The whole chapter might be read without our gathering from it a single hint that he had any relative within ten days' journey of the place. All we know is, that Abraham entreated for it with great passion—that he entreated for no other place, though others were in the same peril—that he endeavoured to obtain such terms as seemed likely to be fulfilled if a single righteous family could be found there. And then we know, from what is elsewhere disclosed, that the family of Lot did actually dwell there at that time, a family that Abraham might well have reckoned on being more prolific in virtue than it proved.

Surely, then, a coincidence between the zeal of the uncle and the danger of the brother's son is here detailed, though it is not expressed; and so utterly undesigned is this coincidence, that the history might be read many times over, and this feature of truth in it never happen to present itself.

And here let me observe, (an observation which will be very often forced upon our notice in the prosecution of this argument,) that this sign of truth (whatever may be the importance attached to it) offers itself in the midst of an incident in a great measure miraculous: and though it cannot be said that such indications of veracity in the natural parts of a story, prove those parts of it to be true which are supernatural; yet where the natural and supernatural are in close combination, the truth of the former must at least be thought to add to the credibility of the latter; and they who are disposed to believe, from the coincidence in question, that the petition of Abraham in behalf of Sodom was a real petition, as it is described by Moses, and no fiction, will have some difficulty in separating it from the miraculous circumstances connected with it, the visit of the angel, the prophetic information he conveyed, and the terrible vengeance with which his red right hand was proceeding to smite that adulterous and sinful generation.—*Blunt's Veracity of the Five Books of Moses.*

HONESTY.

About three miles from the town (of Adalia) my servant found that his great coat had fallen from his horse; riding back for two miles, he saw a poor man bringing wood and charcoal from the hills upon asses. On asking him if he had seen the coat, he said that he had found it, and had taken it to a water-mill on the road-side, having shown it to all the persons he met, that they might assist in finding its owner. On offering him money, he refused it, saying, with great simplicity, that the coat was not his, and that it was quite safe with the miller. My servant then rode to the house of the miller, who immediately gave it up, he also refusing to receive any reward, and saying, that he should have hung it up at the door, had he not been about to go down to the town. The honesty, perhaps, may not be surprising, but the refusal of money is certainly a trait of character which has not been assigned to the Turks.—*Fellows.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It is said to be the custom, in some nations, to mourn at the birth of a child, because of the anticipated evils which it is destined to endure in this vale of tears. This is, doubtless, to form a false estimate of human life, in which, on the average, pleasure far predominates over pain; and surely the contrary custom of rejoicing when another rational and immortal creature is brought into existence, is much more justifiable. But I am not certain that the same principle will apply to the birth of a new year. There are so many recollections of past delinquencies and omissions, and of losses that can never be repaired, to unite with anticipations of the future—so much to regret as well as to fear, that the thoughtless levity with which this first day of another annual cycle is generally ushered in, seems to be altogether misplaced. We should certainly do, what is at once more reasonable and more edifying, were we to spend the first hours of a new year in solemn meditation, both on the past and on the future.

But in such an exercise, while there is cause for self-accusation and for sorrow, there is also ground for gratitude, for hope, and for enjoyment. The protecting care of an overruling Providence, is a fruitful source of these feelings, whether we regard external nature, or reflect on our own individual experience of the guidance and protection of a Father's unseen hand. It is to the former of these subjects, that the peculiar nature of this work seems at present to call our attention.

When nature lies in the sleep of winter, all seems dreary, and desolate, and hopeless. Day after day, the sun, whose beams had shed light and life over the world, takes a shorter and lower path in the heavens; his brightness and warmth decrease; chilling blasts sweep the plain; the flowers fade; the leaves fall; the grass no longer springs for the cattle; the sound of music is hushed; the earth becomes rigid; the surface of the waters is converted into crystal; the snow descends, and covers all with its cold and cheerless mantle.

Nature, however, is only in a state of repose. Rest was necessary to recruit her exhausted strength. But during her repose, the hand of Him who "slumbereth not," has been working in secret. The germs of future plants and flowers have been wonderfully preserved: insects, reptiles, birds, and beasts, have all partaken of a Father's care; and his rational creatures have been enabled, by employing the higher powers with which he has gifted them, to provide for the supply of their more numerous necessities and comforts.

And now a new scene appears. The sun has changed his course, and begins again to take a wider circuit in the heavens. Soon his warmth, and glory, and genial influence will return. Nature will burst anew into life, and beauty, and joy. The husbandman will once more ply his labours, while hope cheers his toil, and

> the lark, high-poised,
> Makes heaven's blue concave vocal with his lay;

and, all around, the cattle browse on the tender herbage as it rises, and the bleating lambs play amidst the flocks scattered over the neighbouring hills.

As the year advances, summer will again begin to smile, and will cast from her green lap a profusion of flowers. The seed thrown into the bosom of the earth, will germinate and grow: the tender blade will rise and shoot, sometimes watered by the rain and dew; sometimes cherished by the genial heat of the sun's direct rays; sometimes shaded from his too fervid beams by the gathering clouds, and refreshed by the morning and evening breeze.

At last comes autumn, crowned with plenty. The orchards teem with golden fruit; the full ears of yellow grain wave in the fields; the busy reaper sings as he toils; the barns are filled with food for man and beast, and the hopes of the husbandman are fulfilled. Amidst a thousand varied and most bountiful preparations for the sustenance of animal and vegetable life, during the rigours of an ungenial sky, winter returns, and again prepares the earth, by a night of rest, for the labours of the coming year.

These wonders of divine Providence need only to be mentioned, to show with what consummate skill and goodness God accommodates the seasons to the comfort, the convenience, and the happiness of every thing that lives, and especially of the human family. The labour to which man is doomed strengthens his bodily powers, and rouses, exercises, and sharpens his mental faculties. The changes, too, which are continually taking place, are highly conducive to his improvement and happiness.

Sameness deadens curiosity, and satiates enjoyment. We are so constituted, as to require constant changes for stimulating the mind, and giving relish to our exercises; and in each season of the year we find employments suitable to our faculties, and calculated to afford them agreeable aud useful occupation. Even in winter, cold and comfortless as it appears, how much do we find to make us both happier and better. The family circle, collected in the long evenings round the cheerful winter fire, feel those affections warmed which soften the heart without enfeebling it, and those domestic endearments increased by exercise, without which life is scarcely desirable; while the soul, enlightened and enlarged, is better prepared to receive impressions of religion, to love Him who first loved us: and, rising to more exalted views, to aspire after the society of the just made perfect, in the world of spirits.

The paternal care of the Supreme Being, thus strongly impressed on the mind, by contemplating the traces of his beneficence, which are every where conspicuous in the seasons as they revolve, are calculated to reassure the mind, in looking forward to that great change, of the approach of which we are forcibly reminded by the passing away of another year, of the short and uncertain period allotted us on earth. We, too, have our spring, our summer, our autumn, and our winter. Will another spring dawn on the winter of the grave? To the encouraging answer which revelation gives to this important question, is added our experience of the operations of the God of the seasons. Under his administration, nothing perishes, though every thing changes. The flowers die but to live again. In the animal world, many species sleep out the winter, to awake again in a new season. Nature itself expires and revives; even while she lies prostrate and rigid, an almighty hand preserves the germs of future life, that she may once more start from the grave, and run a new round of beauty, animation, and enjoyment. Is there not hope, then, for the human soul? Shall not the same paternal goodness watch over it in its seeming extinction, and cause it to survive the winter of death? Yes, there is hope here, but there is no assurance. It is from the word of inspiration alone that the assurance of immortality springs. That book of unerring truth informs us, that after our mortal winter, there comes a spring of unfading beauty and eternal joy, where no cold chills, and no heat scorches; where there is bloom without decay, and a sky without a cloud.

But let it never be forgotten, that the prospect which lies before us is not all bright and smiling. The same book of truth which reveals to us our immortal nature, informs us also, that, in the unseen world to which we are travelling, there is a state of misery as well as a state of blessedness; that we are now, step by step, approaching the one or the other of these states; and that each successive year, as it passes over our heads, instead of leading us upward to the unchanging glories which belong to the children of God, may be only conducting us downward, on that road which "leadeth to destruction."

This is inexpressibly dreadful! And when we think of our own character and qualifications, we shall find nothing calculated to allay our terrors. We are the children of a fallen parent—ourselves fallen and guilty. If, from the elevated spot on which we now stand, at the commencement of a new stage of our journey, we look back on the scenes through which we have passed, and reflect on the transactions in which we have been engaged, what shall we discover that can recommend us to Him "who is of purer eyes than to behold evil?" If, again, we look forward, what a scene of turmoil and disorder, temptation and danger, do we descry in a world lying in wickedness! When we think of the weakness of our own hearts, and of the enemies we have to encounter —so numerous and so formidable—we cannot fail to be appalled, and to experience the same kind of misgiving which led an apostle to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

But when, in the exercise of faith, we turn to the gospel, a more blessed view opens to us; for it is full of the most encouraging promises to those who will accept of them. It tells us of "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and slow to anger, and abundant in goodness and truth," Exod. xxxiv. 6; and, in proof of this character, it reminds us of the impartial manner in which the Creator employs inanimate nature for

the good of his creatures, "making his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sending rain on the just and on the unjust;" it reminds us, also, of the parental affection with which his own exuberant bounty has inspired the animal creation, and, taking an example from the inferior tribes, it beautifully declares, that "as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings," so he watches over his rational offspring, delighting to lead, instruct, and bless them. Rising still higher, it reminds us of the tenderness he has infused into the mind of earthly parents, and says, "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to those who ask him." Nay, it represents the Eternal as condescending to compare his regard for his people, with that of a fond mother for the infant smiling upon her knee, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee," Isa. xlix. 15. It does much more; it opens to our view the wonders of redeeming love, presenting to our view the Son of the Eternal humbling himself for our sakes, to assume the form of a servant, becoming a man of sorrows, submitting to ignominy, torture, and death; and then it crowns all, by making this unanswerable appeal, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Such is the unspeakable encouragement which the Christian derives from the gospel of his Divine Master. And shall we not "work out our own salvation, seeing it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure?" Phil. ii. 13. In this mighty task, we cannot indeed avoid being affected with "fear and trembling," when we reflect on what we have at stake; but we have also every thing to hope, for He who is for us, is greater than all that can be against us; and the value of the prize which is set before us is inestimable.—*Duncan's Winter.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Paul's, the most gigantic, the most elevated, the most celebrated, and by far the most conspicuous building in London, is a fit place to be visited by a perambulator, as the grandest church in the world, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome. It is an object of general interest, and is entitled to every consideration. In whatever part of the metropolis a stranger may be, he cannot long promenade the street without catching a glimpse of this stupendous pile, which lifts its giant head and shoulders far above the buildings that surround it.

St. Paul's Cathedral stands in the wards of Castle Baynard and Farringdon, and in the parishes of St. Gregory and St. Faith. I am now looking up at the huge fabric, that somewhat oppresses me by its gigantic dimensions. The elegant iron balustrade that surrounds it, weighs, I am told, at the least, two hundred tons, and cost eleven thousand pounds.

The statue of Queen Anne, in the area, surrounded with the allegorical figures of Great Britain and Ireland, France and America; the double rows of black marble steps; the noble portico of twelve Corinthian columns, and eight of the composite order above them; the triangular pediment, with a representation of St. Paul's conversion; the statue of St. Paul on the centre, with St. Peter, St. James, and the four Evangelists at the sides, are all well worthy of attention.

I remember to have heard an anecdote about the motto "Resurgam," on the south front. It is said, that when Sir Christopher Wren was undecided about the motto he should choose, he had occasion for something to put under a stone that was about to be placed in a certain position, when a workman brought him a piece of an old broken gravestone, on which was graven the word Resurgam. This word was instantly adopted as the required motto. Whether this story is true or not, a more appropriate motto could scarcely have been found.

I have often gazed on the weather-bleached stonework of St. Paul's, especially on the south side, without being able to determine the rule, or natural laws, by which such an effect has been produced. Many of the pillars and prominent parts of the building are, here and there, almost as white as if covered with whitewash; while the adjoining stonework is much more like ebony than

ivory. The winds, the rains, and the climate appear to have been fickle in their attacks on this venerable edifice; they are not invariably the most prominent parts, nor seemingly those most exposed that are thus bleached; nor are they the most secluded that are dingy and dirty. The general effect, however, of the discoloration is highly imposing. It is said, that "mansions may be built, but not oak trees;" and, certain it is, that if another St. Paul's could be erected, equal in other respects, it must, of necessity, be inferior in that time-worn and venerable appearance, which the present truly magnificent edifice possesses.

I have entered the church by the northern door; it is the hour of prayer; the minister, the choristers, and the congregation are assembled, and as I sit on one of the benches in the vast area of the church, the shrill and harmonious chaunts of youthful voices is rising round me, and the deep diapason of the solemn organ, like thunder modulated and rendered musical, is impetuously bursting from the choir, pouring irresistibly along through the elevated arches, and long drawn aisles, and filling, with awful melody, the mighty dome above my head.

If, clothed and clogged with the infirmity of human nature, such soul-transporting sounds, and rapturous emotions are permitted us, what will be the music of heaven! and what the unimaginable transports of glorified spirits!

While the visionary and devotee consider these sublime choruses as of themselves constituting devotion; and while some condemn them as inconsistent with the simplicity of Christian worship; enough for me if I feel that they give a passing fervour to my faith, and carry my affections onward to that eternal world, that is represented to us as resounding with hallelujahs. So long as music is content to be the handmaid of devotion, she is well worthy of regard; but when she sets up herself to be worshipped, down with her, down with her, even to the ground!

The service is now ended, and the congregation are thronging the space between the choir and the northern door, while here and there small parties are seen walking from one monument to another.

I look up at the capacious dome with wonder. What a pigmy I am, compared to this stupendous structure, which is itself but a speck in creation! The oppressive vastness of the church is increased by its absence of ornament. Not that the columns, the arches, and the vaulting of the cupola are altogether without decoration; but the grotesque and elaborate carvings that frequently enrich Gothic edifices are looked for in vain. The magnificence of St. Paul's is rather felt in its influential whole, than seen in the costliness of its undivided parts.

Those who have seen the scaffolding erected here on the first Thursday in June, occupied by seven thousand children, have gazed on a spectacle that they are not likely to forget.

Here are the works of the Bacons, Chantrey, Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi; Baily, Tollemache, Hopper, and Gahagan. Here are the monuments of Nelson, Howe, St. Vincent, Heathfield, Collingwood, and Duncan; Abercrombie, Cornwallis, and Sir John Moore; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Opie, West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence; Doctor Johnson, Sir William Jones, Howard the philanthropist, and the architect of the place, Sir Christopher Wren.

The flags, in both dome and nave, are motionless; but they have waved amid the stormy fight. Many a death-grapple took place before the French, and Dutch, and Spanish standard-bearers were despoiled of them.

Observe that family group: they are from the country; the father takes the lead, with a boy of five years old, dressed in his new buttoned clothes; the mother holds by the hand her little daughter. The father has told them already, before they quitted home, of the wonders of the place, and they regard his words as the voice of an oracle. He has been here before, and he shows them one monument after another, with an emotion very like that of pride; for how could they manage to see all without him? what would they know of the place without his descriptions? He is the master of the ceremonies; the family head and guide; the London directory; the every thing to them in their visit to this wonderful city.

The finely-wrought and imposing figures of Nelson, with the lion beneath him; Sir John Moore wounded and

dying; and Sir Ralph Abercrombie falling from his horse into the arms of a Highland soldier, by turns attract the attention and secure the admiration of the several visitors of the place. The soldier and the sailor here gain additional enthusiasm. They see the homage that is paid to the hero, and forget the wounds and death-grapples, the cries and groans, the widows' sighs and orphans' tears that go up to make a victory!

Look at the awe-struck little urchins, that are gazing with timid air on the monument of Howard. Their attention has already been directed to the diminutive figures in bas-relief, representing the stern jailor with his key, and the poor famished prisoner being supplied with food by the philanthropist. At another time their little hearts will feel sensible of compassion; but now, while they lift up their eyes to the cold marble, the gigantic and motionless figure of Howard, they are rather frozen with awe than melted with pity.

The colossal figure of Doctor Johnson, on the opposite monument, represents the intellectual gladiator, the mighty lexicographer, in a standing attitude. Unlike the graven bust, in the title page of his dictionary, he stands erect, habited as a Roman, with a majestic mien, fixing the regard, and commanding the admiration of the spell-bound visitor. The man of letters comes here, a pilgrim to the shrine of talent, and pays a willing homage to departed intellect.

And these, then, are the most enduring records of this world's admiration! What a tale of humiliation is told by the disfigured effigy. The mutilated marble, and the time-worn monument of the hero!

"These mouldering records make me feel ashamed
That fame and glory have so little power
To hand their greatness down to future times."

It is said that St. Paul's was first built by Ethelbert, king of Kent, A.D. 619. And that kings Kenred, Athelstan, Edgar, Ethelred, and Canute, Edward the Confessor, and William the Conqueror, all contributed largely to its support.

There is, indeed, abundant reason to believe that a Christian church occupied the same site at a very early period, and that this, when destroyed by the Dioclesian persecution, was again rebuilt in the time of Constantine the Great. It was after the demolition of this church that Ethelbert undertook its re-erection.

Two or three times it was destroyed by fire, and more than once the spire was struck by lightning. Among the names of those who were, at different periods, the most zealous in its reparation, may be mentioned, William de Belmeis, Osbert de Camera, Maurice, Belmois, and Roger Niger, Bishops of London. To these must be added, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln; Ralph Baldock, Bishop of London, and Queen Elizabeth; the latter gave out of her own purse a thousand marks of gold, and added, also, to her gift a thousand loads of timber.

From the year 1631 to 1643 more than a hundred thousand pounds were received to repair St. Paul's, and the work was begun by Sir Inigo Jones. The chapels and altars of St. Paul's, before the Reformation, were very numerous, and the rites of the Romish religion were celebrated with great pomp and pageantry. With rich treasures, and two hundred officiating priests, it abounded in what was alluring and imposing to the eye: statues of the Virgin Mary, with huge tapers burning before them continually: caskets decorated with jewels, and filled with relics; as well as rich censers, cruets and chalices, and basins of gold and silver.

At one period beggars asked alms in the church, fashionable people made it a lounging place, and porters, with their packs, used it as a common thoroughfare.

Little respect was paid to the costly structure of St. Paul's during the civil wars that broke out; for then the work of desolation spread wide within its walls; the pavement of marble was torn up, the stalls were pulled down, while sawpits were dug in some parts, and horses stabled in others of the sacred edifice.

The old church of St. Paul's had one of the highest spires in the world, it being, with the tower, a height of 534 feet; but this spire was burned early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the carelessness of a plumber; the roof also was injured so as to cost many thousand pounds to repair; but the chapel spire never rose again. Below, the high altar in the east part of the choir, stood between two columns, and was adorned profusely with jewellery, as well as surrounded with images, beauti-

fully wrought, and covered with a canopy of wood, representing saints and angels. In the centre of the church stood a large cross; against a pillar was a beautiful image of the Virgin Mary, before which an anthem was sung every day, and a lamp kept continually burning; while in the tower was a fine dial, with an angel pointing to the hour.

But the costliness of the structure was no defence against the all-devouring element that was to consume it. The great fire of 1666, wrapped it in flames that were unquenchable by human hands. This fire was one of the most tremendous scourges that ever visited London. It seemed as if the Holy One was pouring out, on the devoted city, the vials of his wrath.

"It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were locked up in the city, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad, and like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake and arm itself, and quickly gathers strength."

"That night most of the Londoners had taken their last sleep in their houses; they little thought it would be so when they went into their beds; they did not in the least suspect, when the doors of their ears were unlocked, and the casements of their eyes were opened in the morning, to hear of such an enemy invading the city, and that they should see him, with such fury, enter the doors of their houses, break into every room, and look out at their casements, with such a threatening countenance."

"That which made the ruin the more dismal, was, that it was begun on the Lord's-day morning: never was there the like sabbath in London; some churches were in flames that day; and God seemed to come down, and to preach himself in them, as he did in Mount Sinai, when the mount burned with fire; such warm preaching those churches never had; such lightning dreadful sermons never were before delivered in London. In other churches ministers were preaching their farewell sermons, and people were hearing with quaking and astonishment: instead of a holy rest which Christians have taken on this day, there is a tumultuous hurrying upon the spirits of those that sat still, and had only the notice of the ear of the quick and strange spreading of the fire."

"Now fearfulness and terror doth surprise the citizens of London; confusion and astonishment doth fall upon them at this unheard-of, unthought-of judgment. It would have grieved the heart of an unconcerned person to see the rueful looks, the pale cheeks, the tears trickling down from the eyes, (where the greatness of sorrow and amazement could give leave for such a vent,) the smiting of the breast, the wringing of the hands; to hear the sighs and groans, the doleful and weeping speeches of the distressed citizens, when they were bringing forth their wives, some from their child-bed, and their little ones, some from their sick bed, out of their houses, and sending them into the country, or somewhere into the fields with their goods."

St. Paul's Cathedral, as it stood before the great fire, was altogether ruined; the foundations of the present building were laid in 1675, and the whole magnificent structure was completed under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren in thirty-five years, at an expense of a million and a half of money.

The black and white Corinthian marble columns of the choir, the episcopal throne, the Bishop's seat, the seat of the Lord Mayor, and the Dean's stall, are well worthy of regard; but other objects are now before me.

I have ascended the circular wooden staircase, and paid a visit to the library, the model room, the geometrical staircase, and the big bell; and now I am seated in the whispering gallery. The rattling thunder of the closing door has rolled around me, and at this moment, the whispers of the man at the entrance are announcing to me the altitude and dimensions of the cathedral.

The stone bench on which I sit is very cold. What an awful depth it is to the floor of the building where the diminutive living figures are pacing the black and white marble stones. There! I have given one glance at the faded paintings above. Now then for the giddy height of the golden gallery.

(London from the Cupola of St. Paul's, will be the next "Perambulator.")

A SABBATH-MORNING SALUTATION.

A Letter to a Friend.

Dec. 3, 1780.

My dear Sir,—"The Lord is risen indeed." This is his day, when we are called to meet in his house, and (we in

this branch of the family) to rejoice at his table. I meant to write yesterday, but could not. I trust it is not unsuitable to the design and privilege of this day to give you a morning salutation in his name; and to say, "Come, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." If I am not mistaken, I have met you this morning already. Were you not at Gethsemane? have you not been at Golgotha? did I not see you at the tomb? This is our usual circuit, yours and mine, on these mornings, indeed every morning; for what other places are worth visiting? what other objects are worth seeing? Oh this wonderful love; this blood of sovereign efficacy! the infallible antidote which kills sin, cures the sinner, gives sight to the blind, and life to the dead. How often have I known it turn sorrow into joy.

O thou Saviour and Sun of the soul, shine forth this morning, and cheer and gladden all our hearts. Shine upon me and mine, upon all whom I love, and on all who love thee! Shine powerfully on my dear friends at ——, and let us know that, though we are absent from each other, thou art equally near to us all.

I must to breakfast, then dress, and away to court. Oh for a sight of the King! and oh to hear him speak! for his voice is music, and his person is beauty. When he says, "Remember me," and the heart hears, what a train of incidents is at once revived!—from the manger to the cross, what he said, what he did, how he lived, how he loved, how he died,—all is marvellous, affecting, humbling, transporting! I think I know what I would be, and what I would do too if I could. How near would I get, how low would I fall, how would I weep and sing in a breath: and with what solemn earnestness would I recommend him to my fellow sinners. But, alas! when I would do good, evil is present with me. Pray for me, and help me likewise to praise the Lord, for his mercies are new every morning and every moment.

I am your affectionate,
JOHN NEWTON.

THE TWO AGED FEMALES.

A Sketch from Nature.

How striking is the difference observable in the characters and feelings of aged persons! a difference not less striking than are their states of health, their personal appearance, or their rank in life.

I saw one, whose looks told that she was making good the description of the wise man; the keepers of the house were trembling, the strong bowing themselves, the grinders ceasing, the windows darkened, the daughters of music brought low. She was going to her long home; but her wrinkled brow was adorned with a tawdry and gay costume, her faded figure ill assorted with her girlish dress. All the little fashionable, trifling ornaments of the day were seen about her; the most tasteful and expensive jewels decked her shrivelled fingers, and art was brought in, to make up a poor apology for nature's decay. And oh! what an object of pity did she appear. But appearances are sometimes deceptive: I entered into conversation with her, hoping to find that her inconsistency belonged only to the gay exterior. But what a blank did her mind present! The frivolous news of the day, the gay scenes she still hovered around and clung to, for the sake of killing that inch of time which alone was left to prepare for eternity, these were the themes of her discourse. She had passed a long life in senseless attention to folly; and sowing such chaff, could a different harvest be expected? No rich fund of experience had she gained to bestow on the learners around her. No observations had she treasured up on life or the works of art; or the wonderful works of God in nature, providence, or grace, rendering her own mind a rich treasury, and her company a delight and an improvement. No! all was blank. Such was she in company; but alone, oh how sad, vacant, restless, fretful, and dissatisfied with all! No solid sources of happiness upon which to employ her thoughts! How lonely, how dejected, how fearful, is the state of a poor, vain, melancholy old woman, without God and without hope in the world!

I could not help contrasting this character with another which also came under my notice. A woman of no extraordinary powers of mind, but one who had been diligent in the employment of the talents committed to her. Her habit had been to weigh the intrinsic worth of an object and to assign it to its proper place. She had not walked out, and seen the buds unfold, and heard the song of the bird, and passed the minute operations of nature unheeded by; nor neglected to store

her mind with valuable ideas and wise maxims for the conduct of life. She loved not the heated room, or the silly talk, or the contemptible customs, and the heartless feelings of fashionable worldlings. She loved her husband, loved her children, loved nature, and, above all, loved her God. With an expanding heart, she read of, and observed His works, enjoying them with the companion of her life, and teaching them to her children, as she walked by the way, and when they lay down and rose up. Her children rewarded her diligent labour by rising up and calling her blessed; her praise is ever ready on the lip of her husband. How has old age overtaken her on her road? Very plainly dressed, very much beloved among a kind circle of friends. The young and the aged alike esteem and revere her. She delights the child with her instructive tales; youth listen and weep, and fall in love with goodness; the wife in the heat and burden of the day hears of her past trials and mercies, and learns to hope afresh; the drooping spirits of her aged sister are cheered by her words; and they learn to lean on the same rod and staff which comfort her. Her old age is calm and cheerful, far from entertaining gloomy apprehensions of death; so firm is her faith, that she looks forward to it as the period when her infirmities and trials are all to be laid aside, and the promises of her God fulfilled in her behalf. This aged Christian and the votary of fashion first described, must both soon die. At the solemn moment of their departure, whose course of life will stand the test? Let us choose then this day whom we will serve.

CELEBRATED SCULPTURES.

Dr. Rüppell was the first who made us acquainted with the two lions in red granite, which, at the time of his journey in Nubia, were lying among the ruins of the temples at Mount Barkal, near the isle of Meroë. That traveller stated, that when he saw the lions, one of them was broken to pieces, and that the line of hieroglyphics which was on the base of the other, could no longer be deciphered. Lord Prudhoe, who instantly perceived the value of these monuments, drew them from the ruins in which they lay buried, and carried them to England. There, after having all the fragments put together by skilful hands, this zealous patron of art and science, to whom the study of Egyptian antiquities in particular is deeply indebted, presented to the British Museum the two monuments perfectly restored, and constituting the most beautiful and noble specimens of Egyptian art. In going through the vast galleries of the British Museum, in which the masterpieces of Greek and Roman sculpture attract our eyes on all sides, and still serve as models to young artists, desirous to find out the secrets by which the great masters of ancient art have rendered their productions immortal, we are everywhere carried away with admiration, particularly when, on entering the great hall of the marbles of the Parthenon, we find ourselves at once carried back to the age of Pericles, at which epoch the arts of Greece had reached their perfection. But these impressions, though augmented by the good taste which has arranged all the objects, will not prevent the visitor from stopping with reverential awe before the two lions of red granite which guard on each side the entrance to the grand gallery containing the colossal monuments of ancient Egypt, couched on their pedestals, the one lying on his right, the other on his left side, with their heads turned towards the spectator; they seemed more like petrified animals than the work of a sculptor. I do not believe that there exists in any European museum any monument so likely to change the opinion of those who see nothing in Egyptian art but a servile and tasteless imitation of forms consecrated by religion in the infancy of art and civilization, and who ascribe to the influence of the Greeks whatever traces of an elevated style are to be found in Egyptian monuments. It was this prejudice which led M. Rüppell to conclude, while he stood in the midst of the finest remains of the times of the Pharaohs, that these lions must have been sculptured under the influence of the Greeks. But, if the royal names inscribed on their breast, seem to approach the age of Psammetichus, there are still inscriptions enough on the bases of the two monuments to prove to us that they ascend at least to the seventeenth century before our era, and that we certainly admire in them productions of the best epoch of ancient Egyptian sculpture, monuments which have resisted the ravages of more than five-and-thirty centuries. —*Leemans.*

Bankton House, the residence of Colonel Gardiner.

COLONEL GARDINER.

With the history of the eminent individual just named, many are familiar, yet a sketch of it may not be unacceptable to others. At a very early age, he determined on following a military life. The tears of his pious mother, whose judgment and affection he much valued, opposed his wishes; and to these were added the entreaties of his nearest friends, but he could not be turned from his purpose. At the age of fourteen, he had an ensign's commission in a Scottish regiment in the Dutch service; and two years after he received one from queen Anne.

In the battle of Ramillies, he was wounded in the mouth by a musket ball; but though some think he was the subject of serious impressions, yet on his recovery he plunged into the folly and dissipation of the world. He proved, however, that "the way of transgressors is hard;" and often thought that the life of a brute was preferable to his own.

Unable to forget the entreaties and prayers of his mother, and condemned by his own conscience, he had many obstacles to surmount in his course of profligacy, which was terminated at length by his conversion to God, under very remarkable circumstances. He could now fully sympathize with that eminent man who directed the following inscription to be placed on his tomb:—

"When in my youth, I loved to shed my blood,
Both for my king and for my country's good;
But in my age my joy it was to be
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me."

As a Christian warrior he was found faithful. Constantly rising at four o'clock in the morning, he devoted two hours to the exercises of reading, meditation and prayer. If at any time he was obliged to leave his room earlier than usual, he rose an hour sooner and sometimes two. He also retired for an hour in the evening, and thus diligently aimed to be "in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

The death of his beloved mother was one of the greatest trials he was ever called to experience, but he bore it with true resignation. He was united in marriage to lady Frances Erskine, daughter of the earl of Buchan; the greatest imperfection in whose character, he said, was, "she valued and loved him more than he deserved." Of her, and his eldest daughter, he took what proved to be a final leave at Stirling Castle. On lady Gardiner being more than usually affected at their separation, he asked her the reason, and on her assigning the very natural cause of her distress, he replied, "We have an eternity to spend together." He was mortally wounded in the battle of Preston Pans; and soon after laid down together the weapons of his worldly and spiritual warfare.

An engraving of his residence, Bankton House, is placed at the head of this

article; his history is traced by a master-hand in the memoir of him by Dr. Doddridge. But enough has now been said to show that "wisdom's ways" alone "are ways of pleasantness;" that piety may be displayed in scenes of active life; that religious instruction in early days may ultimately tend to the production of lasting good, and that the Christian is "the highest style of man."

War, it may be added, is attended by incalculable evils; but there is a conflict, in which we desire every reader to be engaged. It is that of the man who, fearing God, knows no other fear:

> Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
> Or what achievements of immortal fame
> He purposes, and he shall and ever—None.
> His warfare is within. There unfatigued
> His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
> And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
> And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
> The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

FEBRUARY.

THE winter is not yet passed; the rains are not "over and gone;" yet we cannot but perceive that a change is beginning to manifest itself over the face of nature. February is usually called a dreary month, a month of clouds, and mist, and heavy rain, when

> "Driving sleets deform the day delightless;"

nevertheless, it is a busy month to the gardener and the farmer; and full of interest to the naturalist, and him who walks through the world with his eyes open. The days have begun sensibly to lengthen; the sun has acquired some power, and now and then breaks forth, lighting up the scene with a gladsome, but transient glow of brightness. Let us avail ourselves of the welcome opportunity, and, though the lanes are miry, the "ways be foul," and the meadows soaked with water, boldly venture forth. He who would observe nature in all her moods, must take the rough with the smooth, nor shrink from trifling obstacles. Come then, for why should we delay? See how busy the earthworm (*Lumbricus terrestris*) is on every side, its earth-casts cover the lawn and the meadow. Great is the utility of this animal; by its operations it loosens the soil, thereby rendering it more porous, and susceptible of the infiltration of water, so essential to the nutriment of plants. But this is not all: the earthworm absolutely raises the surface of the soil, and that very rapidly, insomuch that stones and other objects, which cumber the ground, become in a few months (or if large, years) buried beneath an accumulation of rich mould, the *nutrimen rejectum*, of myriads of these beings, the effect of whose agency is to level and smooth, and fit the soil for herbage. Worms then are pasture makers. It is by their means that a stony, sterile field becomes a uniformly grass-covered mead; that the stones disappear beneath the turf, and that a light and porous surface is perpetually maintained. In the multitudes of these creatures, then, we see the wisdom of the Almighty, who has destined them, feeble ministers as they are, for the promotion, in a remote sense, of man's interest; for though he feeds not on the grasses of the meadow, his cattle pasture there, his herds and his flocks; and how far these, the *pecuniæ** of the earth, are connected with his interests, we need not labour to explain.

But the worm has its enemies, its appointed enemies; and one is now most busily at work, we mean the mole. See how many fresh molehills cover the meadow,—last night's work, for the mole is a nocturnal miner. A talented naturalist observes, that the labours of the mole are not confined to the galleries, and passages, and vaults which it excavates; "but in lands, newly sown, the surface of which is consequently light and yielding, after moderate rain, which has brought the earthworms to the surface, the mole follows them, and pursues its chase along the superficial layer of the soil, digging a shallow continuous trench, in which work it advances with great rapidity." These shallow trenches being only just beneath the surface, their course may be often traced by a slight elevation, the animal having arched up the roof of the winding gallery, by the pressure of its own body, as it forced its way through the yielding soil. "The district or domain to which an individual mole confines himself, may be termed its encampment. Within its limits, or at

* The Latin word *pecunia*, primarily an estate, secondarily money or property in general, is derived from *pecus*, sheep; these animals anciently were the wealth of men. In Homer we read of a cauldron being worth twenty sheep. See also the account of the riches of Job, and of the Patriarchs; and how they were used (as by Abraham in the purchase of the well) as *money*, by which word we now understand the representative, and not the thing represented.

least in immediate communication with this district, all the labours of the animal are pursued. It consists of a habitation or fortress, from which extends the high road by which the animal reaches the opposite extremity of the encampment, and of various galleries or excavations opening into this road, which it is continually extending in search of food, and which, in fact, constitute its hunting ground." The fortress is formed under a large raised hillock. These animals seldom intrude upon each other's hunting ground; but should two meet in the same excavation, one must retreat, or a fierce battle ensues, which proves fatal to the weaker of the combatants. In the mole the appetite of hunger amounts to frenzy, and hence, with the exception of about six hours' rest in the middle of the day, it is incessantly on the chase. Worms constitute its staple food, which it pursues, during the frosts of winter, to their deepest retreats; nevertheless, it also eats the larvæ of coleopterous insects; and even mice, birds, lizards, and frogs. But surely you are ready to say, Is it not in danger of being drowned, during the floods of February, and indeed of other months? Not at all. In addition to its excellences as a miner by trade, it is a most admirable swimmer; and for the act of swimming its hands and feet are as well adapted as for excavating. "Surprised in its encampment," says the writer referred to, "by the floods, it seeks its safety by this means; and, a friend of mine, residing at Waltham Abbey, assures me, that he has seen moles swimming very featly, when the marshes of that neighbourhood have been inundated. But it is not only when driven to it, as a means of escape from danger, that it employs this mode of travelling. It will not hesitate to cross a brook, or even a broad river, to change its hunting ground, or to emigrate from a district which has ceased to yield it sufficient nourishment; and occasionally it would appear to take the water merely for the purpose of enjoying the luxury of a bath."—*Bell's Brit. Quad.* The mole has his enemies, and man amongst the number. The mole-catcher has already begun to set his traps.

Let us pass through the wood. The squirrel is very busy and alert; how nimbly he ascends the trunk of that fine beech tree; how soon he is hidden among the topmost branches. He has been most probably on a visit to his store of nuts, acorns, and beech mast, for a meal. The squirrel does not pass the winter in a state of hybernation, but clad in warm fur braves its severity. Instinct-directed he accumulates various little magazines of food, snugly hidden, lest the thievish jay should discover and pilfer his treasure. At this season they are his great, if not entire source of dependence; and who that finds in some chink or cranny, the store thus wisely (so to speak) accumulated, would scatter it, and rob the Ariel of the woods of his just possession?

The hybernating animals are begining to bestir themselves. The dormouse is roused by the fitful sunshine to peep forth and take a little food; for though it passes the severer months in a state of torpidity, it awakens when a warmer day than usual intervenes; and during the present month, a sunshiny day is almost sure to call it from its dormitory; but it will return to its repose when the sun begins to decline, and the air becomes again chilly and depressing. The hedgehog, however, sleeps more soundly, and will not yet appear; rolled up in a compact ball, and invested with moss and leaves, beneath the covert of some brake, or under the roots of some old hollow tree, it waits for the warmer months to call forth the "creeping things" on which it feeds, before its profound trance will pass away. The hedgehog stores up no food; indeed it cannot, from the very nature of its food, (slugs, snails, insects, lizards, etc.,) and therefore, were it to awake, it would awake to famish: there is therefore wisdom and mercy in the law which ordains its late hybernation.

Strange to say, the common bat (*Vespertilio pipistrellus*) occasionally appears on the wing, even during the present month; and still more frequently during March. This species is the latest and earliest on the wing of the British bats, having been seen alert and flying even as late as December. A warm sunshiny day is sure to rouse it. Its food consists of gnats, which the same warm sunshine also calls forth, and thus it awakes to food prepared as it were for its reception. The final retirement of this species of bat "does not depend," says Mr. Bell, "exclusively upon temperature; for although before the severe frosts set in, they continue to fly even when it is below the freezing point, they do not

again appear until the time above mentioned, (March, but often even earlier,) notwithstanding the thermometer may have often arisen considerably above fifty degrees Fahr. This peculiarity is easy of solution. The fondness of the animal for different species of gnats has been observed even from the earliest period, and from the diminutive size of the *pipistrelle* (common bat,) it is probable that these little insects constitute its principal food. These, and many other dipterous insects, after having disappeared during the ungenial fogs and rains of the close of the autumn, often make their appearance again in smaller numbers, on every fine warm day, until the severe cold of the depth of winter finally destroys the greater part of them. The same impulse of hunger equally accounts for the appearance of the *pipistrelle* in the daytime, at this period of the year; as it is only at that time that the temperature is sufficiently elevated to summon into temporary activity its insect food."

The feathered tribes are now in activity; the raven is preparing his nest, and so is the crow; and the rook is not behind them. How full of bustle and animation is the rookery! Some are bringing sticks and twigs, with which to repair their nests, which, thus patched up, form the cradle for many a successive generation; some are contending for the possession of a nest to which two parties lay claim; we suspect the law of might is the law of right with them. Some, too, are absolutely robbing their neighbours, despoiling their nests, for the sake of furnishing their own with little pains and labour. A rookery is a picture of human society, and presents, at this season, a scene of turmoil, squabbling, and misrule. In a little time, however, the various litigations among the contending parties will subside. "Rooks," says Gilbert White, "are continually fighting and pulling each other's nests to pieces: these proceedings are inconsistent with living in such close community; and yet, if a pair offer to build on a single tree, the nest is plundered and demolished at once." "Some unhappy pairs are not suffered to finish any nests till the rest have completed their building. As soon as they get a few sticks together, a party comes and demolishes the whole. As soon as rooks have finished their nests, the males begin to feed the females, and this is continued through the whole season of incubation."

The thrush is loud in song; clear, bold, and varied are his notes: nor is the blackbird silent. Listen to those two sharp notes, reiterated with harsh emphasis; there flits the bird that uttered them among the willows by the brook; it is the marsh titmouse, (*Parus palustris,*) one of our early breeders: it builds in the holes of pollard willows, and the stumps of trees near its favourite haunts; and its nest is made of moss, mixed with the fine soft down which clothes the seeds of the willow. During the winter this active little bird associates with others of its species in small families, these are now breaking up, for the pairing season is at hand.

There stands a heron in the flooded brook, immovable, with its neck bent, and drawn in between its shoulders; its beak ready to strike, and its eye intent upon the water, watching for some unwary fish that may come within its reach. Our approach has disturbed it; away it sails on its ample wings, to some more sequestered spot. During the winter these birds roam far and wide in search of open water; but at the latter end of this month the scattered flock draw gradually towards their heronry; and numbers may be seen collected together, as if on a consultation previous to the great business of the spring. In some respects a heronry resembles a rookery; these birds building in company together on the highest trees; their nests are made of sticks lined with wool, or other soft materials, and are large and flat, and often in contact with each other on the same branch, or tree.

Our winter birds of passage, are now beginning to move northwards, files of wild geese may be seen high in the heavens; and many of the birds, which were driven from the inland parts of the country to the coast, are now beginning to return. Nevertheless, if severe weather comes on, they retrace their way. The severe February of 1838 was rendered remarkable from the number of wild swans, by which various parts of this kingdom were visited. In the Magazine of Natural History, for 1838, p. 333, is the following communication from a correspondent at Blackburn, Lancashire: "The present dreadfully severe weather has driven to the estuary of, and even high up the river Ribble, a flock of wild swans, originally twenty-seven in

number. The capture of four of these has come within my own observation; the first was shot upwards of twenty miles from the mouth of the river, on February 7. The second was shot near Walton-le-Dale, about two miles up the Ribble, above Preston; this being shot by a farmer, the Goth actually had it plucked and roasted! The third was shot near Clitheroe, still higher up the river. The fourth bird came into my possession, February 17, having been killed near the embouchure of the river two days before." During the same month, many specimens of wild swans were shot on the Thames, and in the neighbourhood of London, which we had an opportunity of seeing. It is remarkable, that in the same month, the year before, after a severe storm of wind, a stormy petrel (*Thalassidroma pelagica*) was picked up on Preston moor alive, but completely exhausted; it survived its capture two days, and would, most probably, have recovered; but was killed for the purpose of mounting. The occurrence of this oceanic bird, inland, is very rare; but sea gulls are often driven by the winds to a considerable distance from the shore.

Many of our native birds pair this month, besides those already noticed; as the thrush, the missel thrush, the red grouse, the partridge, the domestic pigeon; and towards its close, the yellow hammer, the goldfinch, and the ring-dove, (*Columba palumbus*) the largest of the European wild pigeons.

During the present month, many of the reptile tribes will awake from their repose to activity. The viper (*V. berus*) crawls forth to enjoy the sunshine. The ditches resound with the hoarse deep croak of the frog, and the masses of eggs, or spawn which the female deposits may be observed in great abundance. From those eggs spring a tadpole progeny; a truly aquatic race, with branchiæ, or organs of respiration, adapted to the fluid in which they as yet exclusively live; and with a rudder-like tail, their only organ of progressive motion. In a few weeks, however, the limbs will begin to be developed, the branchiæ will be obliterated, the lungs will expand, the tail vanish, and the metamorphosis will end by these little creatures abandoning the water, and betaking themselves to the moist meadows and fields, in quest of food.

See yonder a butterfly on the wing! It is the brimstone butterfly, (*Gonepteryx rhamni,*) which precedes its race, and may be regarded as their harbinger. Here, too, is a film of gossamer, an index that some of the spiders are already beginning to throw out their floating lines,—silken streamers.

Vegetation has made rapid advances, and several plants and shrubs are in blossom. Of these we may count the barren strawberry, (*Fragaria sterilis;*) the butcher's broom, (*Ruscus aculeatus;*) the coltsfoot, (*Tussilago farfara;*) the daffodil, the sweet violet, and the snowdrop. The filbert, and the willow, too, hang out their flowers; and the yew puts on a greener tint, and appears in blossom.

Let us then inquire into some of the phenomena resulting from the renewed activity of vegetable life. One great result is the disengagement of oxygen, effected by the sap circulating in the leaves, when exposed to the action of light, and in the decomposition of the carbonic acid gas, brought to the leaves by the sap, or else obtained by absorption from the surrounding atmosphere. The disengagement of oxygen, and the retention of carbon, an essential ingredient in the altered sap—essential to the nutrition and growth of plants; the reverse of what obtains in the aeration of the blood of animals, to whom oxygen is the great *pabulum vitæ*, is wonderful and interesting. Plants, therefore, nourish animals in more ways than one. It is in the green substance of leaves, the lungs of plants, that this chemical decomposition of carbonic acid is effected. "The remarkable discovery," says Dr. Roget, "that oxygen is exhaled from the leaves of plants during the day-time, was made by the great founder of pneumatic chemistry, Dr. Priestley: to Sennebier we are indebted for the first observation that the presence of carbonic acid is required for the disengagement of oxygen in this process, and that the oxygen is derived from the decomposition of the carbonic acid; and these latter facts have since been fully established by the researches of Mr. Woodhouse of Pennsylvania, and M. Theodore de Saussure and Mr. Palmer. They are proved in a very satisfactory manner by the following experiment of De Candolle. Two glass jars were inverted over the same water-bath; the one filled with carbonic acid gas, the other filled with water containing a sprig of mint; the jars communicating

below by means of the water-bath, on the surface of which some oil was poured so as to intercept all communication between the water and the atmosphere. The sprig of mint was exposed to the light of the sun for twelve days consecutively: at the end of each day, the carbonic acid was found to diminish in quantity, the water rising in the jar to supply the place of what was lost; and at the same time the plant exhaled a quantity of oxygen equal to that of the carbonic acid which had disappeared. A similar sprig of mint placed in a jar of the same size full of distilled water, but without having access to carbonic acid, gave out no oxygen gas and soon perished. When, in another experiment, conducted by means of the same apparatus as was used in the first, oxygen gas was substituted in the first jar, instead of carbonic acid gas, no gas was disengaged in the other jar which contained a sprig of mint. It is evident, therefore, that the oxygen gas obtained from the mint in the first experiment was derived from the decomposition by the leaves of the mint, of the carbonic acid, which the plant had absorbed from the water.

"Solar light is an essential agent in effecting this chemical change, for it is never found to take place at night, nor while the plant is kept in the dark. The experiments of Sennebier would tend to show that violet, or the most refrangible of the solar rays, have the greatest power in determining this decomposition of carbonic acid; but the experiments are of so delicate a nature, that this result requires to be confirmed by a more rigid investigation, before it can be admitted as satisfactorily established. That the carbon resulting from this decomposition of carbonic acid, is retained by the plant has been amply proved by the experiments of M. Theodore de Saussure, who found that this process is attended with a sensible increase in the quantity of carbon which the plant had previously contained."

But the Naturalist would not be tiresome to his readers: enough then for February; but when warmer months come on, and the stagnant waters are replete with life, and when myriads of insects are on the wing, he will show you through the microscope, some strange and wonderful forms, which, too minute to be seen with the naked eye, display no less impressively the power of God in creation, than the mighty elephant or the colossal whale; structures of infinite beauty, proclaiming design and purpose, as clearly as does the hand of man, or the constitution of the human frame.

M.

"IT WAS NOT ALWAYS SO."

"Ho!" said Frank, "a new stile to farmer White's rick-yard! I suppose it is intended to keep the cattle from trespassing; but as the people have been saying to you, this morning, uncle, 'it was not always so.'" "No," I observed, "I remember, when it was quite open, being frightened by a wild bull. I am glad this fence is put up; for though I am so much taller and stouter than I was then, it is not exactly pleasant to meet a vicious animal. Do you not think it a very great improvement, uncle?" "Yes, Samuel, I do; but it seems all the parish is not just of our mind; the alteration was very violently opposed by some of the people, and the stile, as fast as it was put up by day was pulled down at night." "But why did they object to it, uncle? Did it do them any harm? It is a good safe stile, that any body may easily get over."

"Oh, yes, they can get over it easily enough if they choose to do so; the only objection I ever heard against it, was, that 'it was not always so.' I took some pains, at the request of the farmer and some of the neighbours, to reason with the opponents of the measure, and to convince them that it was a public good, and could not be in any way injurious: but my endeavours were fruitless, they would yield to no conviction but that of necessity; and only permitted the stile to remain when they found that they exposed themselves to legal punishment by pulling it down. The affair has at length blown over; and if the farmer should now attempt to throw it open again, it is likely that the very same people would be the first to complain of injury, and say, 'It was not always so.'"

"What is there," said Frank, "that always was as it is at present? the world is continually changing."

"True," said my uncle; "the varying dispensations of Providence and the vicissitudes of the children of men render it impossible that outward things should be unchangeable. Besides, while it is so possible for improvements to be adopted, it would be very undesirable,

even if it were possible, for things to remain stationary."

"It seems to be quite a favourite phrase in this neighbourhood, 'It was not always so.' I think we have heard it used this morning by at least five different persons; and yet from their manner of speaking, as well as from your replies to them, I do not think they all attached the same meaning to it."

"Nothing could be more opposite than their several meanings; I could not help smiling to think of the difference, and do not wonder at your noticing it. It would have been still more striking if you had known more of the parties and their real circumstances." My uncle then proceeded, as far as he thought proper, in sketching to us the characters and circumstances of the several individuals who had used the expression. The first he doubted not had uttered the words while struggling to exercise a spirit of Christian resignation. He was a widower, who had recently lost a most amiable and excellent wife. He appeared much gratified by my uncle's visit, and pressed him to remain to dinner. This was declined; however, as we staid some time, I suppose the servants expected we should dine there, and the housekeeper requested to speak to Mr. Lee. On his return, he apologized for leaving us; and said, with tears in his eyes, that it was quite new to him to be consulted about domestic arrangements. "It was not always so," said the bereaved husband; "till now I knew not the value of that dear presiding spirit who arranged all these—not trifling matters; for that which occurs daily cannot be a trifle—without confusion and without bustle, yet always seemed at leisure to join in intellectual, social, or benevolent engagements." My uncle encouraged Mr. Lee to speak of the virtues of his excellent lady. I have heard him say that he thought it one of the most silly pieces of modern etiquette, when visiting a mourner, to avoid if possible, or to check all allusion to the object of his loss. He thought it both soothing and improving to cherish recollections of departed worth; and though they might seem to aggravate the bereavement, he considered that they had a direct tendency to reconcile the Christian to the temporary separation.

The conversation was again interrupted by an application for a ticket of admission to the county hospital. A call to alleviate the woes of others is one of the most effectual anodynes to the sorrowful spirit. The pensive features of Mr. Lee almost relaxed into a smile; and with a tone of gratified benevolence approaching even to cheerfulness, he expressed his willingness to comply with the request, and rose as if to lay his hand upon the necessary form. He advanced to the door —returned—opened an escrutoire—closed it again—discovered perplexity and agitation which he strove to hide—rang the bell and desired to speak to Morris, the personal attendant of his late lady. "Morris," he inquired, "can you tell me where your—can you tell me where the infirmary tickets are kept?" "Yes, sir; they are in my Mis—they are in the portable desk, sir." With a strong effort to subdue his feelings, he took from the escrutoire a bunch of keys with which he was evidently not familiar; for he tried several before one would turn the wards of an elegantly inlaid desk, which at length he opened with an expression of melancholy reverence. He soon discovered the requisite paper, and signed it with a trembling hand. As he presented it to the servant, he kindly desired that the applicant might be offered some refreshment, adding, "I am sorry he should have been so long detained." The servant left the room, and Mr. Lee continued, addressing himself to my uncle, "It was not always so; but I have lost my right hand. There is not an engagement or occurrence in which I do not miss her—O my friend, I am bereaved: but the Lord has done it, and it must be right. What he does I know not now, but I shall know hereafter," John xiii. 7. My uncle silently pressed the hand of the mourner. He understood too well the sacredness of grief to oppress the broken spirit even with topics of consolation which it was as yet scarcely able to bear. Something about a book which was mislaid again awakened tender reminiscences, and occasioned a repetition of the phrase, "It was not always so." My uncle then replied, "No, my friend, it is not with you as in months that are past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon your tabernacle; but when the mournful sense of your own privation overwhelms your mind, endeavour to think of her you loved and have lost, as adopting the same expression, 'It was not always so,' but with what different feelings!—

'Once she was mourning here below,
And wet her couch with tears,
She wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.'

But it is not so now; and it will not be so again for ever, nor will it always be so with you:

'Yet a season and you know,
Happy entrance will be given.
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.'"

The good man seemed to admit the consolatory thought, and we left him somewhat soothed and cheered by Christian sympathy. Yes, and under many a trial since, when half disposed to murmur, or at least uselessly to regret that things are not now with me as they once were, I have found comfort in reflecting that in an opposite sense neither are they so with those once most dear to me; and in indulging a humble hope that they will not always be so with me, but that God himself shall wipe away all tears, Rev. xxi. 4.

After taking our leave of Mr. Lee, we called at a stationer's shop, where my uncle wished to make some purchases. The counter was attended by an active, obliging, and very lady-like woman, whom my uncle accosted with the respectful familiarity of an old friend, making particular inquiries after her health, and that of her family; to all of which she replied in a tone of dignified cheerfulness, and invited my uncle to walk in and see Mr. Willis, to which he consented. "Allow me," she said, "to lead the way, the passage is rather dark and narrow, but the parlour to which it leads is snug and comfortable." We followed, and were introduced to Mr. Willis, a middle-aged man, but who appeared feeble and an invalid. The room though small, was genteel and comfortable, and every article of furniture good of its kind, and arranged with perfect neatness and even elegance. The conversation of both Mr. and Mrs. Willis was intellectual and polished. It was evident that they possessed highly cultivated minds, and were familiar with the refinements of society. An interesting conversation about a scene on the banks of the Rhine, which it appeared my uncle and Mr. and Mrs. Willis had visited together, was interrupted by the shop bell, at the sound of which Mrs. Willis promptly but quietly withdrew. She presently returned, and apologized for her abrupt departure, adding, with an expression between a sigh and a smile, "The shop bell is now the call of duty. It was not always so." She paused a moment; and then, as if reproaching herself for the most distant approach to a murmuring feeling, she continued, "but it is better as it is. We were never more comfortable than at present. My dear Charles is daily improving in health and spirits: our house is convenient, airy, and cheerful, though not spacious: our dear children are already placed in excellent situations; Emily, as governess in a family, and the two young men in mercantile houses. It is a privation to be separated from them; but it is all for good. The encouragement we meet with in business affords reason to hope that it will sufficiently provide for our own support; and here the evening of our days may be spent very happily, though not exactly in the sphere to which we have been accustomed. Our circumstances really call for the exercise of lively gratitude and cheerful dependence. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us, and shall follow us, all the days of our lives; and, best of all, we hope to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," Psa. xxiii. 6.

My uncle afterwards told us that the Willises from living in the highest style of mercantile opulence, had been suddenly reduced to their present humble circumstances; the parents, to keep a small shop in a country town; and the young people, to employ their talents and accomplishments in gaining a maintenance. "But," said he, "they bear the vicissitude well, especially that excellent woman whom we have just seen. Her Christian magnanimity and accommodating energy of character are truly admirable. She now presides at her counter, or arranges her little parlour with as much dignity, grace, and cheerfulness, as heretofore she stepped into her carriage or presided in her drawing-room. In each varying circumstance, she exemplifies and adorns the Christian character, and evidently appears as one whose resources are from on high, and whose home is in heaven."

The next person whom we heard adopting the phrase, "It was not always so," seemed to be actuated by a very different spirit. With him, it was an expression of unjust reproach, and a wish to cast upon others the blame of uneasiness resulting from his own mis-

conduct. Indolent and selfish in the extreme, he neglected his business, gave himself up to sloth, and cared only for the self-indulgence of the present moment. His wife, an industrious, kind-hearted body, exerted herself to the utmost to keep things together, and to provide for him comforts which he little deserved. He greedily appropriated whatever was set before him, or whatever he could lay his hands upon, little caring by whose labour it was procured, provided it was not his own. In return, he dealt out insults and abuse to those who laboured to serve him. When his wife was toiling for his support, he upbraided her for not joining him in his frivolous waste of time; worn down with anxiety and labour to supply his deficiencies, she was reproached with being less handsome and less sprightly than he once thought her. Every day of his life he threw the house into confusion, and then complained of its want of order. He was perpetually misplacing his own things, and those that were not his own; and when they were missed, would accuse those around him of having stolen them. If a book or other article were lent to him or intrusted to his care, when it was reclaimed, he became furious against the owner for wishing to deprive him of that which was his only comfort. By his violence and moroseness, mingled sometimes with the most disgusting levity and nonsense, he made himself odious to those around him, and then blamed them for not seeking his society, but, as far as they could, pursuing their several avocations and pleasures apart from him. He wearied out all his friends, and then upbraided them with fickleness and treachery. He habitually lived at variance with his conscience, and then complained that he was not happy. He frequently adopted, as the expression of his murmuring spirit against the dispensations of Providence, or of his unjust reproaches of his fellow-creatures, "It was not always so." He sometimes uttered his complaints to my Uncle Barnaby, who clearly saw into the true cause of all his troubles, (as indeed any one possessed of common sense might easily do,) and generally gave him a little plain dealing, such as would be more salutary than pleasant, "It was not always so, Mr. Scott!" said my uncle. "No, I dare say not; when you cultivated better feelings, and were more concerned about discharging your duty to others, you no doubt found more peace in your own mind and enjoyed more peace with others. A contented mind is a continual feast; but content never dwells with indolence and selfishness. He that would be loved must render himself loveable. He that would have friends must show himself friendly. Do you complain of others? Ask yourself, what have you done to make them happy? Do you complain that the consolations of God are small with you? Look within and inquire whether there is not some secret thing with you; 'for there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked,'" Isa. lvii. 21.

We met with two instances in which the phrase was adopted as the expression of cheerful gratitude. A poor widow, who, by my uncle's benevolent exertions, had been rescued from deep distress and parochial dependence, and put in a way of supporting her family by her industry, welcomed her benefactor with a heart overflowing with gratitude. She showed him the progress of her work, the stock of her little shop, the comforts of her habitation; told him of some of her children being at work, and bringing in a little weekly help; of others being at school and making fine progress in their learning, and reading the blessed Bible to cheer her evening hours. With tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, "O sir, it was not always so, nor ever would have been so but for your goodness. May we never cease to praise the Lord for his benefits, or to pray that the best of blessings may rest on you; God can reward you, though we cannot."

The other case was that of a wanderer reclaimed by the power of Divine grace from his sinful ways—rescued from the sinful and ruinous pleasures of the world, and brought to experience, even in the exercises of penitence, the beginning of that peace and pleasantness which belong to the ways of wisdom. He showed too that religion is not only a personal but a relative blessing, and displayed its influence in his endeavours to promote the welfare and happiness of an amiable wife and interesting family, whom he had long neglected and rendered miserable by his vices. My uncle's was a visit of kind encouragement. The wife made no allusion to the change; but the silent expression of tenderness and happiness seemed to be gradually chasing away from her countenance the deep traces of anxiety and distress. The

husband looked at her with fond admiration bordering upon reverence; and on her leaving the room, spoke to my uncle of her unwearied patience and gentleness, and the uniform consistency of her deportment, which had been the means of winning him over to give a hearing to the gospel; that gospel which he humbly trusted had been made the power of God to his salvation. He spoke of the domestic happiness he now enjoyed, and said, "It was not always so; but the grace of God has made the difference, and

> Oh to grace how great a debtor,
> Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
> Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
> Bind my wandering heart to thee."

Frank's remark on the phrase, "It was not always so," led my uncle to give us such particulars in the character and history of the several parties as he thought illustrative of the several dispositions, with which they uttered the expression. He closed, by saying, "One uses it in the language of sinful repining and unjust reproach. 'The foolishness of man perverteth his way: and his heart fretteth against the Lord,' Prov. xix. 3. The Christian in prosperity uses it with humble gratitude; like Jacob of old, 'I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands,' Gen. xxxii. 10."

The Christian in bereavement and privation says, "It was not so always;" but it is right that it should be so now. "Even so Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight," Matt. xi. 26. "Not my will, but thine, be done," Luke xxii. 42. The humble penitent looks "unto the rock whence he was hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence he was digged," Isa. li. 1; and with adoring gratitude exclaims, "Who maketh me thus to differ from my former self? and what have I that I did not receive?" The Christian, in whatever circumstances he may be placed, can say, "It was not always so; I am not what I was: I was a rebel against God, a slave to sin and Satan. Still I am not what I ought to be; how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be; for I abhor that which is evil, and would cleave to that which is good. I am not yet what I hope to be. It will not be always so. Soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all imperfection. Nevertheless, "By the grace of God I am what I am," 1 Cor. xv. 10.* C.

THE YEW.

Yew. (*Taxus Baccata.*)

Explanation of cut.—*a*, branch with fruit. *b*, male flower. *c*, female flower. *d*, berry. *e*, section of berry, showing the imbedded seed. *f*, seed.

> "The warlike yewgh, by which more than the lance,
> The strong-armed English spirits conquered France." W. Browne.

> "The yew, which in the place of sculptured stone,
> Marks out the resting place of men unknown." Churchill.

Linnean Arrangement. Class Diœcia. *Taxus Baccata.*

Barren Flowers. Calyx none, excepting an imbricated bud. Corolla none. Filaments united at the base into a column, dividing into numerous anthers, pellates, each of which terminates in eight rounded segments. *Fertile Flowers.* Calyx minute, inferior, cup shaped, imbricate; afterwards enlarged, and permanent. Corolla none. Germen superior, egg shaped. Style none. Stigma obtuse. Berry formed of the enlarged, pulpy scarlet-coloured calyx. Seed one, oblong, generally imbedded in the berry. Leaves two rowed, linear, crowded, dark green, shining above.

The yew, though now too much neglected, is a tree of no little interest, from its connexion with the military and superstitious history of our country. It is a native of the British islands, and was formerly much more abundant than it is at present. It is also indigenous in North America, the eastern parts of Asia, and the north of Europe. Various reasons have been assigned for its botanical name, *Taxus;* some deriving it from *toxon,* a bow, as it was formerly the

* See a well known anecdote of the late Rev. J. Newton.—Anecdotes. Christian Graces.

principal wood from which bows were manufactured; some from *taxis*, arrangement, on account of the regular disposition of the leaves; and others again from *toxicum*, poison, from the deleterious properties attributed to it by ancient as well as modern writers. The English, as well as French names of this tree, seem both to have been formed from the Celtic word, *iw*, which signifies verdure, and was most probably applied to it, as being one of the few evergreens known to our ancestors.

The trunk of the yew is very straight, and is divided, at a short distance from the ground, into numerous branches, which spread rather in an horizontal direction; sometimes they are closely intertwined. These, as well as the trunk, have the appearance of being grooved; the bark is thin, smooth, and peels off every year, being replaced by a fresh layer. The leaves are very narrow, and closely arranged in a double row on the branches. The berry forms a bright scarlet cup, of a thick pulpy substance, within it lies the seed, which is of a darker colour. This tree thrives best in a moist loamy soil, though it seldom exceeds thirty or forty feet in height. The peculiarity of its form, is owing to the lateral spread of the branches, and its dense mass of foliage, which is of the most sombre green. It is a very slow-growing tree; and probably on this account, of great longevity; in fact, Evelyn tells us, it was regarded by our ancestors as a symbol of immortality, the tree being so lasting and always green.

The wood is close grained, hard, and very elastic; on these accounts, it was preferred in the manufacture of bows, which, before the introduction of fire-arms, constituted the main artillery of an army. In the historical accounts of battles, we frequently find details of the valour and prowess of individual knights; and in these chivalrous descriptions, we are frequently led to overlook the fact, that it was generally by the skill of "the archers good," that the fate of the day was determined. This weapon is frequently alluded to in Scripture. Saul, the first king of Israel, "was sore wounded of the archers." Ahab, too, received his death wound from a bow "drawn at a venture" in the heat of battle. "Jehu drew a bow with his full strength, and smote Jehoram between his arms; and the arrow went out at his heart, and he sunk down in his chariot." Numerous passages in the Psalms, likewise, prove that it was considered an important instrument in war. We find, too, from the histories of the Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, and other nations of antiquity, that the bow furnished one of their principal warlike weapons; and from passages both in Homer and Virgil, it appears that it was manufactured of yew. The Saxons introduced this weapon into England. Ascham, the preceptor to queen Elizabeth, who wrote a treatise on archery, quotes, "from an exceeding old chronicle, the which had no name, that what time as the Saxons came first into this realm, in king Vortigern's days, when they had been here a while, and at last began to fall out with the Britons, they troubled and subdued the Britons with nothing so much as with their bow and shafts, which weapons being strange, and not seen here before, was wonderful terrible unto them." Nor did the Saxons, when established in this country, neglect the use of these terrible weapons. The English archers were considered superior to those of any other country; indeed, it was their boast that none but an English yeoman could bend the long bow. The old ballads, which record the feats of the renowned Robin Hood, in "the good green wood," give numerous accounts of their dexterity in the use of this weapon. Many of the achievements recorded seem scarcely credible in these days; but there is no reason to doubt their truth. Nor will they so much astonish us, when accounted for in a way which furnishes another to the many proofs we already possess, of the incalculable benefit of early training in these points, where proficiency is desired. From the early age of seven years, it is said, the English youth were daily exercised in shooting at a mark; the bow was suited most carefully to their size and strength, and from time to time exchanged for one larger and stronger until

> "Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
> And far a cloth yard shaft could send."

Good old Hugh Latimer describes his father carefully attending to this part of his education. "In my time, my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot, as to learn me any other thing; and so I think other men did their children: he taught me how to draw, to lay my body in my bow; and not to draw with strength of arms, as divers other

nations do, but with strength of the body. I had my bows bought me, according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well unless they be brought up in it: it is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic." From his and other accounts it would seem, that our countrymen had a peculiar method of using their weapon. They did not, like other nations, employ all their muscular strength in drawing the string with the right hand; but thrust the whole weight of the body into the horns of the bow, with the left. Hence the English term of *bending*, and the French of *drawing* the bow. So true was their aim, and so dreadful its effect, that Ascham quotes a Scotch proverb, "That every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scots;" alluding to the number of arrows they carried in battle. It was probably owing to this superior skill, in the use of the principal weapon of those days, that we may, humanly speaking, trace the ascendency gradually acquired by Britain over her foreign enemies. This was very evident in most, if not all, of the battles in Scotland. Ireland, also, was conquered by the long bow; while the victories of Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt, and others on the continent, were mainly owing to the prowess and dexterity of our archers. Sir Walter Scott graphically describes the awfully devastating effects produced by the discharge of their shafts, though he does not correctly describe the English method of drawing the bow.

"Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left arm high:
To the right ear the cords they bring;
At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot.
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the grey goose wing,
As the wide hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull hide,
Nor lowland mail that storm may bide;
Woe! woe to Scotland's banner'd pride
If the fell shower may last."
Lord of the Isles. Cant. 6.

So important to the prosperity of England was proficiency in this art considered, that even after the introduction of fire-arms, we find edicts issued by parliament for its encouragement. The last was in the reign of queen Elizabeth; it enforced a statute made by Henry VIII., enjoining every man to have a bow in his house; and for the purpose of practising, targets were erected at different places. Newington Butts was one of these, and still retains the name then given it. The bow was usually tipped at each end with horn; the bow string made of hemp, flax, or silk. The arrows used in war were of ash; the heads of iron or steel; the feathering was generally of goose quills, though sometimes of peacock's feathers.

The value of the yew has been much diminished since the introduction of fire-arms, although, on account of the excellent qualities of the wood, combined with its great durability, it is still prized for many useful purposes. It is a common saying in the New Forest, that "a post of yew will outlast a post of iron;" and when it can be procured in sufficient quantities, it is considered superior to any other wood for posts, pumps, pipes, etc., which are exposed to wet or damp. But it is chiefly by the cabinet makers, and inlayers in wood, that this tree is now used. By the former it is considered the finest European wood, being smooth, hard, easy to split; of an orange or brown colour; and sometimes very beautifully grained. It is generally used in veneers or thin plates, which are glued upon a surface of a less valuable wood.

"——— their beauteous veins the yew
And phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
The cabinet."

The sap wood, which is white and very hard, is much prized in inlaying; when dyed black, it assumes the appearance of ebony. Several large yew trees formerly grew on Boxhill; they were cut down about the close of the last century, and sold to the cabinet makers at a high price: half of one of them fetched fifty pounds.

The yew is now principally cultivated in gardens, to form evergreen hedges, for which purpose it is well calculated, as it grows thick, and bears clipping well. It is admirably suited for underwood, as it is not injured by drippings from other trees. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was considered, by gardeners, as one of the best trees for topiary work. This consisted in cutting the tree into all sorts of fantastic shapes, as beasts, birds, pyramids, and even human figures. Evelyn claims the merit of "having been the first who brought it into fashion." Pope humor-

ously criticises this ridiculous custom in a paper in the Guardian, where he enumerates "a catalogue of greens to be disposed of, by an eminent town gardener, who is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, and children." Among his list we find, "Adam and Eve in yew; then St. George in box, his arm will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April: a green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground ivy for the present. Noah's ark in holly; a quickset hog; a lavender pig; a queen Elizabeth in myrtle; a topping Ben Jonson in laurel; with divers eminent poets in bays." In Harlington churchyard stood a large yew tree, which was clipped with great care, into the form of two canopies, one above the other; the smaller surmounted by a pyramid, on the top of which was a globe, and upon this again a cock. Happily, with the introduction of a more natural and elegant style of gardening, this fashion has been long since exploded from general use, though some vestiges of it may yet be seen in ancient gardens.

The yew has the reputation of being poisonous; some indeed have affirmed that it is unsafe to sleep beneath its shade.

"——— the solitary yew
For ever dropping with unwholesome dew."
HARTE'S Statius.

Pliny, and many other ancient writers, considered the berries to be a mortal poison, and relate several instances to prove that they were so; and, indeed, affirm it was injurious to drink out of vessels manufactured from yew wood. Some, however, have considered that the tree they speak of was a species of cypress, and it seems now to be satisfactorily proved that there is no correct ground for believing either the berries, or the wood to possess deleterious qualities. The leaves, shoots, and twigs, especially when green, notwithstanding, are highly injurious; and numerous instances have been recorded, in which they have proved fatal to cattle, who were suffered to browse on them. Evelyn relates a most melancholy instance of death, from drinking a decoction of yew. "A gentlewoman that had long been ill without any benefit from the physician, dreamed that a friend of hers, deceased, told her mother, that if she gave her daughter a drink of yew pounded, she should recover: it was accordingly given her, and she presently died. The mother being almost distracted for the loss of her daughter, her chamber-maid, to comfort her, said, Surely, what she gave her was not the occasion of her death, and that she would adventure on it herself: she did so, and died also." Dr. Perceval, of Manchester, has also recorded a case, in which three children were poisoned by taking a dose of dried yew leaves, ignorantly administered by their mother, as a remedy for worms.

Perhaps it is as much on account of the poisonous qualities attributed to this tree, as from its sombre appearance, that it has been generally described by poets as exciting gloomy and melancholy ideas. Blair, in addressing the Grave, thus describes it:

"Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and worms:
Where light heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon, (so fame reports,)
Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine."

Certainly this tree has not the majestic grandeur of the oak, nor the airy gracefulness of the birch; the lofty lightness of the elm, or the drooping elegance of the willow; yet the ardent admirer of nature, under all her varied aspects, will find much to interest him in its appearance, to say nothing of the associations connected with its history. What can be more majestic than this mass of deep, sombre green, its feathery sprays, enamelled with resplendent berries, which look from a distance, like beads of the brightest coral; especially when viewed standing amid the ruins of those sacred fanes, whose rise, splendour, and decay, this living monument of "the days that are long gone by," has witnessed and survived. And what tree is better suited for the place it generally occupies—the village churchyard being, as we have already noticed, symbolical both of gloom and immortality. Its melancholy gloom well harmonizes with our feelings, when standing where, as Gray beautifully describes,

"Beneath the rugged elms, the yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap;
Each, in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Then our mournful musings will naturally turn on those laid cold and motionless beneath the sod, snatched by the ruthless arm of death, from all they knew and loved, their dust commingling with

the earth on which they once walked or played. We reflect on the desolation which that fell destroyer has made, and remember that death entered into the world as "the wages of sin," and is daily "passing upon all men, for that all have sinned." We recollect, with solemn awe, that our own summons must one day come, and the place which has known us, know us no more again for ever; and that we know not how near that time may be. But the venerable tree, which so well accords with our gloomy sadness, may also raise the mind to brighter thoughts. It is the symbol of immortality. We gaze on it and remember "the illustrious Deliverer of mankind," who "suffered death upon the cross for our redemption; and made there, (by his one oblation of himself, once offered,) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world;" and thus "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." When able, with the eye of faith, to realize our own individual interest in that great salvation, death, no longer viewed as the king of terrors, is regarded as the messenger of our heavenly Father, to summon his absent children.

Instead of regarding death with the infidel, as annihilation, or a last long sleep, we shall contemplate it as the dark but short entrance into everlasting life; and, having this hope, which maketh not ashamed, may well exclaim, with the humble and triumphant rapture of the apostle Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

"The funeral yew, the funeral yew!
How many a fond and tearful eye
Hath hither turned its pensive view,
And through its dark leaf sought the sky!
More meet to deck the lowly grave,
These living plumes by nature spread,
Than sable tufts, that proudly wave
Their pompous honours o'er the dead;
And mindful love would long renew
Its grief beneath the funeral yew.

"The branch of yew! its tints divide
The sparkling glow of early bloom;
It tells of youth and martial pride,
Commingling with the dreary tomb;
It throws upon earth's pageantry,
A shadow deep as closing night,
And sweetly lures the awe-struck eye
To rays of life and fields of light;
And stars of promise burst to view,
Through thy dark foliage, mournful yew!"

Most of the old yew trees, with which we are acquainted, are found in churchyards, or upon sites once dedicated to religious worship. Many different reasons have been assigned for this, some supposing that the boughs were used for decorating the church at Christmas, or carried in religious processions on Palm Sunday. One writer thinks they were placed there for greater security, on account of the value of the wood for making bows. Others, again, have explained it by a practice which still prevails in some of the secluded districts of England and Wales, that of carrying branches of yew in funeral procession, and casting them into the grave with the corpse.* But a yet more probable reason has been given, which also accounts for the fact of superstitious veneration being paid to this tree beyond any other evergreen. It would seem, from an ancient Welsh code, that our pagan ancestors were accustomed to perform some religious rite, by which the value of the yew tree was greatly enhanced; for we find that "a *consecrated* yew" was estimated as worth one pound; a *wood* yew tree one shilling and three-pence. We know that the rites of paganism were generally performed in the open air, under the shade of a tree, or a grove of trees. Frequent mention is made in Scripture of the latter, in connexion with idolatry. It is therefore highly probable that to these consecrated yew trees the people were accustomed to resort for religious purposes. We find, too, that the missionaries sent to these islands, by pope Gregory VII., were expressly enjoined, not to destroy the heathen temples, but only to change the worship performed there. It is most likely, then, that these spots, being already regarded as sacred by the people, should have been selected by them as sites for the churches erected for the service of the one living and true God. Nor will it diminish our interest in the venerable yews which shelter our churches, to consider them as, if not the identical, yet the off-

* Mr. Brand explains this custom in the following probable and beautiful way:—"The Romans and other heathens, upon this occasion, made use of cypress, which, being once cut, will never flourish or grow any more, as an emblem of their dying for ever, and being no more in life. But instead of that, the ancient Christians used the things before mentioned, (various sorts of evergreens;) they laid them under the corpse in the grave, to signify, that they who die in Christ do not cease to live. For though, as to the body, they die to the world, yet, as to their souls, they live to God."

spring of the very trees to which our forefathers paid their idolatrous worship. The yew possesses the power of perpetuating itself; it may therefore be considered as of lasting duration, and this, in addition to the reasons we have already mentioned, may account for the adoption of this tree as the symbol of immortality. This property has been established in a very interesting manner. In the interior of several old yew trees, especially those in the churchyards of Llanthewy Vach, near Caerleon, and Mamhilad, near Pontypool, have been found an inner trunk, more or less perfect, quite distinct from the outer and decaying one, although united to it by a large branch at the summit. This remarkable circumstance, which for some time excited much astonishment, was at length explained, by finding, in one of the yews at Portbury, near Bristol, that a small shoot, from the base of a bough, had grown downwards into the decayed part of the tree, and, when pulled up, was found to be a perfect root. Had this been allowed to remain, it would, no doubt, have descended gradually but surely to the ground, nourished by the decaying wood, leaves, and other rubbish, which from time to time accumulate in the old trunk of a tree. As the trunk decayed and became hollow, the mould, or soil, would fall out through the cleft, and the young shoot become, by the effects of light and air, a perfect stem covered with bark, and annually depositing layers of wood to increase its size, till at length producing leaves and branches, it would overtop its sheltering parent, ready to fill its place, and surviving it for centuries, in due time would produce in its turn a successor.

There are yew trees in Great Britain, distinguished for their size, or some interesting historical circumstances. The largest, probably now existing, is in Harlington churchyard, and which we have already mentioned, although it is now allowed to assume a more natural appearance. It is fifty-eight feet high, the trunk nine feet, and the head fifty feet in diameter. Mr. Pennant mentions a prodigious yew tree at Fortingal, in the Highlands, which measured fifty-three feet and a half in circumference. It is still standing, though now completely decayed and riven into two distinct parts: and the country people are accustomed to carry between them the bodies brought to be interred in the churchyard, Evelyn speaks of one at Crowhurst, which was ten yards in compass; and another at Brabourne churchyard, which was fifty-eight feet in circumference.

The most interesting yew trees, are perhaps those of Fountains Abbey, not only on account of their age and size, but from their historical connexion with that venerable pile. The abbey was founded under the auspices of Thurston, archbishop of York, by certain Benedictine monks, who desired, from conscientious scruples, to leave their own monastery at York, and adopt the more severe discipline of the Cistercian order, then recently introduced into England. The archbishop, at Christmas 1132, being at Ripon, assigned them some land in the neighbourhood of Ripon, which "had never been inhabited, except by wild beasts, being overgrown with wood and brambles, lying between two steep hills and rocks, covered with wood on all sides." This was called Skelldale, from a rivulet which ran through the vale. Having elected an abbot, "they withdrew into this uncouth desert, without any house to shelter them in that winter season, or provisions to subsist on, but entirely depending on Divine Providence. There stood a large elm in the midst of the vale, on which they put some thatch or straw, and under that they laid, ate, and prayed; the bishop, for a time, supplying them with food, and the rivulet with drink. Part of the day some spent in making wattles to erect a little oratory; while others cleared some ground to make a little garden. But it is supposed they soon changed the shelter of their elm for that of seven yew trees," (we can be at no loss to account for such a change, especially during the winter season,) "growing on the declivity of the hill, on the south side of the abbey, all standing at this time, (1658,) except the largest, which was blown down about the middle of the last century. They are of extraordinary size, the trunk of one of them is twenty-six feet six inches in circumference at three feet from the ground; and they stand so near each other, as to form a cover almost equal to a thatched roof. Under these trees, we are told by tradition, the monks resided till they had built the monastery; and, as the hill side was covered with wood, which is now almost all cut down, it seems as if these trees were left standing to perpetuate the memory of the monks' habitation there."

There is, as Strutt remarks at the close of the foregoing account, something in it extremely captivating to the imagination, in the thought, that these venerable trees witnessed the rearing of that noble edifice, on whose ruins they seem to look in sympathetic decay. The slow growth of the yew renders it probable that these trees are now above a thousand years old.

The Ankerwyke yew, near Staines, is supposed to be also above a thousand years of age. The girth of this tree, at thirty feet from the ground, is twenty-seven feet. Its height is forty-nine feet six inches; and the branches extend so as shade a circumference of two hundred and seven feet. It is said to have been the trysting place of Henry VIII., and the hapless Anna Boleyn, when she was in that neighbourhood. But it is yet more interesting from the circumstance, that king John was compelled, by his barons, to sign the Magna Charta in its immediate vicinity, on a little island in the Thames, between Runnymede and Ankerwyke.

"Here patriot barons might have musing stood,
And planned the charter for their country's good;
And here, perhaps, from Runnymede retired,
The haughty John with secret vengeance fired,
Might curse the day which saw his weakness yield
Extorted rights in yonder tented field.
Here, too, the tyrant Henry felt love's flame,
And sighing breathed his Anna Boleyn's name;
Beneath the shelter of this yew tree's shade,
The royal lover woo'd this ill-starred maid."

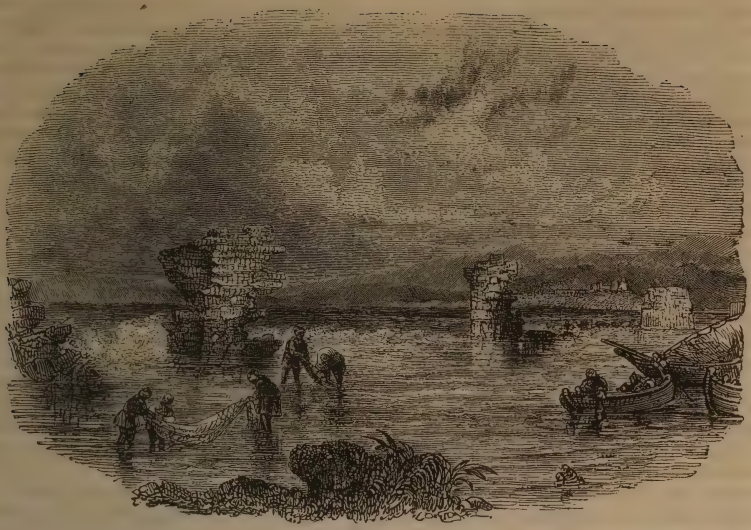
Under a yew at Cruxton castle, tradition states, that Mary, queen of Scotland, consented to marry the unfortunate lord Darnley, and that in remembrance of this circumstance, she ordered the figure of a yew tree to be stamped upon her coin. The tree has been dead some years; but a young tree, raised from it, is now in the Glasgow Botanic Garden. Close to Dryburgh abbey is a large yew tree, which, in 1837, was in perfect health; its head was fifty feet in diameter, though the circumference of the trunk, at a foot from the ground, was only twelve feet. This tree is supposed to have been planted at the time the abbey was founded, which was in 1150. At Mulcross Abbey, in Ireland, is a very large tree. It is probably coeval with the abbey, which was renowned so early as the year 1180. An author, writing of it fifty years ago, described it as a most prodigious tree, its branches forming a canopy over one of the courts in which it stands. It is still in a flourishing condition.

Our poet of nature, Wordsworth, in describing some celebrated yew trees, has beautifully alluded to the popular superstitions connected with this tree, as well as the use made of it by our forefathers.

"There is a yew tree, pride of Lorton vale,
Which to this day stands single in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood in yore:
Not loath to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the seas,
And drew their sounding bows at Agincourt,
Perhaps at earlier Cressy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference, and gloom profound,
This solitary tree! A living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay:
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove:
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres, serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane; a pillar'd shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially; beneath whose sable roof of boughs,
As if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide: fear and trembling hope,
Silence and foresight, death the skeleton,
And time the shadow; there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple, scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

CONVERSATION.

"I HAVE been dining out," says Mr. Wilberforce, in his diary, "and was then at an assembly at the Chief Baron's. Alas! how little like a company of Christians!—a sort of hollow cheerfulness on every countenance. I grew out of spirits. I had not been at pains before I went to fit myself for company, by a store of conversation, topics, launchers, etc." "These," his biographer adds, "were certain topics carefully arranged before he entered into company, which might insensibly lead the conversation to useful subjects. His first great object was to make it a direct instrument of good; and in this he was much assisted by his natural powers, which enabled him to introduce serious subjects with a cheerful gravity, and to pass from them by a natural transition, before attention flagged. He was also watchful to draw forth from all he met their own especial information, and for some time kept a book in which was recorded what he had thus acquired. This watchful desire to make society useful, saved him from the danger to which his peculiar powers exposed him; and he never engrossed the conversation." It would be well were there many imitators of this eminent man in these respects.



Ruins of the Port of Tyre.

TYRE.

ANTIQUITY speaks of three cities, erected at different times, and bearing a similar designation: Tyre on the continent; Tyre on the island, about half a mile from the former; and Tyre on the peninsula; but it appears they were one, for an artificial isthmus is said to have joined the old and new cities.

Tyre was the most celebrated city of Phenicia. Every part of the known world wafted treasures to its ports, and people of all languages thronged its streets. It was the nursery of arts and science, the city of a most industrious and active people, the mart of nations, the vast emporium of the ancient world.

Meanwhile the heart proved, as it has done universally, to be "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The pride of the Tyrians, their exultation over the calamities of Israel, and their cruelty in selling them into slavery, brought upon them the judgments of God. Nebuchadnezzar came forth from the north, with horses and chariots, and companies, and much people, and continued the siege of Tyre for thirteen years. Availing themselves of their physical superiority over the invader, the Tyrians made their escape by sea; and hence the city, which was called the daughter of Sidon, became the parent of Carthage, the rival of Rome. Success was therefore to the conqueror only the harbinger of disappointment; he found Tyre stripped of its treasures, and almost deserted; and, in the fury of his wrath, he put the remnant of a vast and luxurious population to a cruel and immediate death, and consigned the place of their departed glory to utter destruction.

Insular, or New Tyre, however, soon rose to distinction, became a mart of universal merchandize, heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets. Surrounded by a wall, a hundred and fifty feet high, built on the very extremity of the island, and washed on every side by the ocean's billows, it appeared impregnable. But the revival of power was transient, for scarcely had a century elapsed, when Alexander desired to reckon it among his proud possessions.

Rarely, if ever, has the collision of human passions enkindled a more violent and sanguinary contest than that which immediately commenced. Furiously repelled by a desperate people, the invaders had to contend with the rage of the elements. A junction with the main land, rendered necessary by the previous destruction of the isthmus, was almost complete, when a storm arose, the waves

dashed with resistless force against the mass, the waters penetrated the strong foundation, and, like the sea-girt rock, when riven by the earthquake, it sank at once into the abyss.

Speedily was this mischief repaired, and military engines hurled arrows, stones, and burning torches on the besieged, but, to the unutterable dismay of the Tyrians, the Cyprian fleet approached the harbour, and darkness was suddenly spread over the sky, another storm arose, the vessels fastened together, were torn asunder with a horrid crash, and the flotilla, once tremendous in appearance and threatening destruction, returned a wreck to the shore. Alexander, dispirited by these events, had almost determined to raise the siege, when a supply of eight thousand men having arrived, in compliance with his demand, from Samaria, then the asylum of all the malcontents in Judea, he renewed the conflict, and, at length, the sceptre of Tyre was broken, the splendid city was destroyed by fire, thirty thousand were sold into slavery, fifteen thousand escaped in ships; and two thousand victims remaining, when the soldiers were glutted with slaughter, they were transfixed to crosses along the sea-shore.

A few years ago, Asaad Kehaba, the Syrian, who is known to many in this country, was in the immediate neighbourhood of ancient Tyre, when the following conversation took place between him and some of the passers-by:—

Of what are there here the ruins?

A great city.

For what was it famous?

Its power and merchandize.

Are many people found here now?

No! only a few.

What did you observe on the rocks as you passed?

Nothing but the nets of the fishermen.

"True," said the Syrian, "but I can tell you that in my bosom there is a book in which all this was foretold when Tyre was in the height of its power; and there," he continued, "it is said by the great and only true God, of this the greatest commercial city of the world, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth, 'I will make thee like the top of a rock. Thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon,' Ezekiel xxvi. 14; and of the fulfilment of these predictions, you and I are witnesses this day." His auditors were astonished; and well may our feelings resemble theirs. But other predictions equally remarkable demand our devout regard. Let us then diligently examine the inspired record, remembering that "The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," 2 Pet. i. 21.

W.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.—No. II.

The first thing to be done in preparing for photogenic drawing is to provide ourselves with a suitable paper on which the sun itself may draw the objects it illuminates. Several methods have been proposed by different experimenters, which we shall first give to the reader as nearly as possible in their own words, and afterwards throw out a few practical hints.

Mr. Talbot recommends the following process for the preparation of photogenic paper.

"Take superfine writing paper and dip it into a weak solution of common salt, and wipe it dry; by which the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its surface. Then spread a solution of the nitrate of silver on one surface only, and dry it at the fire. The solution should not be saturated; when dry, the paper is fit for use.

"To render this paper more sensitive, it must be again washed with salt and water, and afterwards with the same solution of nitrate of silver, drying it between times. I have increased the sensibility to the degree required for receiving the images of the camera obscura.

"In conducting this operation, it will be found that the results are sometimes more, and sometimes less satisfactory, in consequence of small and accidental variations in the proportions employed. It happens sometimes that the chloride of silver is disposed to blacken of itself without any exposure to light. This shows that the attempt to give it sensibility has been carried too far. The object is to approach to this condition as near as possible without reaching it, so that the substance may be in a state ready to yield to the slightest extraneous force, such as the feeble impact of the violet rays when much attenuated."

Another kind of paper exceedingly delicate may be made, according to Mr.

Talbot, in the following manner :— "Wash the paper over first with nitrate of silver, then with bromide of potassium, then with nitrate of silver again."

M. Daguerre recommends another process. "Immerse a sheet of thin paper in hydrochloric ether, which has been kept sufficiently long to have become acid; the paper is then carefully and completely dried. The paper is then dipped into a solution of the nitrate of silver, and dried without artificial heat in a room from which every ray of light is carefully excluded. By this process it acquires a very remarkable facility in being blackened on a very slight exposure to light, even when the latter is by no means intense. This paper rapidly loses its extreme sensitiveness to light, and finally becomes not more readily acted upon by the solar beams than paper dipped into nitrate of silver only."

Mr. Cooper, who exhibits and lectures on the Daguerreotype, at the Polytechnic Institution, recommends another process. "Soak the paper," he says, "in boiling hot solution of chlorate of potash. After a few minutes, it must be taken and dried, and then covered on one side with the nitrate of silver, which may be laid on with a brush. Sixty grains, he says, "to an ounce of water when the paper is required to be very sensitive, or otherwise thirty grains would be sufficient."

It must, at first, appear an exceedingly easy task to manufacture a paper according to either of the receipts we have mentioned; and yet in practice many difficulties will arise, sometimes in the manipulation, and sometimes when the paper is to be used. There are, however, a few hints which, if regarded, will be the means of preventing much inconvenience and trouble. The entire process must be conducted with great care, and this is of the first importance. It must, on no account, be done in a hurry, or the experimenter will certainly fail to accomplish his object; it must always be commenced when there is no lack of time. Be careful in the choice of paper, which must be of an uniform tint and of even surface. The various washings must be laid on as carefully as possible; and all the operations should be conducted with the aid of a candle in a darkened apartment or during the night. That side of the paper which is prepared should be always marked to prevent the possibility of mistake when it is about to be used. The thinner kinds of printing paper are very well suited for the photogenic drawing, as also the highly glazed writing papers.

In the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a method is given, by Mr. Ponton, of preparing a photogenic paper without using a salt of silver, and of this it will be necessary we should take some notice before we proceed to explain the manner in which the drawing is formed upon the prepared medium. The substance used by this gentleman is a bichromate of potash, into which the paper is immersed. A saturated solution of this salt should be used; and when the paper is thoroughly soaked, it should be dried rapidly before a brisk fire, taking care to prevent the access of day-light.

"When an object is laid in the usual way on this paper, the portion exposed to the light speedily becomes tawny, passing more or less into a deep orange according to the strength of the light. The portion covered by the object retains the original bright yellow tint which it had before exposure; and the object is thus represented yellow upon an orange ground, there being several gradations of shade or tint, according to the greater or less degree of transparency in the different parts of the object. In this state, of course, the drawing though very beautiful is evanescent. To fix it, all that is required is careful immersion in water, when it will be found that those portions of the salt which have not been acted on by the light are really dissolved out, while those which have been exposed to the light are completely fixed in the paper. By the second process, the object is obtained white upon an orange ground, and quite permanent. If exposed for many hours together to strong sunshine, the colour of the ground is apt to lose in depth; but not more so than most other colouring matters."

Being prepared with one of the several kinds of photogenic paper, we have to produce a picture on it, which may be done in two ways, both of which we shall explain.

1. Take a piece of the paper and, placing it on a table with the prepared side upwards, place on it the picture which is to be represented face to face, and place them between two pieces of glass.

Expose the prepared face to the light, the direct rays of the sun if possible, and that part of the prepared paper which is not covered by the engraving or drawing will be blackened; those parts which are protected by the dark shades of the picture will remain white. We have mentioned above that the prepared paper and object may be placed between two pieces of glass; but as it is important to bring the two papers as closely together as possible, a pad of woollen or flannel may be placed at the back, and being pressed upon by a piece of wood, or a book cover, facilitates the action of the light upon the prepared surface. Those of our readers who may attempt to make experiments themselves, will find the leaves of plants and fine fabrics excellent specimens for trial.

We have already stated that the lights and shadows are reversed in every photogenic copy from a natural object or from an engraving. It is evident, however, that if this copy be then made the object, the shadows will again be reversed, and a natural representation be produced; but it will lose much of the sharpness and vigour of an original copy.

The drawing being completed, it must be fixed, or in other words a process must be adopted, by which the action of the sun's rays upon the other parts of the picture may be prevented. Mr. Talbot says that for this purpose it is only necessary to dip the drawings into a saturated solution of salt and water. This is well known to retard the discoloration, and in some cases seems to prevent it altogether, though it cannot be depended on as a certain means of accomplishing the object. Sir John Herschel has proposed the use of a solution of the hyposulphite of soda, which is without doubt the best substance that can be employed. The hydriodate of potash dissolved in water and very much diluted, is also a good preparation with which to wash the drawings and prevent further change of colour; but if it be not used in a very diluted state, it will destroy instead of preserve the picture, by removing that which has been changed into an oxide as well as the unchanged muriate.

2. But we must now proceed to explain the second mode of producing the photogenic drawing; namely, by the aid of the camera obscura, an instrument which must be itself first described.

It may be made in any form according to the purpose for which it is intended; but that represented in the following

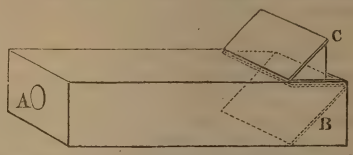


diagram is the most convenient for the production of photogenic drawings. The instrument is a rectangular box, with a double convex lens, A, at one end, and a glass reflector, B, which is generally a piece of looking glass, at the other. Now supposing the rays of light to proceed from an extensive landscape and pass through this small convex lens, as we well know they may do, what will be the effect produced? They will be in the first place thrown upon the reflector, which is fixed at an angle of forty-five degrees to the horizon. Now it follows from a law well known to opticians, that these rays will be reflected to the top of the box immediately over the mirror; so that if a ground glass, or any medium capable of receiving the reflected image, be placed there, a representation of the landscape may be observed. It has been proved by innumerable experiments that reflected light has, in proportion to its power, as much influence upon the photogenic paper as the direct rays of the sun; hence it follows that if a piece of the prepared paper be placed in the same situation as the ground glass, the reflected image, be it a landscape, a figure, or an artificial object, will be formed on the medium. All that is therefore required to be done in using the camera obscura for photogenic drawing, is to place upon the opening at the top of the box the prepared paper, and immediately to cover it with the lid C, so that it may not be acted upon by any other light than that reflected from the mirror. The time required for producing the necessary effect will depend on several circumstances, such as the preparation of the paper and the intensity of the light when the experiment is made; the latter, however, is by far the most important. On a bright sunshining day, the drawing will be produced in one half the time and with far more sharpness of outline, than on a dull wintry day, when the sun struggles with the mists by which its radiant beams are encumbered.

We have now, we believe, put the reader in possession of all the most important facts concerning the photogenic drawing on paper; but there is yet one other circumstance to mention, which has been only incidentally alluded to, and may be said to be rather implied than stated in any part of our previous description. We refer to the action of various lights, or, in other words, the light obtained from different sources. Solar light consists of several rays of different colours and of different properties: some are luminous, some heating, and some chemical. Now it is found by experiment, that the chemical rays in the most common artificial lights are not sufficiently powerful to act upon the prepared paper. It is said, that not even the brilliant light of the voltaic battery has the slightest effect; and in fact that it is only the light produced by the combustion of the mixed gases (oxygen and hydrogen) upon lime, which can effect the same chemical change on the paper as the solar rays. Mr. Mallet has, however, communicated to the Royal Irish Academy a most interesting and valuable discovery, that the light emitted by burning coke has the same effect as that given out by the oxy-hydrogen apparatus, or the sun itself. Some time since, he says, he discovered that the light emitted by incandescent coke contained the chemical rays in abundance. With a knowledge of this fact, he attempted to employ it in photogenic drawing, and found that a prepared paper was intensely blackened in about forty-five seconds. If this discovery stand the test of experiment, it is one of the most important which has been yet made; for a convenient artificial light is almost indispensable to our receiving all the benefits which are to be derived from the photogenic process.

This leads us in the last place to state some of the purposes to which the photogenic drawing may be applied. In several parts of this and a previous paper we have alluded to the high value we attribute to the process, and have spoken of it as one of the most important inventions of this prolific age. It must not, however, be supposed that these encomiums are intended merely for the process we have just described. The method to be hereafter spoken of and known in France, and to some extent in this country, as Daguerreotype, is of so much greater importance that the one cannot be brought into comparison with the other. The photogenic drawing described in the previous pages is but a pleasant philosophical amusement, and yet it has some uses. It may be employed in taking portraits, in copying etchings and paintings on glass, as well as fabrics and patterns; but its principal use is in collecting representations of microscopic objects. "The objects which the microscope unfolds to our view," says Mr. Talbot, "curious and wonderful as they are, are often singularly complicated. The eye indeed may comprehend the whole which is presented to it in the field of view; but the powers of the pencil fail to express these minutiæ of nature in their innumerable details. What artist could have skill or patience enough to copy them? or granting that he could do so, must it not be at the expense of much most valuable time which might be more usefully employed?" But whatever advantages are to be derived from the system which we have attempted to describe, there can be no doubt that they may be better obtained from the use of M. Daguerre's process, and it is well known that effects may be produced by it to which the other can have no pretension. H.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Continued from page 25.)

The state of affairs in Scotland became less and less satisfactory. The persecutions to which the Protestants had been subjected, with the determination to restore Popery in its full extent, evinced by Mary's counsellors before her arrival, and by herself afterwards, obliged the reformers to take an active part in the affairs of the nation. Thus Knox and others, of whose piety there can be no doubt, were brought into direct collision with the queen. It is usual to speak in strong terms of censure respecting the conduct of Knox in daring to remonstrate boldly with queen Mary respecting her proceedings. But the state of things was too serious to admit of trifling, or of close adherence to courtly forms. Not only the lives, but the souls of his countrymen were at stake, Knox was placed in a situation of responsibility. A deep sense of this enabled him firmly to pursue what he considered to be his duty. Those who have studied the character and

writings of this intrepid servant of God, will not be inclined to censure him, any more than the prophet Elijah for reproving Ahab and his idolatrous queen. But many a nominal Christian of our day, would doubtless censure that prophet, for what they would call his harsh and uncourtly conduct towards Jezebel! Mary, like the wife of Ahab, as supreme ruler of Scotland, had to answer for the blood of the prophets of the Lord who had been slain by those who governed in her name, and whose acts she had not disavowed. She was ready to resume the persecutions, and push them to the utmost. Was such a character not to be told the truth? Was she only to have smooth things prophesied to her? And it is not for Mary's advocates to censure the boldness with which Knox spoke in the pulpit. At the same time, Popish preachers in France and elsewhere used much stronger language, openly stirring up subjects to rebellion. Her proceedings against Knox were such as to force him to oppose her authority. In December, 1563, she caused him to be brought before her council on a charge of treason, for having written to some leading Protestants, requesting their presence at the trial of some persons charged with felony, for having rebuked a Popish priest when about to celebrate mass during the queen's absence from Edinburgh. The queen herself attended the council, and when she perceived Knox standing as a criminal, she burst into loud laughter, saying, "That man had made her weep, and shed never a tear himself; she would now see if she could make him weep." She interfered repeatedly against him; but the lords unanimously pronounced that he had not been guilty of any breach of the laws. The vindictive spirit of Mary has not been sufficiently noticed. It accounts for many of her actions, while it shows why no confidence could be placed in her promises. She was an apt scholar of the Guisian princes.

The administration of Elizabeth presented a striking contrast to that of her sister Mary. Having obtained peace with the surrounding nations, she gave full encouragement to the arts of peace, and to commerce, according to the views then entertained. But especially she was anxious to provide the necessary expenses of government with the least possible charge to her subjects, while, being threatened both by Spain and France, she had to adopt precautions against enemies both at home and abroad. This was accomplished by strict frugality. Her favourites, indeed, complained, and in some respects her parsimony was carried too far; but it was better that a few individuals should lack reward, than that the nation should be impoverished, to gratify the vanity and folly of royal favourites.

In 1562, the Protestants in France were openly persecuted. This began by the massacre of a considerable number, when assembled for public worship at Vassy, a town governed in the name of Mary Stuart, as late queen of France, who received an income from its inhabitants. The duke of Guise, with his brother the cardinal, directed this massacre, upon receiving a complaint of the number of Protestants in that neighbourhood from an aunt of the queen of Scots. Other deeds of violence followed, which caused the French Protestants to apply to Elizabeth for assistance; she gave them aid, well knowing her own danger if the Popish party prevailed, but avoided engaging in direct warfare, except by occupying Havre as a place of security for her forces.

The disposition of the English Papists to trouble Elizabeth, had been shown already on several occasions. In June, 1561, the steeple and roof of St. Paul's church were destroyed by fire kindled by lightning, when some Papists circulated papers alleging this to be a Divine judgment, because the Popish services in that cathedral were discontinued. Pilkington, bishop of Durham, answered this in a tract which exposed the gross superstitious observances, and other evil practices and cruelties committed within that building in the days of Popery. The public freely came forward with contributions for the repairs; a temporary roof was completed before winter, and the whole secured the next year; but the steeple, the summit of which was 520 feet from the ground, was never rebuilt. The seditious and treasonable practices of the Papists increased; this caused an act to be passed, early in 1563, whereby a second refusal of the oath of supremacy, and the maintaining the authority of the Pope in England, were declared to be treason. This cannot be considered as persecution against the Romanists for religion. It in no way interfered with their religious views, but only restrained them from attempting any thing against the queen's authority; a course which

every ruler must pursue for self-preservation. The fears of a disputed succession induced the House of Commons again to petition the queen to marry, or to name her successor; to the first she was decidedly averse, the second would involve her in danger. She therefore returned an evasive answer. About this time she showed her sensitiveness on the subject, by causing lady Catherine Gray to be imprisoned in consequence of her secret marriage with the earl of Hertford. This unfortunate lady was next in succession by the will of Henry VIII., but was not so near by descent as Mary, queen of Scots. The proceedings of Elizabeth in this matter cannot be justified, especially as the lady Catherine was kept a prisoner till her death, about four years afterwards, and her marriage was not allowed to be lawful till the following reign.

The surviving brothers of the Pole family also planned to dethrone Elizabeth; but their plot in favour of Mary Stuart was discovered, and they were convicted, though not put to death.

The death of the duke of Guise, with the interference of Elizabeth, caused the French court to grant terms to the Huguenots, as the Protestants in that country were called; but the latter did not support their ally. The English troops were withdrawn from Havre, after a fruitless attempt to retain that place as an equivalent for Calais.

An act passed in the parliament this year, provided that the Bible should be translated into Welsh, and that the religious services in that country should be in the native tongue. Well would it have been had similar provision been made for religious services, in those parts of Ireland where English was not understood; but, unhappily, the only alternative given there was English or Latin: thus the people were kept in ignorance, and one of the worst errors of Popery, Divine worship in an unknown tongue, was continued. St. Paul declared, "In the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue," 1 Cor. xiv. 19.

In 1564, the queen of Scotland was inclined to form a second marriage. This was an important matter to England. If a powerful foreign alliance were formed, Mary's claim to the throne would be enforced; Elizabeth therefore interfered, both openly and by secret measures, to prevent any alliance with the continental princes attached to Popery. In these, as in other matters of state policy, there were crooked proceedings which it is impossible clearly to fathom or approve. Elizabeth occupied Mary for some time by urging her to marry Dudley, earl of Leicester. Mary disdained him as her inferior, although for a time she pretended to think of him, and suddenly determined to give her hand to Henry, lord Darnley, son of the earl of Lennox, a grandson of Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., by her second marriage. Some have thought that Elizabeth in reality, promoted this union, though she affected to be much displeased. She would have preferred to keep Mary unmarried, but certainly this marriage would not be so prejudicial to the English interests as one with a foreign prince. This union commended itself to Mary, as in addition to Darnley's personable appearance, it prevented any claims on his part to the Scottish crown; and while it strengthened her own position, it rendered her independent of England. Thus, while finessing with the English government, she suddenly adopted the course most likely to promote her own views. And had it not been for the ill conduct of Darnley, the measure would have been a happy one for Mary. This union took place in July, 1565, while its being formed in opposition to Elizabeth's remonstrances, gave the latter a pretext, though a very unjustifiable one, for promoting the discontents in Scotland. She encouraged the earl of Murray, Mary's half-brother, to oppose his sister's marriage; but when he was obliged to take shelter in England, she disavowed any part in his proceedings, yet gave him private support.

Darnley was a weak profligate youth; he soon disgusted Mary, and quarrelled with her favourite Rizzio, a Piedmontese musician of low birth, whom Mary, with her accustomed weakness, favoured so as to raise scandalous reports, and to excite the displeasure of the Scottish nobility. Several nobles united with the king in a plot against this minion. They entered the queen's apartment while she was at supper with Rizzio; the latter was dragged from her presence, and stabbed to death in an adjoining gallery. This atrocity completely extinguished Mary's regard for Darnley, though for a time she pretended to be on good terms with him, that she might detach him from the

nobles who had planned and executed the murder of Rizzio.

In June 1566, Mary gave birth to a son, afterwards James I. When Elizabeth heard of this event, she gave way to feelings of female rivalry, lamenting that the queen of Scots was mother of a fair son, while she herself was a barren stock; but recovered herself to receive the Scottish envoy, and engaged to be sponsor to the young prince. The English parliament renewed the recommendation about the succession; but Elizabeth was so anxious to avoid the settlement of this question, that she relinquished a part of the grant given by this parliament, rather than allow farther debates on the subject. Some may be surprised at the aversion always manifested by Elizabeth, to allow any settlement to be made respecting the succession: it may partly have arisen from a portion of her father's jealous spirit; but, on reflection, the wisdom of her conduct will appear. If Mary had been recognized as successor to the English throne, all those would be alarmed who justly dreaded another Popish queen; while Mary's own partizans would represent it as a proof that Elizabeth allowed her rival's title to be preferable to her own. To set Mary aside would be unjust, would have countenanced others to bring forward unfounded claims, and would have driven Mary's partizans to open attempts in her favour, as the only means to secure her succession.

Without entering minutely into the history of Elizabeth's suitors, it is enough to enumerate those who appeared in the early part of her reign: the foreigners were Philip, king of Spain, the archduke Charles of Austria, Eric, king of Sweden, Adolphus duke of Holstein, and the earl of Arran. Among her own subjects, the most favoured seemed to be, sir William Pickering, the earl of Arundel, and lord Robert Dudley, afterwards earl of Leicester; but there is no just cause to believe that Elizabeth ever purposed to marry: at times she entertained various proposals, to satisfy her people.

Darnley and queen Mary were openly on ill terms; he was not present at the christening of the young prince, but intimated a desire to retire to the continent, since he found himself unpopular with the nation, and the queen had begun to manifest undue regard for the profligate earl of Bothwell. At this juncture, Darnley was seized with severe illness from the small-pox; the queen visited him at Glasgow, where she exhibited an appearance of returning affection, although at the time she was in correspondence with Bothwell, who engaged that means should be found for relieving her from her union. When Darnley was a little recovered, Mary caused him to be removed to Edinburgh, where, on the pretence of enjoying better air than at the palace, by the suggestion of Bothwell, he was lodged in the Kirk of Field, on the spot where the buildings of the university now stand, but then a lone house, just without the walls of the city. The queen slept several nights in an apartment under that of Darnley; till on Sunday evening, February 10, she returned to the palace to be present at a masked ball, given on occasion of the marriage of one of her servants, the due observance of the sabbath being disregarded by her, as commonly is the case in Popish countries. Soon after midnight, the sound of an explosion was heard. The lone house had been blown up with gunpowder, but the bodies of Darnley and an attendant were found uninjured in an adjoining garden.

Many volumes have been written respecting this murder. The result now generally admitted by impartial historians is, that Bothwell was the main contriver of the deed, assisted by earl Morton, and probably by some other nobles. Morton admitted that Bothwell had urged him to join in this atrocious act, with an assurance that the queen desired it. But there is not sufficient ground to fix Mary with being a direct participator in the plot, though it is evident that she had entered into a guilty correspondence with Bothwell, and looked to him for deliverance, by some means, from her unhappy marriage. It is but too probable that she was prepared for a fatal result, when we think of the school in which she had been brought up. Considering the principles and practices of those times, her hatred to Darnley, and the devices in which she undoubtedly was engaged, it is likely she was prepared for a deed of violence. Some of the leading nobles commenced a judicial inquiry; but when a man named Nelson, who was found unhurt among the ruins, stated, that the keys of the rooms, and of that in which Bothwell slept, were in the care of the queen's servants, they proceeded no farther.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PAPER NAUTILUS.

Fig. 1.

Argonauta Argo.

Fig. 2.

The attainment of truth is one of the great objects, which the naturalist and the lover of science have perpetually in view; and the dissipation of old established errors, and the elucidation of doubtful points, are ever hailed with gladness.

Since the days of Aristotle, the history of the argonaut, or paper nautilus, has been enveloped in a tissue of misconceptions and difficulties; and it is only within the last few months that we have obtained an accurate knowledge of this singular animal. Long as the argonaut has been known, and abundant as it is in the Mediterranean, it is chiefly owing to the well-conducted experiments and unremitted observations of a French lady residing in Sicily, (Madame Jeannette Power,) who has transmitted the results of her researches, with collections of specimens in illustration of them, to the different learned societies of Italy, France, and England, that we now understand its true nature.

First, then, naturalists have been greatly in doubt, as to the claim of the animal (*Cephalopod*) to the shell it is found to inhabit, and many arguments have been adduced, that like the hermit crabs, (*Pagurus,*) this cephalopod was an intruder into a habitation not constructed by itself; but either usurped during the life, or taken possession of after the death of its lawful and natural proprietor—a proprietor, however, undiscovered. Among scientific men who have adopted these views, are to be enumerated some of the most eminent, (certainly not all,) both in France and England.

Secondly. From the earliest times to the present, it has been a commonly received opinion, that the velated dorsal arms, usually called the sails, were used by the animal to catch the breeze as it floated on the calm surface of the sea, and that thus it was propelled on its voyage.

Now, with respect to our first point, it is incontestably proved that the cephalopod of the argonaut is truly the maker of its own dwelling; and that consequently it is not a parasite like the *Pagurus*. Specimens in every stage of growth, from young individuals the shell of which only weighed a grain and a half, up to those of the ordinary size, have been transmitted to England by Madame Power, and accurately examined by Mr. Owen, Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons,

whose authority is of the highest value. Again, it was found by Madame Power (and the fact has been subsequently corroborated) that the shell of the argonaut while investing the living animal, is not hard as we see it in cabinets; but soft, yielding and flexible, with a degree of elasticity sufficient for the respiratory functions, and the degree of locomotion required by its inhabitant; it is also permeable to light. It was also proved that the embryo of the argonaut, while yet in the egg, and at an advanced stage of development, had neither membranous velated arms nor shell; but that both became developed, in a given time, namely, ten or twelve days after exclusion. It was further discovered that the cephalopod of this shell possessed the power of repairing it when fractured, or when portions were removed for the purpose of experiment, and with the same matter as that of which the rest of the shell consists. It was still further proved, contrary to the assertions of some naturalists, that the shell is moulded on the body of the animal, to the form of which it is beautifully adapted; and that in every instance the animal maintains the same relative position in its shell. Again, contrary to the statements of M. Blainville and others, it was found that the result of depriving the cephalopod of the argonaut of its shell, is an immediate loss of vital power, and death within a few hours at farthest. We might here adduce some anatomical data bearing immediately on the subject; but we shall not enter into abstruse details.

With respect to our second point, namely, the use and position of the velated dorsal arms, or sails as they have been termed, of this curious animal, we may state that Madame Power, in reference to their relative position, describes them as "being placed next the involuted spire of the shell, over which they are bent, and expanded forward so as to cover and conceal the whole of the shell; and from which they are occasionally retracted in the living argonaut:" she further made the important discovery that these expanded membranes are the organs of the original formation and subsequent reparation of the shell; and ingeniously and justly compared them in her memoir (1836) to the two lobes of the mantle of the cowry. "These facts," observes Professor Owen, "are described as the result of actual observation; but Madame Power, entertaining the common belief of the action and use of the velated arms in the sailing of the cephalopod, enters into considerations respecting their proportional strength in relation to that hypothetical office. The subsequent observations of M. Rang, have fully confirmed the accuracy of Madame Power's description of the relative position of the so called sails of the argonaut to the shell; and he has published some beautiful figures illustrative of this fact." Of these figures, the engravings on page 65 are copies. A further confirmation of the use of these arms as formative organs for the production of the shell, is, that when broken, the repairing material is not deposited from within; "but laid on from without the shell, as it should be according to the theory of the function of the membranous arms, as calcifying (shell-making) organs." "The proof that the velated arms possess, like the expansions of the Cypræa, (cowry,) a calcifying power, was afforded by the third series of specimens on the table of the (Zoological) Society. These consisted of six shells of the argonaut, from which Madame Power had removed pieces of the shell, while the argonauts were in life and vigour in her marine vivarium. One of the shells had been removed from the animal ten minutes after the fracture. Another had lived in the cage two months after being subjected to the experiment: the remaining specimens exhibited intervening periods between the removal of a portion of its shell and its reparation. The fractured shell first described, had the breach repaired by a thin transparent membranous film; the piece removed was taken from the middle of the keel. In a second specimen, calcareous matter had been deposited at the margins of the membrane, where it was attached to the old shell. In a third specimen, in which a portion of the shell had been removed from the keel, about two inches from the mouth of the shell, the whole breach had been repaired by a calcareous layer, differing only in its greater opacity and irregularity from the original shell. In the specimen longest retained after the fracture, a portion had been removed from the margin of the shell; here the new material next the broken edge presented the opacity characteristic of the repairing substance; but the transition of this sub-

stance into the material of the shell, subsequently added in the ordinary growth, was so gradual in the resumption of the repairing material of the ordinary clearness and striated structure of the shell, that it was impossible to doubt that the reparation, as well as the subsequent growth, had been the effects of the same agent. The repaired parts of the shell reacted precisely like the ordinary shell with nitric acid." *Proceed. Zool. Soc. Feb.* 1839. *Professor Owen.*

M. Rang, in an article on the argonaut, (Guerin's Magazin de Zoologie,) makes the following observations:—

1. "The belief, more or less generally entertained since the time of Aristotle, respecting the skilful manœuvres of the *poulp* (soft or molluscous animal) of the argonaut in progressing by the aid of sails and oars on the surface of the water, is false.

2. "The arms which are provided with membranes in the poulp have no other function that that of enveloping the shell in which the animal lives; and for a determinate object.

3. "The poulp with its shell progresses in the open sea, in the same manner as the other cryptodibranchial (having the respiratory organs concealed) cephalopods.

4. "When at the bottom of the sea, the poulp creeps upon a funnel-shaped disc, represented by the junction of the arms at their base, covered with the shell, and the part reputed ventral, above; having in this position the appearance of a gasteropodous mollusc, (a snail, for example.")

The following description of the position of the arms of the argonaut, and of its general appearance in a state of nature, by M. Rang, is very interesting:—"The poulp with its shell, lying motionless at the bottom of the vase in which we have just placed it, struck us first by the brilliancy and richness of its hues, which our sketch is far from conveying. It was a little more than a shapeless mass we had before our eyes; but this mass was all silvery, and a cloud of spots of the most beautiful rose colour, as well as a very fine dotting of the same, heightened its beauty. A long semicircular band of a vivid ultra-marine blue, which melted away insensibly, was very decidedly marked at one of its extremities ('along the course of the membrane-covered keel.') The shell was nowhere visible; but with a little attention we could easily recognise its general form, and we could even distinguish some grooves on its surface, as well as the tubercles of the keel. A large membrane covered all; and this membrane was that of the arms which so peculiarly characterize the poulp of the argonaut. The animal was so entirely shut up in its abode that the head and the base of its arms were a very little raised above the edges of the opening of the shell. On each side of the head, between it and the partition of the wall of the shell, a small space left free allowed the eyes of the mollusc to see what was without; and their sharp and fixed gaze appeared to announce that the animal was watching attentively all that passed around it. The slender arms were folded back from their base, and inserted very deeply round the body of the poulp, in such a manner as to fill in part the empty spaces which the head must naturally leave in the much larger opening of the shell. Of these six arms, the two lower ones descended on each side, the whole length of the keel, leaving a space between them, within which we perceived to open the extremity of the tube of the animal, (see fig. 2;) whilst the four other were disposed, two on the right, and two on the left, in the middle part of the opening, contracted and irregularly bent back. As to the higher arms, their disposition was altogether different from that of the others. Prolonging themselves towards the retreating part of the spire, one on each side, they encountered the keel by the tangent line; and, again, without quitting it, stretched out as far as its exterior extremity, insinuating themselves between the tubercles; and in such a manner, that there remained in the medium line of the keel, only a narrow space that was not covered. The membranous portion of these arms, dilated beyond anything we could have pictured to ourselves while knowing the animal merely by specimens preserved in spirits of wine, were spread over the two lateral surfaces of the shell, in such a manner as to cover it completely from the extremity of the spire to the edge of the opening, and consequently the keel. The application of these membranes was direct, and without any puckering or irregularity whatever; the lower part of the two large arms being completely stretched, formed

a kind of bridge over the cavity left between the back of the mollusc and the retreating portion of the spire, in which the extremity of a cluster of eggs was floating." Sometimes, however, the animal is observed to retract its large arms so as to leave a portion of the shell uncovered by their mantle-like terminations. Now let the reader refer to fig. 1. The description proceeds:—

"We now see it (the animal) extending itself from out its shell, and protruding six of its arms; then it throws itself in violent motion and travels over the basin in all directions, often dashing itself against the sides. It is easy for us to observe, that in these different movements, the body leans a little toward the anterior part of the shell; and that the long slender arms, very much extended and gathered into a close bundle, are carried before it, as well as the tube, which shows itself open and very much protruded. The large arms are extended along the keel, and their membranes carpet the whole of the shell. As to locomotion ('aquatic locomotion') it is effected in the ordinary manner of poulps, ('or ordinary cuttle-fish,') that is to say, it progresses backwards by means of the contraction of the sac, and the expulsion of water through the tube (siphon.")

"Our poulp being fatigued with the useless efforts it had made in the narrow space where it was confined, and perhaps hurt by the shocks it had sustained against the side of the basin, allowed itself to fall to the bottom, and half contracted itself in order to take some repose; after which, it exhibited to us another spectacle, which we were far from expecting. Fixing some of the air-holes (suckers) of its free arms upon the bottom of the basin, it erected itself upon its head, spreading out its disc, and carrying the shell straight above it, and in the normal position of the shells of the gasteropods (snails.) Half drawn back into its shell, it appeared to crawl upon its disc, the palmatures of which were a little raised to follow the movements of its arms. The body was hid in the shell; the siphon placed in the anterior part of it was turned forward; those of its arms which were at liberty were much protruded, and twisting round, two on each side, like to appendages or tentacles (feelers); and finally the base of the two large arms seemed to prolong the locomotive surface backwards; then rising along the keel, they again covered it with their large membranes as we saw when the poulp was swimming in deep water."

Thus has the animal been observed at rest, swimming in the water, and crawling along the bottom; and thus have the uses of its large velated arms been demonstrated; and its claim to be regarded as the fabricator of its shell substantiated, a shell which is at once produced and retained by the expansive mantle of the dorsal arms. Furthermore, it is proved that it does not quit its shell and return to it at pleasure; but that death is the rapid result of depriving it of this covering; and that the account of troops navigating the surface of the sea, using their membranous arms as sails, and the long slender arms as oars, is altogether fabulous. Our readers may refer to *Weekly Visitor*, 1834, for an account of the Paper Nautilus (page 145;) in which it will be seen that some opinions expressed there have been now confirmed. The description of its sailing is there given as a generally received opinion, not as a positive fact. At page 137, some details are given respecting the Pearly Nautilus, (*Nautilus pompilius*) and at page 129 of the Calamary (*Loligo sagittaria*) molluscous cephalopods, allied to the argonaut.

Many other points of great importance in the economy of the cephalopod of the argonaut (which belongs to the cuttle-fish group) have been elicited by experiments. These, however, are more interesting to the comparative anatomist, than the general reader.

OLD HUMPHREY'S REPROOF TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

If I take up the rod, it is with grief, and not with anger; with love, and not with hatred. Giving you credit for sincerity in your Christian course, I cannot but see that you estimate yourself too highly. Something more than a good intention is required in a follower of Christ.

I grant the quickness of your parts, and your willingness to labour in a good cause, but you are leading where you should follow, teaching when you should learn. Instead of feeling yourself to be, what you really are, a "babe in Christ," you imagine yourself to be a "father in Israel." The ship that is all sail and no ballast, is likely enough to founder; and,

in like manner, he who has much zeal and little discretion is pretty sure to fall into error.

I hear of you in all directions as a reprover and a dictator, acting proudly. Have you never met with the words, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble," James iv. 6, and "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein?" Mark x. 15. Ponder these texts in your heart, and they may do you good.

I am told that neither youth nor years escape your admonitions. The unwrinkled brow of childhood, and the hoary head of age, are alike subject to your reproofs. Like the Pharisees of old, who loved the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogue, you thrust yourself forward before your fellows. You seem not to draw, but to drive with a strong hand; your "driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi," 2 Kings ix. 20. You lay down your opinions as though you were Moses the lawgiver. You condemn this with severity, shrink back from that with abhorrence, and insist upon the necessity of the other, as though you only were the man, and that wisdom would die with you!

Fair and softly, my young friend, you have many things to learn. Take a kindly word from an old man, who, in by-gone days, has been as ardent as yourself in many things, and who has been taught that by painful experience which he is willing you should know without it. Be not deceived, "Blowing the trumpet is not winning the battle." What is more empty than a drum, and yet what makes a louder rattle? Is there no lesson, think ye, to be gathered from the drum and the trumpet?

Do not mistake me. I want you not to diminish your zeal, but to add to your humility. I would have you desire to be pure as an angel, and ardent for God's glory as the burning seraphim; but, then, coupled with this should be the conviction that you are sinful dust and ashes. Be a little more, nay, a great deal more forbearing to those around you. It is very possible to exact more from others than we do ourselves. He who prates most of purity, may not be the most pure! He, who shouts hallelujah the loudest, is not, of necessity, the most devoted servant of the Redeemer! Have a care, for you are walking in slippery places. Put a little less confidence in yourself, and a great deal more in God.

If you will set yourself on a hill, wonder not that you should be looked at narrowly. If you will say, "I am white as snow," marvel not that what is in you "speckled, spotted, and ring-straked," should attract attention. Remember the text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," 1 Cor. x. 12; and forget not that Saul was anointed by the prophet of the Lord, yet he fell forsaken of God on Mount Gilboa. It was after David was raised up to be king over Israel, that he sank so deep in the mire of sin and iniquity. It was after Job was righteous in his own eyes, that he confessed himself to be "vile," saying, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," Job xlii. 6.

Now take, with good temper, the medicine draught of reproof that I have thus prepared for you: it may be so far blessed as to do you good; and fail not to read, to learn by heart, and to reduce to practice the following invaluable advice. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil. It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones." Prov. iii. 5—8.

A MISSIONARY'S VOYAGE.

Up to the time of the missionary's embarkation, prosperity had so accompanied his every movement, like the perpetual sunshine of a cloudless sky, that in his wrestlings by day, and his meditations by night, the utterance of the inspired oracle kept pealing in his ears, "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." How can fading memory recall the searching inquiries to which this impressive consideration led him, when about to bid farewell to his native shores? Had he discharged aright all the more obvious duties and claims of kindred, friends, and country? Had he duly examined the evidence, the tenor, and reality of his call? Had he rightly weighed the

vastly important obligations of his new office? Had he fully considered the danger of rushing unwarrantably to uphold the ark of the testimony? Had he carefully surveyed the difficulties, and sufficiently counted the cost? Were his prevailing motives pure?—the glory of God the chief object; the love of Christ the actuating principle; the regeneration of perishing sinners the travail of his soul; and their final redemption his richest recompense of reward? Was he, with his whole heart, prepared to give up every idol, relinquish every darling pursuit, and for the sake of Christ joyously submit to be accounted "the offscouring of all things?" Was he really so fortified by faith and prayer, that, amid scorn, and reproach, and perils, and living deaths, he could cheerfully serve an apprenticeship to martyrdom?

But no sooner had he embarked, than that gracious God who has "the times and the seasons" engraven in the roll of Providence, caused the day of visitation and of trial to arise. Seldom has there been a voyage, from first to last, so fraught with disaster and discipline; —within the "floating home" of the deep, a fiery furnace from the combustion of evil tongues and wicked hearts; —without, unusual vicissitudes of tempest and of danger. These, however, were but the beginnings of trouble—the first wavings of the rod of chastisement to prepare for the crushing stroke. On Saturday night, the 13th February, the vessel violently struck on the rocks of an uninhabited barren island, about thirty miles north of Cape Town. With the utmost difficulty the passengers and crew escaped with their lives. The noble vessel soon went to pieces, and almost every thing on board perished. The losses of the missionary were such as could not easily be recovered. Besides the loss of personal property, from a collection of books, in every department of knowledge, amounting to upwards of eight hundred distinct works, only a few odd volumes were picked up on the beach,—most of them so shattered, or reduced to a state of pulp, as to be of little or no value. But what was felt most, as being to him irreparable, was the entire loss of all his journals, notes, memorandums, essays, etc. etc., the fruits, such as they were, of the reflection and research of many years, when he possessed special opportunities which he could never expect again to realize. "But they are gone," was his own written declaration at the time, "they are gone; and blessed be God I can say 'gone,' without a murmur. So perish all earthly things; the treasure that is laid up in heaven alone is unassailable. God has been to me a God full of mercy; and not the least of his mercies do I find in the cheerful resignation with which he now enables me to feel, and to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

The only article which was recovered, in a wholly undamaged state, was a quarto copy of Bagster's Comprehensive Bible and Psalm-book; which, as the parting memorial of a few dear friends, had been carefully wrapped up in leather, and thus escaped uninjured by the waters of the briny deep. Ah! the lesson and the schooling of a mysterious Providence seemed now complete; and its designs and intentions perfectly developed. He who had thought that he had "sifted" his heart "as wheat," and could find no engrossing idol lurking there, now discovered that he had been, to a degree never previously imagined, a wholesale idolater of books and written papers! It seemed as if the heavens had suddenly opened, and a voice from the Holy One had sounded with resistless emphasis in his ears, saying, "Fool that you are, to have centred so unduly your cares, and anxieties, and affections, on books and papers! So intense and devoted was the homage of your heart towards these, in the eyes of the heart-searching God, that, as there seemed no other method of weaning you from them, your heavenly Father, to save you from the doom of an idolater, has in mercy to your soul removed the idols—sinking them all to the bottom of the deep, or scattering them in useless fragments on this desolate shore;—all, all save one, and that is, the ever-blessed Book of Life. Here is the Bible for you: grasp it as the richest treasure of infinite wisdom, and infinite love; a treasure which, in the balance of heaven, would outweigh all the books and papers in the universe. Go, and prayerfully consult that unerring chart,—that infallible directory: humbly trust to it, and to your God; and never, never will you have reason to regret that you have been violently severed from your idols, as thereby you become more firmly linked by the golden chain of grace to the throne of the Eternal."

Assuredly, had Jehovah himself, in terms such as these, addressed the poor trembling convicted idolater in accents of thunder, when standing apart on that dreary African strand, the gracious designs of Providence could not have been more distinctly interpreted, nor the precious lesson more ineffaceably engraven on the inner tablet of the soul.

The conclusion of a letter addressed at the time to the Convener of the Assembly's Committee, is found, on reference to the original document, to be as follows:—"Thus unexpectedly has perished part of the first fruits of the Church of Scotland, in the great cause of Christian philanthropy; but the cause of Christ has not perished. The former, like the leaves of autumn, may be tossed about by every tempest; the latter, more stable than nature, ever reviving with the bloom of youth, will flourish when nature herself is no more. The cause of Christ is a heavenly thing, and shrinks from the touch of earth. Often has its high origin been gloriously vindicated. Often has it cast a mockery on the mightiest efforts of human power. Often has it gathered strength amid weakness; become rich amid losses; rejoiced amidst dangers; and triumphed amid the fires and tortures of hell-enkindled men. And shall the Church of Scotland dishonour such a cause, by exhibiting symptoms of coldness or despondency, in consequence of the recent catastrophe? God forbid! Let her rather arouse herself into new energy: let her shake off every earthly alliance with the cause of Christ, as a retarding, polluting alliance: let her confide less in her own resources, and more in the arm of him who saith, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit:' from her faithful appeals, let the flame of devotedness circulate through every parish, and prayers to the Lord of the harvest from every dwelling; and then may we expect her fountains to overflow, for the watering and fertilizing of many a dry and parched heathen land. For my own part, recent events have made me feel more strongly than ever the vanity of earthly things, the hollowness of earthly hopes. They have taught me the necessity of being 'instant in season and out of season,' of 'spending and being spent' in the cause of Christ. My prayer is, though at a humble distance, to breathe the spirit, and emulate the conduct of those devoted men who have gone before me; and if, like them, I am destined to perish in a foreign land, my prayer is, to be enabled cheerfully to perish with the song of faith on my lips, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Pardon my warmth: at such a season, coldness were spiritual treason."

Having set sail in another ship from the Cape, on the 7th March, a tremendous gale was encountered off the Mauritius, in which the vessel well nigh foundered; and at the mouth of the Ganges she was overtaken by a hurricane, and violently tossed ashore, so that all the horrors of a second shipwreck were experienced. On Wednesday evening, 27th May, after nearly an eight months' voyage of continuous and varied perils, the missionary, with his partner, reached Calcutta, more dead than alive, through exhaustion and fatigue. It seemed as if "the Prince of the power of the air" had marshalled all his elements to oppose and prevent their arrival; and it seemed (if it be lawful to compare small things with great) as if for the gracious purposes of trial and discipline, a certain amount of license had been granted to him as in the days of old, when, in reference to one of those worthies of whom the world was not worthy, "The Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand." But foiled he was, through sustaining grace, in any attempt to extort a rebellious murmuring against the dispensations of Providence. The very contrary was the effect uniformly produced—even that of calling forth and invigorating the energy of faith and confidence in the Rock of Ages. In the first letter, dated the very day after landing in Calcutta, is found this passage:—"Thus have we at length reached our destination, after a voyage at once protracted and disastrous. But if, in respect to the things of earth, it pained and impoverished, the experience of my dear partner and myself leads us solemnly to declare, that, in respect to spiritual things, it greatly revived and enriched us. For the loss of earthly comfort and possession is a rich gain indeed, when accompanied by the increase of that treasure which nothing can diminish or impair. Through God's blessing we were enabled to view the whole as the apparently severe, but unspeakably kind discipline of a Father, 'who afflicteth not willingly, nor

grieveth the children of men.' How base were it then to fret; how ignorant to complain; how cowardly to despond? For where is faith without a victory? Where is victory without a struggle? And can there be a struggle without enduring trials, and encountering difficulties? To the feeble and dastardly soldier of the cross be all the ease of indolently lagging in the rear; and all the security that can result from being the last to engage, and the foremost to escape from approaching danger! To us, we would pray, be the toil and the hardship, and the danger, and the crown of victory for our reward,—or death, when maintaining our Master's cause, for an eternal glory!"—*Dr. Duff.*

THE WORKING CLASS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

How different is the life which a woman leads in the country, compared with that spent in a town! the former, if even her husband has a very modetate income, possesses many enjoyments which the latter seldom attains, unless she be placed now beyond middling circumstances. The London women think it a great treat to spend only a day in the country; to reach Norwood or Greenwich; to take tea at some little roadside cottage, where a board is displayed, announcing, "Tea made, or water boiled:" to them this is a rural treat, a matter to be talked of for days after, when they have retired to their close streets and unhealthy rooms. In the country "kith and kin" are dispersed in the neighbouring villages; relations meet each other oftener; their visits are extended for a week or two; they have room to accommodate some of their friends: the children can run on the common, in the garden, or the fields; there is no fear of their being lost. In London, if one party visits another, (I speak of those in very moderate circumstances,) they are all crammed together in one room; perhaps the party visited lives in lodgings; the children are not permitted to go out for fear of being run over; or they have a bit of a yard to run in (miscalled a garden) where there is scarcely room to "swing a cat;" where clothes are hung to dry, and often washed over again before night, so thickly are they blackened with falling soot. Thousands of women in London are compelled to do their washing in the small rooms in which they live, and in wet weather to dry their clothes in the same apartments. In the country this is seldom the case, even in what is called wet weather; for only let there come on an interval of dryness, if it be but for an hour or two, and there is so much fresh air, that comes sweeping over the wide heaths and broad meadows, that they are dry "in next to no time," to use one of their own phrases. In London, very few of the "middling sort" of houses have boilers and ovens; they (the inhabitants) rarely know what it is to eat a bit of "home-made bread;" to enjoy the luxury of a "baked potato" on a cold night, or a hot cake of their own making. All these things must be done by the baker, and the price of fuel causes the charges to come high: we pay twopence for a dinner baking, which, in the country, is charged but an halfpenny.

In the country, the meanest cottage has generally an oven and boiler; such is also the case in the small market towns. As to buying bread ready made, they rarely think of such a thing; they generally bake once a-week, and on "baking days," have a few "yeast dumplings," and hot cakes for tea; to eat baker's bread, they say, is like eating money, it's "so swift." In London, you have to "put your hand in your pocket," as the saying is, for every thing you want. Coals are very dear; fire-wood the same; milk is high, and often very inferior; butter fetches a great price, and is sold by the regular pound; rents are enormous; and potatoes double the price that they are in the agricultural districts. To a family fresh from the country, these things appear serious; they have perhaps been used to live in a good-sized house, for which they paid ten pounds a-year; in London they pay twenty for one much less. As to fire-wood, every lane, and hedge, and forest-side, abounds with it; and it is wonderful to see what large lumps of dry bread the children will eat after they have been out a few hours to gather their pinafores full of sticks; besides, if you are compelled to buy it, you obtain as much for a penny as will, with care, last a whole week. Potatoes I have known, many a time, to sell for fourpence the peck, or fourteen-pence a bushel; not more than a farthing a pound.—*Miller's Rural Sketches.*

THE TONGUE GUARD.

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile," Psa. xxxiv. 13.

THERE are coach guards, and night guards, and watch guards, and fire guards, and other guards; but none of these is of so great importance as the tongue guard; the nature, necessity, utility, and principle of which I design to illustrate in the following paragraphs.

Most of the readers of the *Visitor* are doubtless acquainted with that very instructive and interesting book, called "Æsop's Fables;" for it has found its way, not only into many public and private seminaries, but also into almost every house, and every hand.

The celebrated author of these fables was a very extraordinary man. As to his outward appearance, he is said to have been extremely deformed. In regard to his circumstances, he was, at least during the former part of his life, a slave; but in his mind there were both richness and beauty. The first master to whom he was sold as a slave, not perceiving, or not appreciating the power of his intellect, sent him to toil in the fields: but he was afterwards sold to one Xanthus, a philosopher, and a man of discernment and humanity, who employed him in the capacity of manager of his household.

It is said, that one day, Xanthus desiring to treat a party of his friends, ordered Æsop to procure the best things he could find in the market, on which occasion he provided nothing but tongues, which he ordered the cook to serve up with different sauces. When, therefore, dinner came on, the first and second courses, the side dishes, and the removes—all were tongues.

"Did I not order you," said Xanthus in a violent passion, "to buy the best victuals the market afforded?"

"And have I not obeyed your orders," said Æsop: "is there any thing better than a tongue? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the key of sciences, and the organ of truth and reason? By means of the tongue cities are built, and governments established and administered; with that men instruct, persuade, and preside in assemblies; it is the instrument by which we acquit ourselves of the chief of all our duties, the praise and adoration of the gods."

"Well, then," replied Xanthus, thinking to catch him, "go to market again to-morrow and buy me the worst things you can find. The same company will dine with me, and I have a mind to diversify my entertainments."

The next day, Æsop, in obedience to his master's command, went to the market and purchased more tongues, which he ordered the cook to serve up as before.

"What, tongues again!" exclaimed the astonished master.

"Most certainly," rejoined the facetious servant, "the tongue is surely the worst thing in the world. It is the instrument of all strife and contention; the fomenter of law-suits; the source of divisions and wars: it is the organ of error, of lies, calumny, and blasphemy."

Such was the manner in which this wise heathen represented the power of the tongue, and the view which he took of it was certainly a correct one. Similar sentiments have been expressed by the wisest and best of Christians: and they are fully borne out by the superior evidence of "the law and the testimony."

"The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, who are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing," James iii. 6. 8, 9.

"The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness. A wholesome tongue is a tree of life; but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit. A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger," Prov. xv. 1, 2. 4.

According to the psalmist, long and prosperous life is in a great measure dependent upon the proper government of this "little member," hence he saith, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it," Psa. xxxiv. 11—14.

It is evident then, that "death and

life are in the power of the tongue," Prov. xviii. 21, and therefore, if any man "seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain," James i. 26.

Seeing, then, that the power of the tongue is so great, and that therefore the tongue guard is so necessary, so indispensably necessary, I will proceed to give a few directions how to use it.

1. Do not speak profanely. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain," Exod. xx. 7. Profane swearing may be accounted gentlemanly or fashionable by some low, vulgar, sensual, or malignant minds; but in the estimation of well-educated and thinking men, it is odious, and in the sight of God it is abominable; therefore "swear not at all," for "because of swearing the land mourneth." This caution I wish particularly to impress upon the minds of young men, and in order that they may behold the coarseness of the habit, I beg leave to subjoin the following anecdote:—

A slave-dealing captain of a Guinea vessel had so far ingratiated himself into the favour of one of the chiefs of an African nation, calling himself King Pippin, that the sable monarch intrusted his son, the young prince Pippin, to the captain's care, to bring him to England for the purpose of getting him instructed.

Young Pippin was of a shrewd disposition, and not an iota behind in that proud spirit which mostly attends those who are born to supremacy and command: perhaps it was this spirit which prompted him to leave his native woods and mud-formed towns to seek for instruction in England.

Some time after his arrival in one of our sea-ports, and when he had pretty well learned the language, among other curiosities he became anxious to see the inside of the county jail, which is a castle standing on the hill overlooking the town, and is a most magnificent edifice, scarcely equalled by any in the kingdom. At first he imagined that some great personage resided there, and he was greatly astonished to find that such a building had been erected for "bad mans dat teeve and robbee, and dat habee de chain on hee leggee."

Happening to be a few days previous to the assizes, the jail was tolerably furnished with culprits awaiting their trials; and a group of them being assembled in the castle-yard, they were uttering many curses and imprecations which young Pippin had been taught to despise, and some of which he had heard among the sailors during his passage. This system of reckless and profligate depravity was not uninstructive to young Pippin; it fixed in his mind a most contemptuous disgust for any thing like swearing.

It happened, on occasion of a ball at the assembly room, that young Pippin was presented as a visitor, when some gentlemen who had tickets of admission, sitting near him gave way to swearing and vulgar language among themselves. Pippin immediately rose from his seat, with the air of a prince, and advancing towards the middle of the room—all eyes upon him in an instant—he spoke nearly as follows:—

"Ladee and gentlemens, I go de jail, hearee dee mens wid chain on leggee swearee; I no likee dat, so I come away. Some of de same mens come here wid tickets; why lettee in? I no likee dat, so go away."

So saying, he bowed to the ladies with graceful effect; then turned his head with a most indignant and contemptuous look on the offenders of his ears, and out he walked with an expressive attitude of majestic disdain.

The effect was electric; the whole company appeared chagrined, and the group of swearing young men were looked upon as blackguards.

This anecdote is no fiction; it is a fact, and shows better than any opinion can do, how abhorrent oaths and low vulgar expressions are to the feelings of minds unaccustomed to them, and how far those who use them rank below the level of their station, even till half-taught savages pronounce them brutes. Therefore "fear an oath," and be careful to abstain from taking the name of God in vain, lightly and carelessly to express surprise, in common conversation mention not that name but with reverence.

2. Speak not falsely. "Lie not one to another," is a precept which ought to be constantly observed by all who intend to maintain their self-respect. He who has levity enough to speak falsely to gratify vanity, or to cause mirth, is a fool. He who violates truth, in order to gratify malice or obtain revenge, is a villain. He who deviates from truth

in order to evade danger, is a coward. All false speakers bear the mark of being the children of him who "is a liar and the father of it;" and, moreover, "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Then let every one who wishes to avoid being a fool, a villain, a coward, a child of the devil, and an heir of hell, keep his lips from speaking guile; for "lying lips are abomination to the Lord." And I wish to caution, not only against downright lying, but also against every species of duplicity, promise-breaking, prevarication, and dissimulation of every kind. Speak the truth, for it drops from the lips with ease and pleasure; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs much invention, and often additional falsehoods to help it out.

3. Speak not unkindly, and especially of absent persons, who have not the opportunity of defending themselves. The law says, "Thou shalt not curse the deaf," Lev. xix. 14; but remember absent persons are deaf to what you say: therefore speak no ill of them. "Be very cautious," said a wise observer, "of speaking or believing any ill of your neighbours; but be much more cautious of making hasty reports of them to their disadvantage." I have known some people indulge in slander, and then by way of excuse say they cannot help but speak as they think; but "he whose honest freedom makes it his virtue to speak what he thinks, makes it his necessity to think what is good."

4. Do not speak foolishly or unchastely. Foolish, frothy conversation is unbecoming the dignity of a rational being, and especially of a Christian. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers," Eph. iv. 29. Remember that "by thy words" (as well as by thy actions) "thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned;" for "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," Matt. xii. 36, 37.

5. Do not join too freely in general conversation or common-place gossiping chit-chat. Remember that wise proverb, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise," Prov. x. 19. We seldom talk freely but we grieve our fellow-creatures, or ourselves, or God, and have therefore to repent of it afterwards. This caution is by no means unnecessary, nor is it new. It has been considered of high importance by the wisest and best of men.

"I could wish," says Thomas à Kempis, "that I had oftentimes held my peace, and that I had not been in company."

"Why are we so fond of conversation, when notwithstanding we seldom return to silence without hurt of conscience?"

"One said, As often as I have been among men I returned like a man; and this we often find true when we have been long in company."

"It is easier not to speak at all than not to speak more than we should."

"It is easier to keep at home, than to be sufficiently upon our guard when we are abroad.

"No man safely goes abroad, but he who is willing to stay at home. No man can speak safely, but he who is willing to hold his peace."

But, perhaps, some will be ready to say, Your directions may do well enough for some people, but they will not do for us; we are not sufficiently taciturn to observe them. We are naturally given to be talkative, and cannot bear to be so reserved and grave; we are social beings, and will not be tongue-tied. Be assured that I would be the last man to advocate habitual silence. I know that some are naturally grave and serious, while others are loquacious and communicative: and I believe that these dispositions remain the same even after persons are brought under the influence of the grace of God. Divine grace does not destroy the natural disposition; it only regulates it, so that the grave become contemplative of divine things, and the talkative speak "of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." Observe, the instrument now under consideration is not a muzzle, but a guard. The gift of speech is the gift of God, and is therefore a good gift, and one which should be used; but used in his fear, in his service, and to his glory. I would say, talk by all means, yea, lift up your voice like a trumpet, but endeavour to talk well, strive to talk to purpose, to say something that may do good. But what are we to talk about? You have told us what we are not to say: pray now do tell us how we are to use our tongues. Very well then,

1. Use them in reproving sin. Unless you live in very secluded places indeed, you will daily be eye and ear witnesses to the commission of sin, that abominable evil which is "a reproach unto any people," and which is hateful in the sight of God. Sin is the transgression of the law of God, and therefore tramples upon his authority. It was sin which crucified the Prince of life and glory, and still malignantly assays to crucify him afresh, and put him to open shame. Sin does despite to the Spirit of grace, brings the judgments of Heaven upon the earth, and drowns men in endless perdition. Sin, then, ought to be prevented or suppressed as much as possible, inasmuch as it is the greatest evil in the world. But how are we to suppress it? What saith the word of God? "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him," Lev. xix. 17. It is a maxim, "that we never repent saying too little;" but this, like other general rules, has its exceptions; for in every case in which you have witnessed sin, and have not reproved it, you have said too little. Then use your tongues in affectionately admonishing your sinful neighbours, but beware that you do not give way to anger. If they return evil for good, guard your spirit, and ever treat them according to the law of kindness; and know for your encouragement, that he "who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," James v. 20.

2. Use them in praise and thanksgiving, and in prayer and supplication. God gives you all the good which you enjoy. "In him we live, and move, and have our being." He has made ample provision for your present happiness and everlasting salvation. Well may we say, "We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory." This was the way in which the holy psalmist employed his organs of speech. "My lips," says he, "shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul which thou hast redeemed; my tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long," Psa. lxxi. 24.

You are sinners, and therefore stand in need of mercy and grace, that you may be "justified freely by the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," and "renewed in the spirit of your minds," so that you may be made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Come then "boldly to the throne of grace, that you may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." "Ask," for yourselves and others, "and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "In every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgivings, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," Phil. iv. 6, 7.

3. Use them in modestly declaring the goodness of God, and that bearing testimony to the truth. Godly conversation is exceedingly profitable. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him," Mal. iii. 16, 17. "Come," saith the psalmist, "and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul," Psa. lxvi. 16.

4. Use them in comforting those who mourn, in uttering words of consolation to those who are troubled, bereaved, afflicted, or tempted, and you shall be blessed in your deed. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it! A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," Prov. xxv. 11.

So much for the tongue-guard: I hope it will ever be properly appreciated and used; and I trust that from the foregoing observations it will be sufficiently apparent that it is possible to be very conversant and social, and yet keep the tongue from evil, and the lips from speaking guile. QUARTUS.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

THE walls of Jerusalem are not traced upon any uniform plan, this not being permitted by the declivities of the hill along which they are carried: their extent, on a rough calculation, may be set down at a little less than three miles. When coming from any distant place,

the phrase of Scripture would be used, "to ascend;" but it must not on that account be understood as commanding an extensive prospect, or that the ground upon which it stands is high, when compared with the hills in its immediate vicinity. It is built upon one of the elevated surfaces of a range of mountains presenting all sizes and shapes. On the north side it is bounded by a plain, which extends upwards of a mile before the higher ground commences. On the eastern side, the walls are built close to a ravine, at the bottom of which is the bed of Kedron, which gradually deepens as it approaches and passes the city; and on the opposite side of the valley is the range of mount Olivet. On the south-eastern side, the ravine is continued, and is deeper and broader. On the west side, there is another ravine, which at its deepest part joins the valley of the Kedron at the foot of mount Sion, and from thence rising by a gradual ascent, at last loses itself in the plain on the north side of the city. The summits of "the mountains round about Jerusalem" are not more than a good arrow-shot from the walls, and are not much higher than some parts of the hill on which it stands. The appearance of the hills is rugged; they have a few olive trees upon them, but little cultivation; their sides in many places present the bare rock, and the soil is covered with loose stones. The mount of Olives has a more pleasing aspect, and its sides are sown with grain, but it partakes in some degree of the general character. Between this mount and that of Evil Counsel there is an open valley, and the view in this direction is more extensive than from any other part of Jerusalem.

The circumference of the ancient city was a little more than four miles, and must have extended more towards the north than the present Jerusalem. From the account of it given by Josephus, it would appear that the site of the city was much more uneven than it is now. He speaks of a valley between the city and temple, and of another valley that seems to have run nearly along the centre of the city, and particularizes the hills, Sion, Moriah, Acra, and Bezetha. The ground is still uneven; but there is no part within the walls that could with propriety be called a valley.

We learn from the book of Chronicles, that when God appeared unto Solomon, and gave him permission to erect a house "for the name of the Lord God of Israel," he said, "I have chosen Jerusalem, that my name might be there." The mount of Moriah had already been consecrated, the mount of Sion was the residence of the king, and Jerusalem was in a convenient direction for the approach of the different tribes, when they came up three times a year to present themselves before the Lord. It was also in a position of great strength, which in those lawless times was a matter of the highest consequence. We have here another of those coincidences so often presented in Scripture, which were to the Jews, and must be to us, strong and satisfactory proofs that the attention of the Divine mind had from the earliest ages been directed towards their state, and been preparing the thoughts of men for the coming of the Messiah. From the time of David, Jerusalem was the constant resort of all those who were desirous of consulting the holy oracle, or of presenting before the Lord the different sacrifices required by the law. On the three great festivals of the year, its streets were crowded with people from the most distant parts of the land, and during the periods in which these festivals were celebrated in their purity, they must have tended in an eminent degree to promote harmony and good fellowship among the tribes, and have filled their hearts with gladness and gratitude. The great number of priests, Levites, and teachers of the law, who constantly resided here, or attended in their regular courses, would confer upon the city a sacred and religious character. The prophets added much to the solemnity of its aspect, as they mingled with the crowds in their austere garb, and lifted up their voice to reveal the will of Heaven. When the fulness of time was come, Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem, and within a few miles of the city the voice of the angels was heard praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

In the time of our Saviour, Jerusalem must have presented one of the most magnificent sights ever seen upon earth. The most favourable situation for viewing this prospect with effect would be from the mount of Olives, and at the very place where Jesus, on beholding the city, wept over it. At one sudden turn in the road from Bethany, the

city comes at once into sight. Between this mountain and the city was a deep and contracted ravine, then as now used as the place of burial, studded with the whited walls of the sepulchres erected to the prophets, and referred to by Christ as emblems of the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, which did indeed appear beautiful outward, but were within "full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness," Luke xxiii. 27.

The city was defended in the weaker parts by a triple wall; and towers, monuments, and palaces proudly presented themselves in every direction. On the opposite side of the valley, the hill of the city rose perpendicularly near five hundred feet, and was built up with immense stones, some of which measured twenty-three yards square. The temple stood upon the summit of this precipice, and our Saviour being raised a little above it, would be able to look over its walls into the courts by which it was surrounded. We are told that Herod had employed ten thousand men during the space of eight years to strengthen, restore, and enlarge it. It was at this time of greater extent, though perhaps of less exquisite workmanship, than it had presented at any earlier period. It had a portico of white marble, the columns of which were each of one stone, and forty-four feet long. It had nine gates covered over with silver and gold, and another that was still more precious, made of Corinthian brass. The parts that were not gilded were beautifully white, so that it appeared at a distance like a mountain of snow. It was covered in front with plates of gold, and when the sun shone upon it, and lighted it up into glory, it was impossible to look at it from its brightness; and it then shadowed forth the Deity that was worshipped within, "whom no man hath seen or can see."

The Jerusalem of modern times is not the city of the Scriptures, any more than that it is built upon the same spot. The walls are of hewn stone, about forty feet high, and without any mole or buttresses. They have battlements, and have long and narrow embrasures, with projecting towers, at irregular distances, of the same form and height. Some of the stones are very large, and were probably used in the ancient city. The gates through which there is admittance are four in number: the Damascus gate, that opens towards the plain on the north; St. Stephen's gate, that opens towards the eastern ravine; Zion gate, upon the hill of the same name; and the gate that leads towards Bethlehem and Jaffa. The other gates are now walled up. They are all formed of pointed arches, with an entrance tower, but have little sculptural decoration. On the outside it is possible to walk all round the city, close to the walls.—*Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.*

MONEY.

The preacher, who was king of Jerusalem, tells us that "A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things," Eccl. x. 19. We who have been born and brought up in a commercial country, and have seen, that not only the necessaries, comforts, and embellishments of life are to be had for money, but that all which is skilful in handywork and profound in intellectual researches are frequently put in motion by the same exciting cause, can easily subscribe to the truth of the wise man's saying, that "money answereth all things." In China, where honours are professedly conferred upon literary merit alone, and where every candidate for a public appointment must have distinguished himself by his learning and capacity for business, money is often indispensable to soften the conflict among the several parts of the machine of commercial transaction, as well as to give the necessary impetus to its movements. For, if the natives tell us truly, the man who has toiled long and successfully in his studies, may sometimes sigh in vain for the seal of merit, unless he has money to unlock the understanding and heart of the examiners, and office is seldom obtained without a large expenditure. The Chinese are fond of representing in their scenic exhibitions the case of a young man, who, from the low abodes of poverty, is raised, through his desert only, to places of great authority and trust. But, however pleasing this may be to contemplate in theory, the majority of examples teach the people, that money and merit must go together.

Daily experience nearer home shows what a weight money gives to the character of an individual: his opinion, advice, and example, seem in their importance to bear an important relation to the magnitude of his income. If the evidence could be fairly sifted, very few

of us would be found guiltless of having done homage to, or respected the person of the rich at some period of our lives. And this we did, not perhaps from the hope of gain, or from any selfish feeling, but from some instinctive bias, that led us to it when we were least aware. A spontaneous leaning towards the men who have their portion in this world must arise from some conviction in our own minds, that the acquisition of wealth often takes place through the exercise of skill, perseverance, economy, and other qualities, which are estimable in their proper places, while we forget that it is sometimes bequeathed to the unworthy, and at others extorted by the engines of cruelty. But if our hearts incline us to love the wealthy, because God has filled them with his "hid treasure," nothing is more certain in experience than that men hate the avaricious. The world has long since expressed its contempt and hatred for a man of this sort, by calling him "the miser," or "the wretch." St. Paul tells Timothy that "the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows," 1 Tim. vi. 10. If, then, the possession of wealth has a tendency to make us respected in the sight of others, we are sailing between two rocks: on the one side, we are in danger of being disliked, if not hated, for our avarice; on the other, we run the risk of falling into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. As, then, the power to get wealth is the gift of God, let us guard against the sin of grudging, and the snare of pride, by bestowing our property to succour the destitute, to reward the industrious, and to advance the cause of God and truth at home and abroad.

It is commonly a doctrine in that code of political economy which many of us carry in our minds, that money is the representative of wealth or property: so many circumstances have tended to convince us of the truth of this, in a commercial country, that we are scarcely prepared to admit even a modification of our views. But a little reflection would be sufficient to persuade us that some correction is necessary. Now, if, by the application of machinery, or the increase of a greater degree of industry, a yard of cloth, which at any former period sold at a shilling, now sells at sixpence, my shilling is, in one particular, worth exactly double what it was before. If all the productions of the soil, and manufactured necessaries of life, were increased in the same proportion, one hundred pounds would be worth two, or the value of money be exactly doubled. Money, then, is not a correct representative of property, seeing that while the quantity remains the same, the value or the quantity of goods it can purchase is subject to variation. If money increased as goods increased, so that the same article should always be sold at the same price, then and then only would it form the proper representative of wealth.

There is another view of the subject which seems to be not only true in theory, but very useful in practice: it is this: the value of money, while the quantity in circulation remains the same, varies as the skill and industry of a nation. The truth of this position has been brought home to the writer by several things that have fallen under his notice in the course of his travels. At Macassar he found the people very poor, if a judgment might be formed from their houses and apparel, and apparently in need of all things that comfort or ornament the life of man. It seemed but a natural inference, that being so, they would be glad to do any thing to earn something to better their lot. But this was far from being the case with them; few would condescend to labour for him, or to sell the merest trifle of curiosity but at an exorbitant price. The reason of this was to be found in the absence of shops and stores well furnished with various kinds of manufacture: so that a native might fairly say, if he had any money to spare after he had made a scanty provision for satisfying the calls of nature, "What is the use of it? nobody has any thing to sell at a cheap rate that I care to buy." There was but little industry and no skill among the common people, and, consequently, money had little or no value among them. In China, where the people employ their wit and their hands most assiduously in the making of a vast assortment of useful and ornamental articles, the case is very nearly reversed; for, to use a common phrase, a Chinaman will do any thing for money. It will purchase him so many things that are desirable, that he is willing to labour for a small recompence, when a greater is not to be obtained, and to part with any thing vend-

ible at the smallest amount of profit. A halfpenny of our money is reducible in value to four or five pieces of the copper currency of that country, each of which has a recognised value in the countless variety of manufactured items that are intended to supply the wants or delight the eye and the taste of the poor, as well as the rich. In Macassar, money is of little value among the natives, because there is no love of labour, no ingenuity; in China money is of greater value, because these praiseworthy qualities belong to the people in their highest perfection.

In the island of St. Helena, a workman receives six shillings, where he would not receive more than three in this country; and as this is a fair index of the general state of things, money in that settlement is not more than at half its value in the mother country. In connexion with this fact, we heard the strongest complaints made against the idleness and want of enterprise among the natives. Ships that put in for refreshments on their way home from India and China, are obliged to pay enormous prices for a very scanty supply. We call St. Helena a rock, either from guess or hearsay, but the interior is very beautiful, and the soil of a maximum fertility. Much of it lies waste, without any culture, because the inhabitants are deficient in skill and activity to turn these advantages to a proper account. There is another instance to illustrate our doctrine, namely, that the low value of money is dependent upon the low state of industrious exertion. The writer and his companions met with a circumstance that surprised us in a place that in outward appearance reminded us of home, which was this—that a penny and a halfpenny are of the same value. We had just left China, where the minute divisions of money are so thoroughly appreciated; here, under the shadow of our own vine and fig-tree, the people, in a way of bargain, did not seem to know that the whole is greater than one of its parts. This showed that money was of little value, otherwise the natives would not have confounded things so different, in a commercial acceptation, as the whole with the half.

In Borneo Proper the people use iron money, which has no stamp, so that every man may have a mint in his own house. About a hundred of these were supposed to be worth a Spanish dollar, and a rare bargain it seemed to be when a man exchanged a stamped piece of silver for a lot of such ugly mishapen things. If such things deserved to be called money, the complaint would be, not that they had too little value in the market, but that it could not be well defined, and so made it impossible that there should be any accuracy or nice adjustment in the transactions of buying and selling; whereas in China the quantity to be sold is nicely estimated by weight, and the sum to be paid, to the smallest fraction, exactly settled before the bargain is concluded. In China, the meanest person in traffic is a man of business; in Borneo Proper, the lower orders are all children in this respect. In the former, they understand the value of money; in the latter, they have no correct ideas on the subject. It may be remarked that the goods exposed for sale looked as sorry as the money that was to purchase them. It could not be said, then, that money was valuable among them, even in a relative sense.

We see, then, that the value of money is a very fair index of the state of industry among the natives of any country: where it is considerable, there the people are active; where it is inconsiderable, or ill-defined, there the powers of ingenuity and labour are seldom called into action. It is this industry that creates the value of money, and forms the grand capital, the exhaustless treasure-house of a nation. Let the labouring man know that his ability and his willingness to work, is the principal and the essential element in the prosperity of his country. It is the praise of Protestant Christianity, that it renders its followers ready to work in body and mind, and so renders them good patriots, as well as useful men and women to themselves and their friends. If money gives an impulse to industry, it becomes the instrument of good; but when employed in riot and extravagance, it is the cause of unspeakable evil; for it is seldom squandered away without a proportionate loss of right principles and moral feeling. C. T. L.

BENEVOLENCE EXPANSIVE.

A MAN that does good to none but himself is a hateful encloser. He empales God's bounty, by usurping a strict propriety in those blessings which he intended for the common relief of mankind.—*King.*

Procession from Hunsdon House. See page 84.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Continued from page 64.)

It is impossible to clear Mary from being an accessary after the fact, if she did not participate more directly in the murder of Darnley. Two days after the event, a placard was publicly set up in Edinburgh, charging Bothwell and others with having committed the murder with the queen's assent. Bothwell was then accused of the murder by Lennox, Darnley's father, in due form of law; who demanded that he and others might be brought to trial. The queen could not refuse this; but would not allow Bothwell to be taken into custody. She even suffered him to sit at the council, which directed that his trial should take place in sixteen days; a space of time evidently too short for previous inquiry, and needful preparation. He appeared on the day fixed for his trial, with many armed followers, and a military attendance, which effectually outbraved the administration of justice. Lennox did not venture to appear against such a powerful opponent upon such short notice; therefore he made no attempt to prosecute the charge, but one of his dependents attended to offer a protest in his name. Two days after this mockery of justice, the queen selected Bothwell to carry the sceptre before her in a procession to the parliament house. An application to grant Lennox a longer space to prepare the requisite evidence was refused, though strengthened by a letter from Elizabeth, who urged upon Mary the necessity of acting with such sincerity and prudence that the world might be convinced of her innocence of this enormous crime. Mary's ambassador at the French court gave her similar advice; even there, strong suspicions of her guilt were entertained, and openly uttered. Bothwell was allowed to proceed with impunity; many of the nobility, awed by his retinue, consented to sign an address recommending the queen to take him for her husband, though he was married to a sister of the earl of Huntley. He then pushed forward in his guilty course. Attended by a body of horse, he surprised the queen, according to a plan preconcerted between them. She was conveyed to the castle of Dunbar, where she consented to marry Bothwell, whom she promoted to be duke of Orkney. Bothwell then procured a divorce for himself; the sentence being founded on an accusation presented by one of his agents in the name of his wife, accusing him of adultery. The banns for his marriage with the queen were published; but the

officiating minister, named Craig, at the same time boldly declared his abhorrence of such a union, for which he was threatened. On May 15, just sixteen days after the divorce from his wife, and little more than three months from the murder of the king, Bothwell was publicly married to the queen at Edinburgh!

Such profligate proceedings could not fail to excite general disgust and alarm. Bothwell endeavoured to get possession of the young prince; but the nobles formed an association to prevent this, and to punish Bothwell. Forces were levied on both sides. The nobles were the strongest; Mary was compelled to dismiss her new husband, and to surrender herself a prisoner. She was conveyed to Loch-leven Castle, where she was required to resign the crown to her son, and to consent to the appointment of Murray as regent. The young prince was proclaimed by the title of James VI., and crowned at Stirling soon afterwards. Although no proofs of a direct concern in her husband's murder were brought forward against Mary, yet her connexion with Bothwell gave countenance to the accusation, while the embittered feelings arising from party feuds and the persecutions by the Romanists, caused her subjects to unite against her. Elizabeth interposed in her favour, so far as to prevent severer measures; but though she directed her ambassadors to remonstrate, and threaten the confederates, it was obvious that she could not desire that Mary should be enabled to proceed with her schemes against the Scottish Protestants, and the queen of England. The confederates therefore retained her in captivity, and enforced her resignation of the crown. Bothwell took refuge in the Orkneys, where he fitted out some vessels and committed acts of piracy. In an engagement with a Norwegian vessel, he was taken prisoner, his life was spared, but he was confined in a dungeon where he lingered ten years, latterly bereft of his senses. A servant whom he sent to Edinburgh to bring away his papers before his flight, was taken; upon him was found a silver casket, which contained letters written by Mary to her paramour, the genuineness of which is allowed by every impartial writer: they clearly prove that she had at least connived at the proceedings against Darnley.

In May, 1568, Mary escaped from Loch-leven by the contrivance of the brother of the keeper, who was led from his duty by her arts and flatteries. She was immediately joined by some of the nobility, especially those attached to Popery, when she retracted her resignation; and efforts were made to place her again on the throne. After some negociations with the regent, the earl of Murray, recourse was had to arms. The Popish archbishop of St. Andrews was one of the leaders of the queen's forces. The hostile bands came into collision at Longside, where Mary's supporters were soon vanquished and fled. She rode sixty miles, without stopping, to Dundrennon Abbey; being then in terror lest she should be overtaken, she determined to proceed to England, against the advice of her attendants, who well knew the unjustifiable manner in which she had countenanced those who supported her claims to the English throne. Lord Herries persuaded her to send first to the governor of Carlisle to inquire whether he would protect her; but too fearful, and too impatient to wait a reply, she embarked in a fishing boat and landed at Workington, in Cumberland, from whence she was escorted to Carlisle. On her landing she wrote to Elizabeth, requiring protection and support. Her unexpected arrival placed Elizabeth in a difficult situation, increased by the English queen being then so seriously ill, that her life was despaired of. Prayers were publicly made for her recovery; they refer to sufferings of mind as well as body. The higher the rank, and the more ample the possessions, usually the more painful are the impressions which harass the mind when danger appears at hand. The public apprehension was much increased by looking on a Papist charged with the blackest crimes, as the presumptive heir.

It was necessary to pursue to its close the narrative of Mary's unhappy reign in Scotland: we will now look back to some other events connected with the early years of the reign of Elizabeth. One of her principal cares was to improve the coinage, also to proportion the national expenditure to the revenue. The regular sources of income were from the customs, then usually called tonnage and poundage; also from fines, the crown lands, and part of the rents of wards or minors, with the first fruits and tenths from the ecclesiastical bene-

fices. The whole of these amounts produced on the average 300,000*l.*, per annum, while the regular expenditure was about 40,000*l.* for the royal household, 2,000*l.* for the queen's private expenditure, and 30,000*l.* for the navy. Thus she was enabled to discharge the debts of the crown, to assist the Protestants of Scotland and France with money, and to pay forces when there was occasion for them. Extraordinary circumstances at times caused unusual expenditure, when it became necessary to apply to parliament; but these applications were so rare till towards the close of the reign, that there was seldom any difficulty to make grants. In the latter part of her reign, the contest with Philip, with other foreign princes, and especially the war in Ireland, occasioned a larger expenditure, consequently more frequent applications to her parliament. Among the objectionable sources of income resorted to by Elizabeth was raising money by lottery. The first which is noticed by historians, was in 1567, though it is probable similar undertakings had previously been made on a smaller scale. It consisted of 400,000 tickets, at ten shillings each, the produce was to be applied to the repair and increase of the ports and havens of the realm. The prizes consisted chiefly of plate. Active exertions were made to promote this gambling scheme. The government wrote to the justices in various parts, commanding them to help the agents for the disposal of tickets, and to urge the purchase of them on patriotic motives. Large placards, five feet long, were printed, and other means used to give publicity. In the Losely manuscripts is an account of many of the adventurers and their disappointments.

The reform in the coinage was a work of considerable difficulty. All the money in circulation was reckoned above its real value, while a great portion was utterly worthless. After fixing a regular value for each denomination of coin; the queen received at that rate all but the most worthless, much of which was counterfeit, and gave in exchange good coin, both gold and silver. The slow process of exchange caused a temporary stagnation of trade; but when it was effected, very beneficial results followed. Strype says of Elizabeth:—"She at her great cost restored to her people fine coin from a base; and she took but few taxes from her parliament to do this, when many and great were the taxes levied before without any advantage to the subject. How was this our realm then pestered with strangers, strange rulers, strange gods, strange languages, strange religion, strange coin; and now how peaceably rid of them all!" While mentioning the coins of this realm, it is important to notice the Latin inscriptions placed upon them by queen Elizabeth, which when Englished are, upon the gold, "This is the Lord's work, and it is wonderful in our eyes;" and on the silver, "I have chosen God for my help." She uttered the first sentence with fervent devotion, when the intelligence of her accession to the throne was first communicated. The selection of these mottoes for her coin was not a mere matter of form; there is clear proof that her mind was deeply impressed by the remembrance of past mercies, while the dangers which beset her on every side continually taught her the need of help beyond human support.

The enforcement of uniformity as to religious rites and ceremonies, was so strictly required as to break the unity of the Protestant church, about the period at which we have arrived. In this as in every case where such disputes arise, each party was eventually carried farther than they at first intended; so true it is that the beginning of strife is as the letting out of water, and so important is it that we should avoid all matters which unnecessarily excite divisions. The adoption of six articles proposed to the lower house of convocation, in 1562, might have prevented some of these painful results. These articles chiefly proposed to abolish all festivals derived only from the Romish church; and that the cross in baptism, and the posture at receiving the sacrament, and the habits of the clergy, should be left more at liberty. Forty-three of the clergy present voted in favour of these articles, with proxies making a total of fifty-eight votes. Only thirty-five opposed them, but their proxies, being more numerous, made fifty-nine votes. Thus the strict enforcement of uniformity in matters which made the original grounds for division in the Protestant church of England was carried into effect by a minority; and the deciding vote was from one who had not been present at the discussion. Among those who would have granted the liberty

required, we find the names of Nowell, Lever, Becon, Sampson, and others who were among the most valuable divines of that period. Two years later, the London ministers were required to subscribe the canons, and conform to the habits and ceremonies. Many refused, and eventually were cast out from their livings. Fuller, the church historian, relates that when Foxe, the martyrologist, was required by archbishop Parker to subscribe, he took out a New Testament and said, "To this I will subscribe," but refused his assent to the canons. The respect for this venerable man, however, was such, that he was not deprived of the scanty preferment he held. It was disgraceful that he was not better provided for.

The differences thus begun continued until 1566, when several ministers, who had been dismissed from their cures by the high commission court, began public worship separate from that of the church as by law established, from which they were excluded for non-compliance with the act of uniformity. They declared that had the use of habits and a few ceremonies been left discretionary, both ministers and people would have been easy. The results now were painful. From the slow progress of the Reformation, and the exclusion and deprivation of the puritans, there were many churches destitute of ministers. On Palm Sunday, 1566, six hundred persons came to one of the London churches to receive the communion; but there being none to officiate, the doors were shut. In 1567, a congregation assembled at Plumbers' Hall, who had adopted a form which was used by the Protestants in their congregations during queen Mary's days, were interrupted by the sheriffs. Bishop Grindal did not condemn this book, but was obliged to require them to conform. Several were imprisoned for more than a year. These differences and divisions were stimulated by the arts and practices of the Papists, some of whom assumed the character of Protestant ministers. In 1567, a friar named Cummin was detected in Kent, assuming the character of a puritan. In the following year, one named Heath, while preaching in Rochester cathedral, dropped a letter, which excited suspicion; on examination, it was found that he was a Jesuit in disguise. Among his papers was a licence from the pope, permitting him to preach any doctrine which might cause divisions among Protestants.

During the period already noticed, the labour of the administration of affairs rested mainly upon Sir William Cecil, but the queen did not yet fully appreciate the value of his counsels. The earl of Pembroke and others, attached to Romish principles, or influenced by selfish views, at times had the chief control; sufficiently, at least, on some occasions, to divert the queen from acting with that full decision which her critical position demanded. Therefore, in this first portion of her reign, there were efforts to conciliate the Papists, which past experience must have sufficiently shown would be nugatory, and also at times, hesitation and half measures on questions of foreign policy. These efforts must not be imputed to indifference respecting the errors of Popery; it was ever the desire of Elizabeth to conciliate her people; and certainly no English sovereign was ever so popular, so far as relates to her Protestant subjects. Among other measures for pleasing the people, were the queen's "progresses," or visits to different parts of the country. They were begun in the first period of her reign; in this manner she visited the university of Cambridge, in 1564, and that of Oxford, in 1566. On both occasions she took much interest in the ceremonials, and in replying to the addresses, exhibited her attainments in the learned languages.

Some notice of the more prominent characters among the English nobility and statesmen, who have been already mentioned, appears desirable; the earl of Leicester especially claims attention.

Robert Dudley was son to the duke of Northumberland, beheaded in queen Mary's reign. He was implicated, with the rest of this family, in the proceedings of the short reign of his sister-in-law, and was condemned with others; but not having taken an active part, he was pardoned. On the accession of Elizabeth, he was immediately promoted by her, and became her principal favourite. He is said to have been born on the same day. They were companions in early youth, and the Dudleys had been favoured by her beloved brother Edward. He obtained many honours and large grants, evidently exercising great influence over the queen.

He had married Amy, the daughter of Sir John Robsart, in 1550; her death

took place in September, 1560, at Cumnor, where he sent her to reside for a short time, at the house of Forster, one of his retainers. It was reported that she broke her neck by falling down a flight of stairs; but many believed that she was murdered by Forster, and Sir Richard Varney, the principal attendant of Leicester; though no legal charge was ever brought forward.

Dudley thus became a widower at the time when there were two queens in Britain, both of whom were desired by their subjects to marry. With Elizabeth he was a great favourite. In 1564 she created him earl of Leicester, and recommended Mary to make him her consort. He was anxious to obtain the hand of his own queen, but did not succeed: his own party urged the union, but the wiser counsellors showed how inexpedient it was. Thus in 1566, when Cecil stated the reasons in favour of an union between the queen and the archduke Charles, and against the earl of Leicester; his arguments were, that by marrying the earl nothing would be increased in riches, estimation, or power; that it might countenance the slanderous speeches respecting the queen; that he would only plan to strengthen his party; that he was "defamed by the death of his wife;" that he is far in debt; that he would be likely to prove unkind or jealous. Truly an unamiable portrait, if not wholly overcharged. A woman of judgment, like Elizabeth, might well hesitate to give Dudley her hand; though for various reasons, it might suit her rather to favour, than to have opposed to her, one who had so much influence with the nobility. Had there really been grounds for the slanderous speeches, Cecil would scarcely have adverted to them in the manner he did. In a communication from the French ambassador to his court, July 1569, he states that the principal nobility urged Leicester either to take proper measures for effecting a marriage with the queen, in which they were willing to aid him, or else to avoid that behaviour which led to public remarks upon his conduct. Leicester said, that he hoped to bring about the union, and promised that if he found himself not likely to succeed, he would attend to their advice. A few days afterwards, the queen declared that she had no design to marry the earl, and from that time they avoided the intimacy, which had been remarked upon. Surely this contemporary evidence shows that there is no ground for the gross assertions of Popish historians.

The post of favourite, and his own haughty temper, placed Leicester in collision with other courtiers and statesmen; but Elizabeth kept all these towering spirits in some degree of order, while she made one balance another. The licentious character of Dudley cannot however be doubted; about 1572, he privately married the widowed lady Sheffield, but afterwards denied the marriage, and in 1578, married lady Essex. Yet with these charges of licentiousness, and many dark surmises of oppressions and poisonings, Leicester maintained an outward decorum, favoured the puritans, and was looked up to by them as their protector. Unquestionably there is much mystery about his character; he evidently was implicated in many of the plots and intrigues of those days, even against Elizabeth, yet he contrived to extricate himself, while others went on to suffer. At one period, we shall find him in some degree connected with the Popish plots against the queen; he repeatedly betrayed the state secrets to the French ambassador, and was easily led to join in the endeavours to displace Cecil, fomented by the foreign Popish powers. Subsequently, the Papists circulated a libellous account of his actions, which represents him as one of the most complete monsters that ever lived. Turner justly remarks upon the mystery respecting Leicester, and thinks that he desired this should be the case. It is evident that he was a man of consummate abilities and unbounded ambition, wholly unrestrained by principle. He sought to obtain power without scrupling the means, but being crafty and circumspect, he avoided the common fate of ambitious statesmen. It must be allowed that he was a bad man, yet probably not so bad as he has been described. Elizabeth no doubt found him a supporter of her power, while he knew how to flatter and please in her hours of amusement.

Thomas Ratcliffe, earl of Sussex, was another leading character among Elizabeth's counsellors. At her accession, he was lord deputy of Ireland, where he checked the eager desires of the Papists to begin a persecution, which was at last only prevented by queen Mary's death. Elizabeth appointed him

president of the North, a post of difficulty in the state of Scottish affairs. We shall find that he distinguished himself in suppressing a rebellion in the northern counties. He was honest, brave, and loyal, employed in all difficult services, yet not sufficiently valued or rewarded, owing to the intrigues of Leicester, with whom he was personally at variance; so that the queen, more than once, found it difficult to keep them from breaking out into deadly feuds. He died in 1583, universally regretted as one of the few statesmen of undeviating integrity.

The native population of Ireland was in a state of determined hostility to their English lords during the whole of this reign. One of them, claiming to be the rightful earl of Tyrone, assumed the title of O'Neal, in the close of queen Mary's reign; thereby laying claim to the sovereignty of Ulster. So determined was his opposition to England, that he condemned one of his followers to death for eating English biscuit. But when the earl of Sussex gathered a force against him, Shan O'Neal submitted and attended the court of Elizabeth, with a band of native followers, to make excuse for past violence. The queen promised that justice should be done, respecting his claims to the earldom of Tyrone. But on his return, he listened to the Popish priests, and proclaimed himself a chastiser of heretics, burning the cathedral of Armagh because Protestant worship had been celebrated there. Sir Henry Sidney, then lord deputy, marched against him joined by some of the natives who had feuds with Shan O'Neal. The latter sought an alliance with some Scots, lately settled in Ulster; but was slain in a drunken brawl, which arose while carousing in their camp. This was in 1565. Soon afterwards, the greater part of Ulster was declared to be forfeited to the crown, and the title of O'Neal suppressed.

Upon the whole, the first ten years of this reign were the most peaceful. The foreign and domestic foes of Elizabeth had not yet concentrated their bitter hatred to render their efforts so formidable as they were in subsequent years. This period, however, was not without domestic troubles. The soldiers withdrawn from France in 1563, brought home a pestilential disease, which raged in London during the next twelve months: there were also seasons of scarcity, but the deliverance from Mary's persecutions encouraged the Protestants to support these lesser evils. Strype says, "All her loving subjects rejoiced, though the envious Papists murmured and grudged. God did, past all human expectations, prosper the queen's doings."

THE SPRING.

The seasons of external nature, in the course of the year, are a part, and a considerably interesting part, of what makes up our condition during our sojourn on this earth; and good men, from the psalmist downward, have not been content that the effect of these seasons upon them should be confined to the mere external material condition; but have been desirous that the vicissitudes of nature should minister to the welfare of the mind. The spring season, especially, has been regarded as fertile of what might afford salutary instruction in a pleasing vehicle. We are now at the commencement of this genial season; and, before its flowers and bloom are past, we might do well to endeavour to draw from it something not quite so transient.

The vast importance, to us, that this season should regularly and infallibly return, in its time, is obvious, the instant it is mentioned. But it is not so instantly recollected how entirely we are at the mercy of the God of nature for its return.

We are in our places here on the surface of the earth, to wait in total dependence for him to cause the seasons to visit our abode, as helpless and impotent as particles of dust. If the power that brings them on were to hold them back, we could only submit or repine —and perish. His will could strike with an instant paralysis the whole moving system of nature. A suspension of his agency, and all would stop; or a change, and things would take a new and fearful course! Yet we are apt to think of the approach of the desired season in some other light than that of the certainty that God will cause it to come. With a sort of passive irreligion, we allow a something, conceived as an established order of nature, to take the place of the Author and Ruler of nature, forgetful that all this is nothing but the continually acting power and will of God; and that nothing can be more

absurd, than the notion of God's having constituted a system to be one moment independent of himself.

Consider next: This beautiful vernal season—what a gloomy and unpromising scene and season it arises out of; it is almost like creation from chaos; like life from a state of death. If we might be allowed in a supposition so wide from probability, as that a person should not know what season is to follow, while contemplating the scene, and feeling the rigours of winter, how difficult it would be for him to comprehend or believe that the darkness, the dreariness, bleakness, cold—the bare, desolate, and dead aspect of nature, could be so changed; but if he could then, in some kind of vision, behold such a scene as that now spread over the earth, he would be disposed to say, "It cannot be;" "this is absolutely a new creation," or another world.

Might we not take an instruction from this, to correct the judgments we are prone to form of the Divine government? We are placed within one limited scene and period of the great succession of the Divine dispensations—a dark and gloomy one—a prevalence of evil. We do not see how it can be, that so much that is offensive and grievous should be introductory to something delightful and glorious. "Look how fixed, how inveterate, how absolute, how unchanging." "Is not this a character of perpetuity?" If a better, nobler scene to follow is intimated by the spirit of prophecy, in figures analogous to the beauties of spring, it is regarded with a kind of despondency, as if prophecy were but a kind of sacred poesy, and beheld as something to aggravate the gloom of the present, rather than to draw the mind forward in delightful hope. And do we allow our judgments of the Divine government, of the mighty field of it, and of its progressive periods, to be formed very much upon an exclusive view of the limited dark portion of his dispensations which is immediately present to us? Such judgments should be corrected by the spring blooming around us, so soon after the desolation of winter. The man that we were supposing so ignorant and incredulous, what would he now think of what he had thought then?

Again: How welcome are the early signs and precursory appearances of the spring—the earlier dawn of day; a certain cheerful cast in the light, even though shining over an expanse of desolation; it has the appearance of a smile; a softer breathing of the air, at intervals; the bursting of the buds; the vivacity of the animal tribes; the first flowers of the season; and, by degrees, a delicate dubious tint of green. It needs not that man should be a poet or a sentimental worshipper of nature, to be delighted with all this.

May we suggest one analogy to this? The operation of the Divine Spirit, in renovating the human soul, effecting its conversion from the natural state, is sometimes displayed in this gentle and gradual manner, especially in youth. In many cases, certainly, it seems violent and sudden (resembling the transition from winter to spring in the northern climates;) but in the more gradual instances, whether in youth or farther on in life, it is most gratifying to perceive the first indications; serious thoughts and emotions; growing sensibility of conscience; distaste for vanity and folly; deep solicitude for the welfare of the soul; a disposition to exercises of piety; a progressively clearer, more grateful, and more believing apprehension of the necessity and sufficiency of the work and sacrifice of Christ for human redemption. To a pious friend or parent, it is more delightful than if he could have a vision of Eden, as it bloomed on the first day that Adam beheld it.

But we may carry the analogy into a wider application. It is most gratifying to perceive the signs of change on the great field of society. How like the early flowers, the more benignant light, the incipient verdure—are the new desire of knowledge, and the schemes and efforts to impart it; the rising, zealous, and rapidly enlarging activity to promote true religion. We might add the developement of the principles and spirit of liberty. In the moral spring, we hope we are advanced a little way beyond the season of the earliest flowers.

The next observation on the spring season is, How reluctantly the worse gives place to the better. While the winter is forced to retire, it is yet very tenacious of its reign; it seems to make many efforts to return; seems to hate the beauty and fertility that are supplanting it: for months we are liable to cold, chilling, pestilential blasts, and sometimes biting frosts; a portion of the malignant power lingers or returns

to lurk, as it were, under the most cheerful sunshine, so that the vegetable beauty remains in hazard; and the luxury of enjoying the spring is attended with danger to persons not in firm health.

It is too obvious to need pointing out, how much there is resembling this in the moral state of things; in the hopeless advance of improvements in the youthful mind; in the early, and, indeed, in the more advanced stages of the human character; and in the commencement of all improvements in human society.

We may contemplate next, the lavish, boundless diffusion, riches, and variety of beauty in the spring. Survey a single confined spot; or pass over leagues; or look from a hill. Infinite affluence every where! And so, too, you know that it is over a wide portion of the globe at the same time. It is under your feet; extends all around you; spreads out to the horizon. And all this created within a few weeks! To every observer, the immensity, variety, and beauty are obvious. But to the perceptions of the skilful naturalist, all this is indefinitely multiplied. Reflect what a display is here of the boundless resources of the great Author. He flings forth, as it were, an unlimited wealth; a deluge of beauty—immeasurably beyond all that is strictly necessary; an immense quantity that man never sees, not even in the mass. It is true, that man is not the only creature for which the gratification is designed; but it is man alone, of the earth's inhabitants, that can take any account of it as beauty, or as wisdom, and power, and goodness.

Such unlimited profusion may well assure us that he who can (shall we say) afford thus to lavish his treasures so far beyond what is simply necessary, can never fail of resources for all that is, or ever shall be necessary.—*Foster.*

DESPATCHES FOR THE PENNY POST.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh", and every meeting of friends affords an occasion for the display of character; perhaps the occasional, unexpected, and chance meeting for a few hasty minutes, still more than the regular visit, the appointed interview; for in the former case, truth peeps out unawares and without disguise, while in the latter there is opportunity to prepare, and arrange, and set things in the best order, which is not always in the most exact accordance with truth and nature. Next to the freedom of speaking, is the freedom of letter writing, as an exhibition of character. It is scarcely possible to read a letter, without forming some idea of the person by whom it was penned. Formerly, letter writing was a rare occupation. Excepting the merchant, and the man of business, (who wrote just because they had something to communicate, which they simply did and closed their sheet,) persons in the middle classes of society made quite an affair of writing a letter. There was a due portion of news to collect, such as would be interesting to the party addressed. Sometimes great labour was bestowed in dictating and turning a few sentences of compliment, condolence, and congratulation. There was the dictionary to refer to, to settle all doubtful points in the matter of orthography. There was the ink glass to be filled; for, in all probability, since the last occasion of writing a letter it had fallen into the condition of that immortalized by the poet;* and there was the aid of some friend to be sought, who possessed skill and a penknife for rectifying gaping or spluttering quills. Perhaps there was the rough copy to be made on a slate, and then transferred to the gilt edged sheet. Among the humble classes, few even presumed to aspire to the arduous undertaking; the village schoolmaster was letter writer general to the parish, unless some kind young mistress volunteered her aid to the confiding damsel; or some anxious parent, or dutiful child, engaged the judicious counsel and assistance of their minister in conveying to the absent object of affection the expressions of their solicitude; the thanks for such a favour being generally coupled with an expression of satisfaction in its being exactly what they wished to say, only so much better; and done too, in so little time, it was really quite astonishing!

Well, these times have passed by. The schoolmaster and the schoolmistress are abroad, and vast numbers now can write their own letters. Still one great obstacle remained in the way of so doing. It was the heavy expense of postage. Many a wished-for letter was suppressed, because the person who would have written could not afford the postage, and knew perhaps that the individual to

* Cowper "On an ink glass dried in the sun."

whom it would have been addressed could not afford it better; or a modest person fancied that no letter of his or hers could be worth tenpence or a shilling postage. I have heard of one old woman who actually broke herself of taking snuff* that she might save "the brass" to pay for letters from her two absent children; I myself know a mother with five children so scattered about that it would cost her four shillings and a penny to receive a letter from each of them; and yet she thought it very hard if more than a fortnight elapsed without hearing from every one; and then the letters to be sent back cost four and a penny more. It was really a little income; and yet who could accuse either mother or children of extravagance in spending that money in intercourse, whatever else they might pinch to spare it? Well, that time, too, is gone by! thanks to our legislators; and now we may send a letter from the Land's end to John-o-Groat's for one penny. Who does not rejoice in it? and who that has an absent relative or friend, or that can even sympathize in the comforts of others, has not cause to rejoice in it? Those who are accustomed to indulge the exercise of contented grateful feelings, will not fail to consider this one among the many minor mercies, which justly claim from us the thankful acknowledgment, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, I have a goodly heritage." "England! with all thy faults, I love thee still! My country!" Even those who are disposed, like the Israelites of old, to eat and grumble, will no doubt avail themselves of the privilege, now so amply extended to them, for holding communications with their absent friends; and the post-office will daily issue forth ten thousand spontaneous effusions of the heart, ten thousand unerring displays of character. Perhaps the insertion of a few specimens of letters sent by the first penny post delivery, may not be altogether uninteresting to the readers of the *Visitor*.

I.

My dear Cousin,—Please to send me word by return of post, which is the most fashionable—scarlet or rose-colour; as I am making up my poplin dress, and have had my straw bonnet turned, and shall wait your answer before I purchase the trimmings. I have borrowed the newspaper to look at the monthly fashions; but then you know there is so much time lost in printing, that before we can get a sight of them, the things are quite out of date; besides, neither blue nor yellow suit my complexion so well as red. It is a good thing this penny postage; we shall be able to have down the fashions every week instead of waiting a whole month. Nancy desires her love, and wishes to know whether you would advise her to an artificial flower, or to satin and blond under her bonnet. Do not fail to reply by return of post, or we shall not have time to get out our dresses by Sunday.

Your affectionate cousin.

II.

(A large sheet so closely written in lines longitudinal, latitudinal, and diagonal, that an ordinary reader would require the aid of powerful magnifiers to decipher the whole. From the commencement and conclusion, which being less closely crossed, are somewhat more legible than the rest, it may be inferred that the correspondents are, or have been, school-fellows.)

Dearest Matilda,—From the season of repose, I snatch a few precious moments to unbosom myself to the friend of my heart (the little ones are all in bed, and the teachers gone down to supper.) Dearest Matilda, you can little imagine what a desert this place seems without you.

* * * * *

(We may leave it to our reader's imagination to fill up nine-tenths of this letter.)

And now, farewell, dearest Matilda. Do not fail to send me a long letter by return of post. On Friday morning I shall listen with eager impatience for the postman's ring. Do not, do not disappoint me. I shall write again to you on Saturday. This penny postage is really a good thing. It will be at least a shilling a week in one's pocket during absence; but I scorn the paltry thought. Believe me, at whatever expense,

Unalterably yours,
Julia Sophia.

III.

My dear Parents,—Through the

* It is to be hoped that experience has now so fully convinced her of the pleasures of cleanliness, that she will be under no temptation of returning to the dirty practice. It would be easy to suggest fifty better modes of applying the spare "brass."

mercy of God, I have reached this place in safety; and as I know your anxiety on my behalf, I hasten to send a line. The post closes in a few minutes, so I cannot enter into particulars, but shall devote the first leisure hour I can command to write more fully. My love to all friends; pray let me hear from you soon. It comforts me in absence to know that you still pray for,

Your dutiful son.

IV.

My dear Mother,—Within the last day or two, baby has had a cough. As the hooping-cough is very prevalent, I have thought that it may prove to be that. It would be a great satisfaction to me to know what plan you would recommend me to adopt; whether she should be kept entirely within doors? whether any difference should be made in her diet or clothing? and whether it will be necessary to give her any medicine? What a comfort this penny postage is! It seems to bring us so much nearer together. Do let us hear of your health and welfare as often as time will allow. We are both well, and unite in best love,

Your affectionate daughter.

V.

My dear Boy,—I have just heard that R. T. is going to-morrow to ——, to live with a Mr. ——, a ——, in —— street. I lose no time in dropping you a line to warn you against forming any acquaintance with him, as he is a young man whose society would do you no good. He is one who breaks the sabbath, and shames his father and mother, Prov. xxviii. 7. It grieves me to write thus of a neighbour's son; and you know I would not do it, but from a sense of duty to my own absent child. Your dear mother desires her kindest love to you, and charges you constantly to bear in mind Prov. xiii. 20. She is attending to all your requests, and will make up a parcel for you in two or three days; but was anxious that not a single post should be lost in giving you this caution, lest if an acquaintance had once been claimed by either yourself or your fellow townsman, it might have proved a snare to you before you were aware. May the Lord bless you, and keep you, prays

Your affectionate father.

VI.

Dear Daughter,—Our neighbour Mrs. ——, has just called in to say that she saw you yesterday, and that you were quite well, but that you seemed rather unsettled in your place, and that you had a mind to go where more servants were kept, and where perhaps you might get higher wages, and have less to do. This makes us very uneasy: you now live in a quiet, respectable family, where you have many advantages, and you may easily go farther and fare worse. Those are true proverbs, "A rolling stone gathers no moss"—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." "The dog that grasped at a shadow lost the substance." "I was well, would be better, took physic, and died." So, dear Sarah, we hope you will think well about it, before you make any move, with a notion of bettering yourself. At any rate, we should like to have a letter from you before you take any step: a letter now goes all the way for a penny. Let us know if there is any difficulty in your place, more than we are aware of, and why it is you wish to change. Then we will write and give you our best advice; but pray do not go hastily and fling yourself out of good bread. Jane came over to see us last week. She has plenty of work to do; but she says it is every day becoming more and more easy to her. Her mistress gives her a good character for being steady and willing to learn. So we hope she will do well. This comes with kind love from

Your loving parents.

VII.

Dear Henry,—I often lament our being so far apart, and that it is so expensive and uncertain to send a parcel. It is one comfort that we can now send letters as often as we like, and I hope we shall neither of us be disposed to leave the other long in anxiety about our health and welfare. Half a sheet of paper, half a dozen lines and a penny, is a cheap offering for the comfort of an absent brother or sister. Then when time allows, we can write more fully, and thus keep up that sort of acquaintance with each other, which absence so sadly interrupts. We can only think of each other, as we were when we parted; but a frequent interchange of letters, will make us familiar with the progress of each other's mind and pur-

suits. If we gain a piece of valuable knowledge, we can impart it before it is forgotten by ourselves, and lost to our friends; and if one should be taking up an erroneous sentiment, the other will have an opportunity of correcting it before it takes a very deep hold of the mind. But it is just post time, and I am reminded that I did not take up my pen to sentimentalize on the advantages of a cheap postage, but to tell you that I have just met with a delightful little book, entitled, "The Young Man from Home." I am sure you will be equally delighted with it, and profited by it. As by taking off the covers, I can inclose it in this letter, and send it all the way to you (three hundred miles and more) for sixpence, or with the neat binding for eightpence, I do so; last year it would have cost seventeen shillings and four pence.

Your affectionate sister.

P.S.—I shall think of you in the intervals of worship on Lord's day, as reading the book, and recalling your own leaving home.

VIII.

My dear Friend,—I am placed in circumstances of much perplexity, as to the path of duty respecting . . . . . For my encouragement, I lay hold on the gracious permission: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not," James i. 5. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths," Prov. iii. 6. I trust I do in sincerity seek that direction, and that it will be my privilege to receive it; but then I know it must be sought in the use of means, and one mean is the counsel of judicious Christian friends. Permit me to solicit yours; and, since "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," James v. 16, you will not think me enthusiastic if I say that I this night avail myself of the new facility of communication with absent friends to write to yourself and five others, each of whom I believe possesses that sacred interest in the court of Heaven, and entreat not only their own best judgment on the case, but also their fervent prayers that in this important step I may be preserved from mistake and guided in the way wherein I should go. I shall hope that in the course of a week, each of my friends will favour me with a line; and I shall conscientiously withhold my mind from decision, while I believe they are imploring for me that guidance that cannot err. I remain, with sincere respect,

Truly yours, ——.

IX.

My dear Friend,—I rejoice in the prosperity that has attended your enterprizes through the past year, and entreat you to take into your serious consideration the two following texts:—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Mark viii. 36. "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase," Prov. iii. 9.

Faithfully yours.

X.

My dear Friend,—I have just heard of your heavy calamity, and deeply sympathize with you. I hope to write a few lines to-morrow. Meanwhile, cheer up, and remember Heb. xii. 6.

Yours affectionately.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

MARCH.

To the dreary rains of February, succeed the sharp winds of March, felt often more severely than the cold of mid-winter; yet are they not without their utility.

"——These cruel seeming winds
Blow not in vain. For hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the west Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train would quench the summer blaze,
And cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year."
Thomson.

"A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom," so says an old proverb. Were the heavy rains of the previous month continued throughout the present, the seeds committed to the earth and already germinating, would perish; and the industry of man become frustrated. Hence, though March is a trying month, as it is often termed, on the character it assumes, (reference being made more particularly to our island,) depend the fulness of summer, and the riches of autumn. Let us, then, thankful that He who "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb," has ordered all things

well and wisely for our good, brave the sharp breeze, and venture forth to mark, read, and learn something of the natural phenomena, which March presents, as ordained by the almighty Maker and Preserver of this great globe, and all which he has formed to decorate, or enliven its varied surface.

See! vegetation has advanced since our last ramble. The peach (*Amygdalus persica*) unfolds its lovely blossoms; the violet perfumes the air; the common elder (*Sambucus nigra*) and the gooseberry (*Ribes grossularia*) are putting forth their leaves; the wood anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*) is in flower; the forest trees are in bud; a purplish brown tint overspreads the elm, every spray teeming with buds of this ruddy colour, on the eve of unfolding into leaves. When the leaves of the elm shall have attained the size of a sixpence then listen for the loud reiterated call of the wryneck, (*Yunx torquilla,*) one of the most remarkable and elegantly marked of our winged summer visitors. How brightly the golden blossoms of the common coltsfoot (*Tussilago farfara*) spangle that mound of clay. I have ever observed that where clay has been dug up, and left in heaps, it becomes covered with this plant; I am inclined to think that it contains the seeds of the plant, deposited at the same time with it, and requiring only the sun and air to germinate. We know that seeds may be buried for ages, preserving their vital properties; and that they will germinate when recalled by accident into circumstances favourable to the developement of the vital principle. Grains of corn, taken from the tombs of the mummies of Egypt, have been known to vegetate. The primrose, (*Primula vulgaris,*) a universal favourite, is in full leaf and flower, adorning our woods and coppices, and sheltered banks, with its sulphur-coloured blossoms. On yonder wall, crumbling beneath the hand of time, the stonecrop (*Sedum acre*) spreads luxuriantly, and its yellow bloom contrasts well with the grey and green of the lichens, which creep over the surface of each block. The hardy wallflower, second to none in fragrance, rooted on the interstices, is coming into blossom; and dark green mosses with spikes of brown, tuft the mouldering fragments. But see, the bee is on the wing; the brimstone butterfly, seen occasionally during the last month, appears in greater numbers; and a peacock butterfly has flitted past—how beautiful its colours! But how different is the flight of the bee to the vacillating movements of the butterfly! in the one, the movements are steady and rapid; in the other, irregular, zigzag, and apparently capricious. It has been observed, that insects with scale-covered wings have less steadiness and velocity of flight, than such as have the wings simply membranaceous, and destitute of clothing. Let us examine the wings of the bee—They are four in number, smooth and glossy, and consist of a fine, delicate, transparent membrane, traversed by fibres or nervures, which act as a sort of framework, giving to these organs due firmness and strength. Examined by means of the microscope, these fibres appear as tubular; they contain air, and it is the opinion of many entomologists that the insect can at pleasure direct air into these tubes, so as to dilate them to the utmost, and render them tense, and therefore more efficient as stretchers of the membrane which they support. Birds, as is well known, have the bones of the wings hollow, and communicating with the lungs, from which they are filled with air, and it is not improbable that there may be some analogy in this respect, between the nervures of the wings of insects, and the osseous framework of the wings of birds. The wing of the butterfly consists essentially of a membrane supported by nervures; but this membrane is covered with downy scales of extreme minuteness. The same structure obtains in moths; and Lyonet gives six quarto plates crowded with delineations of the different forms of the scales, with which the wing of the *bombyx cossus* is invested. The forms, indeed, of the scales which cover the wings of butterflies, and also their bodies, are exceedingly diversified. They consist, however, as proved by a powerful lens, of a body and peduncle, or little root, inserted into the membrane; they overlap each other, and are disposed with regularity, giving, from their closeness and minuteness, a powdery appearance to the wing, from which they are easily disengaged, leaving the membrane they invest clear and transparent. To count the number of these minute scales is almost impossible; but in the small wing of the silk moth, (*Bombyx*

mori,) more than two hundred thousand of these scales (in each wing) have been counted by Lewenhoeck. The ordinary forms of these scales, as seen in some species of butterfly, are represented in the following sketch.

Forms of scales of some species of Butterfly.

In many instances, the scales are beautifully and regularly striated, these striæ, or lines, being again crossed by others still finer; and it is to the refraction of the rays of light produced by the striæ thus arranged, that the changeful and brilliant tints of each scale are greatly owing. Of the strength of the muscular apparatus, by which the fan-like wings of insects are worked, and the velocity of their action, we can hardly conceive. Who can count the vibrations of the wing of the bee or the gnat? either of these insects, and indeed the common fly, will play round the most rapid steam-carriage at full speed, not only moving progressively with the same rapidity, but accomplishing this movement by wheeling round in circles of greater or less extent, thus traversing a space very far greater than if they kept only a direct course. With regard to their powers of flight, insects excel birds, if not absolutely, at least comparatively, and their strength is proportionately superior to that either of birds or mammalia. Ants, for example, will carry loads from thirty to forty times heavier than their own bodies. Linnæus computed the strength of the common chaffer beetle (*Melolontha vulgaris*) to be, in proportion to its bulk, six times greater than that of the horse; and further, he observes, that if the elephant possessed the same proportionate degree of strength, as the stag-beetle (*Lucanus*) is capable of exerting, he would be able to tear up trees by the roots, and hurl huge rocks against his assailants, as the fabled Titans of old against the gods of mythology.

Mark that snake; how elegant its tortuous movements as it traverses the sunny bank; it has seen us, and is gone like lightning. The snake hybernates, and its first re-appearance is during the present month, earlier or later, according to the warmth or coldness of the weather. The snake (*Natrix torquatus*) is the largest of the British reptilia, and is strong, active, and graceful; it is not venomous, being destitute of the poison fangs, with which the viper is armed, and which render many species in more southern regions justly objects of terror. It is fond of sheltered situations, and warm meadows, in the vicinity of water; to which it frequently betakes itself, probably in quest of prey, swimming with the greatest ease; and it is also capable of remaining a considerable time beneath the water. Melon pits, hotbeds, mounds of manure, and the interstices on the sides of limekilns, are favourite places for the resort of the common snake. We knew a limekiln in Staffordshire, in almost continual use; the sloping sides of which, composed of heavy stonework and earth, abounded with these animals. Strings of their eggs, with their parchment-like covering, were to be obtained in almost every crevice. During the summer, the adjacent meadows were tenanted by these animals; but as the cold weather came on, they drew to the sides of the kiln, and in the crevices, and beneath the turf and stonework, took up their winter

quarters. Gilbert White says, "Snakes lay chains of eggs in my melon beds every summer, in spite of all that my people can do to prevent them; which eggs do not hatch till the spring following, as I have often experienced." We have found their eggs in cucumber beds, and in heaps of stable manure. Frogs, toads, lizards, snails, the eggs of small birds, and nestling birds, together with mice, and even young rats, are the food of the snake; and in the pursuit of the latter, it is bold and active: indeed the strength of the snake is much greater than might be anticipated from its form, nor is its courage less, when opposed to natural enemies; at the same time it is easily rendered tame and familiar. We know of an instance, in which one was kept for the space of eleven years by a gentleman, to whom it manifested great attachment. A lady of considerable repute in the literary world, informed the writer, that she knew a lady of somewhat eccentric habits, who, much to the annoyance of her friends, domesticated a host of snakes, as pets: they recognized her, and would come when called, and wreathe themselves around her arms or neck; and indeed, often around those of her visitors, to their terror and amazement. Another of our British reptiles, which now makes its re-appearance, (and which is to a naturalist an interesting animal, as belonging to a form intermediate between certain of the saurian reptiles (lizards) on the one hand, namely, those of the genera *Scincus*, *Chalcides*, and *Seps*, and on the other, the true snakes,) is the blind-worm, (*Anguis fragilis.*) The blind-worm, or slow-worm, is common throughout most parts of Europe, and is gentle and inoffensive, but at the same time very timid. Its general colour is light brown, having a gloss of silvery grey, and with a dorsal line of dark or blackish dots; several lines of a similar colour are carried along the sides: these markings are, however, by no means constant, and some examples are altogether destitute of them: the head is small and blunt; the tail short, and obtuse at its termination; the eyes are small but brilliant, and have true eyelids; the teeth are minute; the tongue is not very extensive, nor bifid as in the common snake. When under apprehension of injury, this reptile contracts its muscles, so as to render itself stiff, and at the same time so brittle as to snap in two by the slightest blow, or even an attempt to bend it: hence its specific title, *fragilis*. It is much smaller than the common snake, and seldom exceeds twelve or fourteen inches in length. Insects, slugs, and earth worms constitute its food; the undilateable character of its mouth preventing it from swallowing frogs or similar animals. Mr. G. Daniel (see Bennett's edition of White's Selborne) says, "A blind-worm that I kept alive for nine weeks, would when touched, turn and bite, although not very sharply; its bite was not sufficient to draw blood, but it always retained its hold until released. It drank sparingly of milk, raising its head when drinking. It fed upon the little white slug (*Limax agrestis*, Linn.) so common in fields and gardens, eating six or seven of them, one after the other; but it did not eat every day. It invariably took them in one position. Elevating its head slowly above its victim, it would suddenly seize the slug by the middle, in the same way that a ferret or dog will generally take a rat by the loins; it would then hold it thus for sometimes more than a minute, when it would pass its prey through its jaws, and swallow the slug head foremost. It refused the larger slugs, and would not touch either young frogs or mice: snakes kept in the same cage took both frogs and mice. The blind-worm avoided the water; the snakes, on the contrary, coiled themselves in the pan containing water, which was put into the cage, and appeared to delight in it. The blind-worm was a remarkably fine one, measuring fifteen inches in length. It cast its slough whilst in my keeping; the skin came off in separate pieces." When at liberty, however, the slough of this species, as is the case with the common snake, is thrown off entire, and turned inside out, like the inverted finger of a glove, or as we see the skin stripped off an eel. Of the numerous specimens of this curious reptile which we have handled while alive, not one ever attempted to bite.

Few of our summer birds of passage have yet made their appearance, though most of our winter visitors have already taken their departure for the wide regions of the north. One species may be observed flitting about on the common lands and open pasture grounds, remarkable for the pure white of the lower part of the back, in contrast with the bluish-grey of the rest of the upper parts, and the fawn colour of the chest. It is the wheatear (*Saxicola œnanthe* Bechst.) How quick,

restless, and uncertain are its movements, as it flits from turf to turf, or from stone to stone, and how nimbly it runs along the ground! On its first arrival, the wheatear is very fat, so much so that we have seen examples shot, in which the fat oozing through the small orifices made by the pellets of lead, completely saturated the plumage: it is at this season that the wheatear is prized as a delicacy for the table, equal, if not superior, to the ortolan, (*Emberiza hortulana,*) so esteemed in the south of Europe. Hence numbers are annually caught, on the downs of our southern counties. The mode of entrapping is by placing two turfs upright, at a sufficient distance from each other to allow the bird to pass between; at each opening is fixed a horse-hair noose secured to a peg of wood; the bird attempting to enter in search of food, (for it is in crevices and similar places where it finds the insects on which it feeds,) or for shelter, is nearly sure of being caught; but if the first noose misses, the other, as it passes out, will probably entangle it. To what extent the capture of this bird is annually carried on, we cannot ascertain; in Latham's time it was very great, for he informs us that in the vicinity of Eastbourne, in Sussex, 1,840 dozens have been taken in one year. It is remarkable that of the three British examples of the genus *Saxicola*, two, the wheatear (*S. œnanthe*) and the whinchat (*S. rubetra*) should be migratory, while the stone-chat (*S. rubicola*) should continue to reside on the open lands, moors, and commons of this country, throughout the whole of the year. The whinchat seldom appears before the middle of April.

Observe the flight of that bird which rose from amongst the rushes; it is a snipe, (*Scolopax gallinago.*) How irregular and zigzag its first movements, how suddenly it then mounted aloft, and how abrupt its descent: snipe-shooting requires a quick and practised eye. This well-known bird is a permanent resident in our island, changing its situation from one locality to another, as the weather may render necessary. During the autumn and winter, these birds, scattered over the low lands, frequent marshes, bogs, and rushy grounds, which they forsake during severe frosts, or when the ground is covered with snow, for the fountain-heads of rivulets, and for springs whose temperature preserves them from being ice-bound. As the spring sets in, in March, earlier or later, according to the weather, they mostly retire to the more elevated moorland tracts, and prepare for their nidification. A few however remain on the marshes or fenny lands of the lower and more southern parts of the island, there to breed. The piping call of the male bird, which is always uttered on the wing, may now be heard, accompanied at times by a humming noise, apparently produced, as Mr. Selby states, "by a peculiar action of the wings, as the bird, whenever this sound is emitted, is observed to descend with great velocity, and with a trembling motion of the pinions." In winter, our native snipes receive additions to their number from Norway, and other high regions of the continent; these often appear in great flights on our coasts, whence they disperse themselves over the more inland counties.

The woodcock, (*Scolopax rusticola,*) which, except occasionally, does not stay in our island to breed, takes its departure during this month for higher latitudes, for Sweden and Norway, where these birds are very abundant, and where their eggs are considered as a delicacy for the table, and collected in thousands, to the decrease, as sportsmen complain, of the species; for of late years this bird, so esteemed a delicacy for the table, visits our island in less abundance than formerly. The bill of the woodcock and snipe is organized as a feeler, having a tissue of nerves distributed over it, and particularly at its extremity, which is covered with a soft pulpy skin, or substance in which the nervous filaments ramify in vast numbers. Thus endowed with discriminating sensibility, the bill is further provided with certain muscles, which, by compression of the basal portion of the bill, are brought into action so as to expand the tips of both mandibles in such a manner as to enable them, inserted into the soft mud, to lay hold of the worm or insect which they feel, and draw it forth. The beautiful provision thus described for enabling these birds to feel the prey which they cannot see, to discriminate it from other things which the mud contains, and to secure it, is an instance of adaptive design, which cannot escape the observation of even the most unreflective. During this month, the lapwing or pewit (*Vanellus cristatus*) returns in small flocks to the moorland

tracts, in order to breed: the pairing season with them has commenced; and during this period, their flight, particularly that of the males, is peculiar for a variety of evolutions, in the course of which they dart upwards, sweep round, descend, and whirl about with great rapidity, their wings being so strongly and quickly agitated as to produce a whistling or hissing noise. Amongst our native birds, the red grouse (and it is exclusively peculiar to the British islands) breeds on the heath-covered hills and moors during the present month; the pairing time of this hardy and beautiful bird is in January; its nest, if it deserves the appellation, consists of a few withered stems of heath or grass, placed by way of lining in a shallow cavity of the ground on the heath, and on this the eggs are deposited; these are eight, ten, or twelve in number, of a greyish white, blotched with brown. The female only performs the task of incubation; but the brood when hatched, are under the care of both parents conjointly. The wild duck (*Anas boschas*) pairs in March; and the male and female continue associated till the female begins the task of incubation, when the male deserts her, and joins others of his own sex, forming flocks by themselves. The care of the young brood is exclusively the work of the female.

The domestic goose may now be seen with her callow young; the common fowl lays eggs; the pastures are enlivened by lambs, sporting playfully by the sides of their watchful mothers, who now become intrepid in the defence of their progeny. The care which the ewes display towards their lambs, and the readiness with which each individual recognises its own, the lamb at the same time recognising its parent among a flock, are displays of instinct often adverted to. Traits of instinct are always interesting, and to admit the influence of instinct, is to admit of design in creation. He who has called all beings into existence, has in wisdom and mercy given to each the innate desires, impulses, and modes or ways of action, suited to its especial wants; and hence it is, that instinct never misguides, while reason often leads to error. To the shepherd, March is an important month, and his flock demands much attention and forethought, for the weather is still often severe, and sudden changes of atmospheric temperature, and storms of sleet and hail, "deform the day delightless." To a short gleam of warmth and sunshine, it often happens,

"That frosts succeed, and winds impetuous rush,
And hailstones rattle through the budding bush,
Then, night-fall'n lambs require the shepherd's care,
And gentle ewes that still their burdens bear;
Beneath whose sides to-morrow's dawn may see
The milk-white strangers bow the trembling knee,
At whose first birth the powerful instinct 's seen,
That fills with champions the daisied green;
For sheep that stood aloof with fearful eye,
With stamping foot, now men and dogs defy,
And obstinately faithful to their young,
Guard their first steps to join the bleating throng
BLOOMFIELD.

March is a busy month for the husbandman, who sows that he may reap and gather into barns; and who, as he sees the sower stalk with measured step along the newly ploughed ground, throwing into the earth the seed intrusted, as it were, to its fostering bosom, there to germinate and assume a definite form and character, "it may chance of wheat or some other grain," but thinks on the revival of our mortal frames, "sown in corruption, raised in incorruption,—sown in dishonour, raised in glory,—sown in weakness, raised in power,—sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body," when the last trumpet shall sound, and all shall rise to meet the Lord of life and glory. Neither can we forget the beautiful parable of our Saviour, "Behold, a sower went forth to sow," (see Matt. xiii. 3,) nor, if we are Christians, help the expression of a heartfelt wish, that not only the natural seed, which the industrious husbandman scatters into the ground, but that the spiritual seed which the ministers of God's word are scattering in our own land, and in the lands of pagan desolation, may spring up and bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, nay a hundred fold. M.

BUTTERFLIES IN THE WESTERN PAMPAS.

The horizon was strangely distorted by refraction, and I anticipated some violent change. Suddenly, myriads of white butterflies surrounded the ship, in such multitudes, that the men exclaimed, "It is snowing butterflies." They were driven before a gust from the northwest, which soon increased to a double-reefed topsail breeze, and were as numerous as flakes of snow in the thickest shower. The space they occupied could not have been less than two hundred yards in height, a mile in width, and several miles in length.—*Captain Fitzroy.*

City of Peking.

PEKING.

The city of Peking stands in a vast plain, in latitude thirty-nine degrees, fifty-five minutes, longitude one hundred and sixteen degrees, forty-five minutes, east of Greenwich, according to some, twenty miles more westward, and belongs to Shunteën-foo. It is situated about sixty miles from the great wall, and one hundred from the sea. The Pe-ho flows at some distance to the east of the city, but as the Chinese cannot do without communication by water, they have dug canals and tanks, which stand in connexion with the Tung-hwuy. This is a small river, which, after having joined another branch, flows into the Pe-ho, and facilitates the water communication with the capital.

The Chinese court has been frequently removed from one part of the empire to the other. Kublai, the Mongol conqueror, fixed it at first in Shan-se province, and then established it at Peking. This is an ancient city, founded during the reign of the Han, and the capital of the Ketans, the founders of the Leaou dynasty. It seems to be the same as the Kambalu of Marco Polo, though the site of that city appears to differ from the present situation of Peking. The founder of the Ming dynasty lived at Nanking, (the southern court,) but one of his successors, Yunglo, transplanted the seat of the supreme government to Peche-le. By the natives, Peking is generally called King-too, or King-sze, (the residence of the court,) and is looked upon as a sacred spot, the nearest portal to heaven. It has undergone great changes since its foundation: it is now divided into the old and new city; the latter, which lies to the north, was built by the Tartars, and contains the imperial palace, and is hence called Nuy-ching, (inner city;) the former, which lies to the south, bears the name of Wae-ching, (outer city.) It is said to occupy an area of twenty-seven miles in circumference, not including the suburbs. The wall which surrounds it is thirty feet in height, and of the enormous thickness of twenty feet; nine gates lead through it, which reminds one very strongly of ancient Babylon. A ditch around completes the fortification of a city, which, in the eyes of the Tartars, is impregnable. The wall is faced with many lofty towers and battlements, so as to form sufficient room for planting batteries. The streets leading to the nine gates are very spacious, but lined with low houses, and not being paved, are, in wet weather, almost impassable. In entering no capital will a traveller be so much disappointed as in entering Peking; for after having eyed the city with wonder, and passed the gate, the romantic fairy-land vanishes at once. If, however, he can

content himself with the sight of gaudy shops, and a promiscuous crowd, continually thronging the streets, he may still be reminded, that he is in the capital of China.

The northern city being built in the form of a parallelogram, facing the four quarters of the globe, consists of three inclosures, one within the other. The innermost contains the imperial palace, where his majesty and the royal family live; the next, though designed to be the residence of the immediate officers and attendants of the palace, is now occupied by the industrious Chinese; whilst the third constitutes the open city. The wall which surrounds the imperial sacrum is laid over with yellow bricks, mounted with high towers, and built very regularly, so that the whole has a neat appearance. All the walks, which lead to the principal halls, are paved with large slabs of white and grey stone. The Wao-mun, or meridian gate, is the most splendid of all; the emperor alone can pass through it by means of the southern avenue, and whenever he honours it with his presence, a gong and a bell, hung in the tower over the gate, are sounded. Here he distributes presents to foreign ambassadors, views the captives, which his invincibles have taken, and shows himself, whenever he has to dispense mercy. The emperor receives congratulations, and visits of ceremony in the Tae-ho-mun, (the gate of great harmony,) which is a splendid Chinese edifice one hundred and ten feet high. The Chung-ho-teën, and the Paou-ho-teën, are likewise halls of ceremony; but nobody can visit the Keën-tsing-kung, except those who receive a special call. It is the palace of *heaven's rest*, for this is the signification of its name, and serves as a cabinet, where ministers of state assemble for consultation, and candidates for office, to obtain their appointment. Twice it has been made the scene of social enjoyment; on one occasion, when Kang-he invited all who had passed the age of sixty; on the other, when Keën-lung issued a similar invitation to an immense number of persons in their dotage. The Kwan-ning-kung is the abode of the empress, who has also a flower-garden near her dwelling. Adjacent to her palace is a library, containing most of the books that have been published in the empire. Their majesties being the representatives of heaven and earth, the words Keën and Kwan—(the two dual principles, heaven—the moving power, earth—the receiving mother,) distinguish their respective palaces. In the Fung-seën-teën, the tablets of the deceased imperial ancestors are kept, and it is here that the emperor prostrates himself, in order to obtain blessings from the manes of his ancestors, and to show his filial piety. Six palaces are occupied by the imperial females, and one by the emperor's stewards, and there are others besides kept for similar purposes. To our taste, the buildings appear gorgeous, but to the Chinese they have indescribable charms.

The second inclosure, called Hwang-ching, (august city,) is six miles in circumference, and surrounded with a wall twenty feet in height. Many temples, dedicated to idols, are destined to adorn, or rather to disgrace the Hwang-ching. We notice the Shay-tseih-tan, an altar erected to honour the gods of the land and of grain, the most sacred idols, constituted by the ancient kings objects of adoration. From them, though merely deified personages, every blessing of the country descends; a plentiful harvest, a tree in full blossom, a well stored granary are the gifts of the Shay-tseih, the Ceres of China. The face of the altar is of party-coloured earth, the north side is black, the south red, the east green, the west white, and the centre yellow. However, heaven's son does not place his entire confidence in those vain idols; he has in their neighbourhood a large arsenal, where every thing is prepared for the defence of the country. The principle of latitudinarian toleration is here carried to extremes; the Russian priests reside not far from the Tibetean Lamas; whilst the idols of thunder and wind, in the adjacent temples, keep them both company. The emperor spends his leisure hours in artificial parks, gardens, and summer houses. The most remarkable are the King-shan, a hill raised and well planted with cypress; the Se-yuen, or western park, with an artificial lake, and several landscapes, summer houses, cupolas, etc. Yet the monarchs are so much devoted to military tactics, that even in this retreat of sweet repose, the annual examination of candidates for military rank are held. An immense statue of Budhu is paraded in one of the temples. This is now an idol, which

the Chinese orthodoxy of state has declared to be illegal, and consequently excommunicated; how, notwithstanding, it has gained access to the imperial city, and stands there in open defiance of all prohibitions, we are unable to tell. It would be tedious to describe all the buildings—the palaces alone exceeding two hundred. Lest, however, the reader should form too high an estimate of the city, we must inform him that some of the palaces even would scarcely serve for a stable, and that the far-famed gardens might be mistaken for a mere jungle. The writer has seen imperial gardens, where there was nothing growing but brambles and briers! and the buildings in which were so filthy and dilapidated, that, for night quarters, he would have preferred an Irish cabin. There are some remarkable exceptions; and amongst these, we number the splendid gardens of Yuen-ming-yuen. The five tribunals which decide upon all important affairs of state, hold their sittings here, in buildings belonging to the palace. The medical college, the astronomical board, the imperial observatory, are all in its environs. But no institution reflects so much lustre on this city as the Han-lin-yuen, (the national college,) where all Chinese learning and literature are concentrated. Even the censors of the empire have their seat here. Mantchoo, Chinese, and Russian learning flourish in it; all religions, though some of them are proscribed, share the honour of being sanctioned in its precincts. A mosque, a Greek church, a Roman Catholic church, pagodas dedicated to different idols, are here mingled, just as if there were no religious distinction: one church, however, is wanting —a temple dedicated to "the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent."

We have already mentioned the Tae-ho-teën, (hall of great harmony,) but have not yet spoken of the imperial throne, and the great hall of audience, which it contains. It is one hundred and thirty feet long, and almost square; the imperial dragon, which is the official badge of heaven's son, is painted on the green lackered ceiling; but the walls are only whitewashed, and, in the absence of all decorations, the Chinese seem to intimate, that true grandeur is best represented in the most simple garb. This applies also to the throne, a lofty alcove, raised some feet from the ground, with a simple inscription Shing, *holy* or *sage*. Whether the monarch is seated upon it or not, the mandarins knock head upon the pavement, to show their veneration and servility to the potentate. To introduce order amongst the immense crowd, which collects at every audience, brass plates nailed upon the pavement, with an inscription indicating the name and rank of a certain officer, point out to each individual his proper place, so that every one has space enough to lie down prostrate, and ko-tow (knock head) without injury to his neighbour. Immense stores of valuable articles, such as gold, silver, ivory, furs, etc., are kept near this palace, and only opened, when an emperor ascends the throne, or a lady is raised to the rank of empress.

Yet the numerous fanes in the Hwang-ching are too few for the superstition of the dragon. There are also temples in the Chinese city, or Wae-ching, which he occasionally visits. Such is the Teën-tan, or celestial altar, where the azure heavens are adored: this is rather a splendid and large building, the wall which surrounds it is half a mile in circumference; between it and the outer ditch is a roof, supported by one hundred and sixty pillars. Before the principal entrance, on the left hand, is a pavilion of stone, adorned with a statue in bronze, representing a man in deep contemplation, and on the other the monument of time. The emperor himself sacrifices here at the winter solstice, to the azure heavens. The Seën-nung-tan is erected in honour of the inventor of agriculture; but the spirit of the heavens and the earth, and the planet of Jupiter, have all their respective altars. Sacrifices are offered before them to the five sacred mountains, the five predominant mountains, and the five common mountains; their meaning we leave the reader to guess, nor can we discover what they have to do with agriculture. But this is not sufficient; the rivers have also their representatives, and receive their regular sacrifice upon an altar, where their form is engraved. Nothing, however, is so remarkable as the field which the emperor annually ploughs. But here we merely observe, that the grain produced by the emperor's manual labour is thought much superior to common grain, and is therefore used to

make cakes for the sacrifices offered up to heaven.

The Chinese city bears all the marks of an industrious people, constant in the pursuit of gain: mercantile bustle pervades every corner of it. The police, which consists here of soldiers, keeps a sharp look-out to prevent robberies, theft, etc., Peking, like almost all cities, and perhaps more so than any other, being a sink of iniquity.

The suburbs included, we do not hesitate to say that the city numbers two millions of inhabitants. It is naturally a great place for trade, and would be still greater, if any European merchants were established here to carry on business.—*Gutzlaff.*

THE ASH.

Explanation of cut.—*a*, flower. *b*, winged seeds. *c*, single flower. *d*, seed divested of its wings.

NATURAL ORDER. Oleœcæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Fraxinus Excelsor. *Diandria Monogynia.*

Calyx none, or in four deep segments. Corolla none, or in four deep segments. Filaments two, short. Anthers large, purplish, with four furrows. Germen superior, egg shaped, two celled. Style short. Stigma cleft. Capsule green, with a flat leaf-like termination, two celled, each cell one seeded, frequently remaining on the tree after the leaves have fallen. Leaves stalked, consisting of five or six pairs of lance shaped, opposite leaflets, deeply serrated, with a terminal leaflet. Flower buds large and black, blossom in loose panicles. Flowers in April or May.

"All know that in the woods the ash reigns queen,
In graceful beauty soaring to the sky."
GARCILASSE.

IF the mighty oak, renowned for strength and grandeur, reign the undisturbed monarch of our sylva, what other tree is so fit to partake his forest throne as "the towering ash," combining, as it does, in equal degree, majesty and beauty, dignity and grace? How noble the sweep of its lofty trunk and "umbrageous arms!" How light and airy the ramifications of its sprays, nor less so the feathery foliage, which clothes them with a pendant mantle of the brightest and loveliest green. How splendid its silvery stem, embossed with lichens of a golden hue. "Its knotty bloom," Gilpin declares, "not only enriches the spray, but is itself one of the most beautiful among the minute appearances of nature: the seminal stems are of an olive tint, and each of them tipped with a black seed." But

——— "Nature seems to ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign,"

and all its external charms appear to yet greater advantage from their contrast with the rugged sublimity of the scene around, when the tree is found, as it not unfrequently is,

"At anchor in the rifted rock,"

waving its graceful form on the sides of some craggy precipice, or rooted in the fissures of a rocky bank, and bending over some mountain streamlet, or foaming torrent, "Narcissus like, viewing its own charms." In such a situation have our poets often delineated it.

"Tall ash tree, sown by winds, by vapours nursed,
In the dry crannies of the pendant rocks."
WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

"The ash asks not a depth of fruitful mould,
But, like frugality, on little means
It thrives, and high o'er creviced ruins spreads
Its ample shade, or in the naked rock,
That nods in air, with graceful limbs depends."
BIDLAKE.

"Amid the brook,
Grey as the stone to which it clung, half root,
Half trunk, the young ash rises from the rock:
And there its parent lifts its lofty head,
And spreads its graceful boughs; the passing wind
With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
And shakes its rattling tufts."—SOUTHEY.

Nor is it only on account of its picturesque beauty that this tree ranks so high among the trees of the forest. External appearance should never be exalted above intrinsic worth, but we are under no temptation to this error, while the ash is our subject. If it is distinguished as the beauty of our woods, it is yet more ennobled by its general utility. As a timber tree, it is only inferior to the oak; and though that tree will ever remain unrivalled for the peculiar purposes to

which it is applied, perhaps the ash is more generally useful. Toughness and elasticity are the peculiar characteristics of its wood, and it is the combination of these two qualities which have rendered the tree so valuable in peace and in war, to the ancient and the modern, to the prince and the peasant.

——"Tough bending ash
Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
And for the peer his prouder chariot builds."

But it is the sequestered scenes of rural life, that we must contemplate, if we would rightly appreciate the value of the ash, the husbandman's tree. Smile not at the lowly name, ye children of affluence, ye great ones of the earth, who estimate surrounding objects only by the gratification they afford your senses, or the degree in which they minister to your own imaginary wants. That "the king himself is served by the labour of the field," is the inspired declaration of the wisest of the sons of men; and shall we then regard with scornful pride, or careless indifference, those humble, but invaluable labours, by which "our own, our native isle," has attained her present lofty station among the nations of the earth; distinguished alike for the extent of her commerce, the variety of her manufactures, and the undaunted bravery of her sons "first on the listed plain or stormy sea;" ennobled by her patronage of the arts, and liberality to the distressed; in "patriots and in statesmen fertile;" the favourite abode of liberty, and the successful champion of freedom. "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the glory," will the Christian patriot exclaim, while with glowing heart he contemplates the wondrous transformation by which "this island, spot of unreclaimed rude earth," in former times the prey of every invader, has become the empress of the seas, the mistress of the world. But while we thus attribute the prosperity of Britain to its true source, the great First Cause of all terrestrial good, to

——"Him who has hid us and our favoured land
For ages safe beneath his sheltering hand;"

what may we regard as the instruments by which he wrought the mighty work, as the foundation stones of the glorious building? Behold the acorn from which the giant oak has sprung—the ash, the husbandman's tree, the material of those implements by which our pastures, once poisonous morasses, are "clothed with flocks," and our valleys, heretofore impenetrable forests, are "covered with corn." "Without the industry of the farmer, the manufacturer would have no goods to supply the merchant, nor the merchant find any employment for the mariners; trade would be stagnated, and riches of no advantage."

"Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough,"

and promote, by every means in your power, the interests of those labourers, who, in the sweat of their brows, prepare for you the staff of life, who labour that ye may take your rest. If to them has been assigned the literal fulfilment of the primeval curse by that God who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," on you devolves the duty of infusing, by acts of sympathy and words of kindness, some drops of sweetening into their bitter cup. "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble," Psa. xli. 1.

"The use of the ash is (next to that of oak) one of the most universal. The carpenter, wheelwright, and cartwright find it excellent for ploughs, axletrees, wheelrings, and harrows: like the elm, it is excellent for tenons and mortises; nothing is like it for our gardens, palisade hedges, hop yards, poles and spars, handles and stocks, for tools, spade trees, etc. In fact, the husbandman cannot be without the ash." Such is old Evelyn's testimony; and although the now universal application of iron may have partially supplanted this timber for many of the purposes to which he alludes, it is still used in no inconsiderable degree for agricultural implements. For oars, its combination of strength with lightness renders it peculiarly adapted, nor less so for the purposes of the cooper and turner. By cabinet-makers this timber is highly valued, as the roots and knotted protuberances on the trunk are beautifully veined and susceptible of a high polish. "Some ash is so curiously cambletted and veined, I say, so differently from other timber, that our skilful cabinet-makers prize it equally with ebony; and when our woodmen light upon it, they may make what money of it they will. The truth is, the bruscum or molluscum to be frequently found in this wood, is nothing inferior to that of maple, being altogether as exquisitely diapered, and waved like the lines of an agate." With

the aid, doubtless, of "fancy, ludicrous and wild," some have traced in these marks a resemblance to various objects. Dr. Plot mentions a dining table made of old ash, on which were depicted divers strange figures of fish, men, and beasts; and an ash tree which grew in Holland, when cleft, discovered the forms of a chalice, a priest's alb and stole, and other pontifical vestments.

It is not only for its timber that the ash is valuable. No part of it is useless, nor any stage of its growth. In some districts whole coppices are planted with ash, and cut regularly every few years, these cuttings being well adapted for hop poles, cask hoops, rods for training plants, hurdles, etc. It is particularly cultivated in Staffordshire, being the principal wood used in manufacturing the crates in which articles sent from the potteries are packed. Nicol tells us, that "an ash pole, three inches in diameter, is as valuable and durable for any purpose to which it can be applied as the timber of the largest tree." The loppings from these coppices, or from the branches of the tree, are excellent for fire-wood, burning even when green; it is the principal fuel used in smoking dried herrings.* The ashes make good potash, and the bark is used in tanning. The leaves are occasionally used by the country people as an addition, or substitute for tea. They also serve as fodder for cattle, and were much prized by the Romans for this purpose. A prejudice, in later days prevailed against such food, on the ground that the leaves and shoots of this tree communicate an unpleasant flavour to the milk. This idea, however, is disproved by the recent testimony of a gentleman living in a part of the country where the ash tree abounds. He says, "Much excellent butter is made in this neighbourhood, on farms where it would be impossible to prevent the cows from feeding upon the leaves of the ash; and yet I never met with a farmer's wife, or dairy-woman in the neighbourhood, who had ever heard of the supposed injury done to butter."

Nor is the ash unknown in the materia medica. The ancient Greek, Roman, and Arabian physicians mention the medicinal properties of the keyes or seed, in cases of dropsy, and stone; and a French author has extracted a remedy for the gangrene by macerating the leaves, or putting one end of a truncheon, or branch into the fire, and collecting the sap as it exudes from the other end. A decoction of the leaves and bark has been found valuable as a tonic; and Evelyn states, that the saw-dust has been used for the same purposes as guaiacum. He also tells us, that "the keyes being pickled tender, afford a delicate salading." In Siberia these keyes are infused in water, and said to give it a pleasant flavour.

Pity that

> "The towering ash, the fairest in the woods,
> For nothing ill, ———"

should be also distinguished as

> "The warlike ash that reeks with human blood."
> CHURCHILL.

Yet, so it ever has been. Man, fallen man, perverts the blessings bestowed by a beneficent Creator on the creatures of his hand for other uses than those for which they were given. The very qualities of this wood, which rendered it so valuable for the purposes of which we have already spoken, have induced both ancients and moderns to select it as the material of those weapons with which they execute the work of him "who was a murderer from the beginning." Hence were manufactured the spear of the warrior, the pikes of the phalanx, the lance of the knight, and the bows of the yeomanry.

> ———"On fair levels and a gentle soil,
> The noble ash rewards the planter's toil;
> Noble, since great Achilles from her side
> Took the dire spear by which brave Hector died."
> RAPIN.

This mighty weapon is thus described,

> "And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
> Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
> From Pelion's cloudy top, an ash entire
> Old Chiron felled, and shaped it for his sire;
> A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
> The death of heroes, and the dread of fields."
> POPE'S ILIAD.

Virgil describes his hero as making use of "a lance of tough ground ash, rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew." He also tells us that the spears of the Amazons were made of this wood.

* "The wood of the ash, when burned in a green state, will emit a fragrance like that which proceeds from the violet or mezereon, and this will diffuse, in particular states of the air, to a considerable distance, a property that, I believe, is not observable in any other British wood. It is in the country only that we can be sensible of this, and it is particularly to be perceived in passing through a village when the cottagers are lighting their fires, or by a farm house, when this wood, fresh cloven or newly lopped off, is burning; as the wood dries, this sweet smell is, in great measure, exhaled with the moisture."—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

The shafts of Cupid are said to have been originally made of ash, though afterwards cypress was used. The English name of the tree is supposed to be derived from the Saxon word for pike, *æsc*.

A statute in the reign of Edward IV. commands that every Englishman, residing in Ireland, shall have a bow of "yew, wych, ash, or hazel."

Having thus fully described the beauty and utility of the ash, the reader will not be astonished to find it no less distinguished in the annals of superstition, for the individuals and objects held in the greatest veneration by an enlightened people, are always those by which they have been most benefited. Thus the sun and moon have been, in every age and clime, the objects of pagan worship. The Hindoos pay Divine honours to the shady banian tree, and the North American Indian offers sacrifice to the maize. The Greeks decreed that the man who taught the value of acorns as an article of food should be reverenced as a god, and the islanders of the Pacific worship those individuals whom they regard as their progenitors. To the same natural effects of superstitious feeling we may, no doubt, attribute the high honours with which the ash was regarded. It is remarkable, that the polished Greeks, as well as the unlettered Saxons, derived the human race from this tree. The Edda, or sacred book of the Scandinavian tribes, describes the gods as residing under a mighty ash tree, whose top reached to the heavens, its branches overshadowed the earth, and the roots descended to the infernal regions. An eagle was stationed on the summit, to observe all that passed in the world; and a squirrel was continually ascending and descending to report to it what would otherwise have been unobserved. Several serpents were entwined round the trunk, and from the roots issued two limpid streams, in one of which was concealed wisdom, in the other a knowledge of futurity. Three virgins were continually employed in sprinkling the leaves of the tree with water from these fountains, which, falling upon the earth, became dew. An ancient tradition to which Pliny alludes, mentions that serpents entertain such an extraordinary antipathy to the ash, that they always avoid its shade and would rather creep into a fire than pass over a twig of it. Nor has the general diffusion of the light of knowledge yet chased away before its piercing rays all the clouds of superstition which, in our own country, have enveloped this tree. Evelyn tells us, that in his time, in some parts of the country, an idea prevailed, that by splitting a young ash tree, and passing diseased children through the chasm, a cure would be effected; and a writer in our own days relates an instance, within his own observation, of this extraordinary practice. Another custom still exists, that of boring a hole in this tree, and imprisoning within it a shrew mouse; a few strokes with a branch of this tree is then considered as a sovereign remedy for lameness and other complaints in cattle, which are attributed to the evil influences of the poor little animal! In the midland counties a proverb exists, that if there are no keyes on the ash tree, there will be no king within the twelvemonth. It is customary, in many parts of the Highlands, at the birth of a child, for the nurse to put one end of a green branch of the tree into the fire, and gather the sap which oozes from the other end into a spoon; it is then administered to the infant before it takes any other food.

We have now to notice a few of our native ash trees most distinguished by their size or history. Perhaps one of the finest our island can boast, is that at Woburn Abbey, which, to use the words of Strutt, "is an extraordinary specimen of the size to which this tree will attain, in favourable situations. It is ninety feet high from the ground to the top of its branches, and the stem alone is twenty-eight feet. It is twenty-three and a half feet in circumference at the ground, and fifteen feet three inches at three feet from the ground. The circumference of its branches is one hundred and thirteen feet in diameter; the measurable timber in the body of the tree is three hundred and forty-three feet, and in the arms and branches, one of which is nine feet in circumference, five hundred and twenty-nine feet." The great ash, at Carnock, in Stirlingshire, is even larger; ninety feet in height, thirty-one feet in circumference at the ground, and twenty-one feet six inches four feet higher. At ten feet from the ground it divides into three large branches, each ten feet in circumference, and one of them is thirty feet in length. It is still in the same state as when delineated by our woodland biographer, "in full vigour and beauty,

(though planted in the year 1596 by Sir Thomas Nicholson, lord advocate of Scotland,) combining airy grace in the lightness of its foliage, and the playful ramifications of its smaller branches, with solidity and strength in its silvery stem and principal arms." The Kilmalie ash, growing in a churchyard on the estate of the Lochiel family, in Lochaber, was regarded with great veneration by the whole clan, and probably, on this account, burned by the victorious army in 1746. It must have been of enormous size, for when its ruins were examined in 1764, they measured, as far as could be ascertained, fifty-eight feet in circumference. Those who had been well acquainted with it, described it as not lofty, but dividing into three great arms, at the height of sixty-eight feet from the ground. We cannot, however, wonder at its perfection when we find it was in rich loamy soil, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a small rivulet.

The Bonhill ash, in Dumbartonshire, is perhaps as ancient, though not equal in size, to the one of which we have just spoken. At four feet from the ground it exceeds thirty-four feet in circumference, and just below the spot where the trunk divides into three giant arms, it measures nearly twenty-three feet. The trunk is hollow, and has been formed into a small room, eleven feet in height. In the centre is a table, and round it a bench on which eighteen people can sit. Notwithstanding this decay of the centre part, the tree continues to form new wood beneath the bark, and the branches are fresh and vigorous.

At Earlsmill, in Morayshire, is another hollow tree, measuring above seventeen feet in girth, at three feet from the ground; within the cavity nine men can stand upright at the same time. In July, 1824, the largest of its mighty branches was broken down by a high wind. Previously to this accident, "nothing could be more grand than its head, which was formed of three enormous limbs, variously subdivided into bold sweeping limbs; but although the ruin, thus created, was sufficiently deplorable, it was strikingly sublime."

Nor is the sister island without specimens of the

"Ash far spreading its umbrageous arm."

At Doniray, near Clare Castle, in the county of Galway, was a tree, that at four feet from the ground, measured forty-two feet in girth; and at two feet higher, thirty-three feet. The trunk being hollow, it was used for some years as a school-room. Another ash, in King's County, is indeed a noble tree; the trunk, seventeen feet high, before dividing into branches, and almost twenty-two feet in circumference at the base. It is regarded by the peasants with great reverence. When a funeral of the lower class passes it, the custom is to deposit the corpse beneath it for a few minutes, repeat a prayer, and add a stone to an enormous heap around the base, which testifies to the length of time which this superstition has prevailed.

Nor must we omit to remark in this tree a renewed proof of the wisdom, as well as bounty, of that glorious Being, "whose tender mercies are over all his works." Those productions, which are most essential to the necessities of the inhabitants of every country, are those which most abound in them.

The useful ash "agrees with a greater variety of soil and situation than perhaps any other tree, producing timber of equal value; and, differing from many other trees, its value is increased rather than diminished by the rapidity of its growth." It will alike grow on the bleak mountain summit, within the reach of the sea gale, or on the swampy bog. A loamy soil, however, is that in which it thrives the best, and shelter, and a situation within reach of water, are essential to its attaining perfection. The roots, which are white and fibrous, extend to a great distance under ground, and serve as a subterraneous drain to the surface above. On this account, the tree is frequently planted in low boggy situations, and hence the country proverb, "May your foot-fall be by the root of an ash;" that is, May you have a firm footing. It is to this extension of its roots, which impoverish the soil above them, that we may trace the generally received opinion, that the shade of this tree is injurious to vegetation. It is not to the foliage, but to the fibres of the ash, that we must attribute the fact; but from what we have just observed, it will be seen that this seeming blemish constitutes one of the valuable properties of the tree. Who will presume to charge a fault on the operations of the God of nature? Shall man, short-sighted man, regarding with the glow-worm lamp of fallen reason, the little circle within his ken, venture to ascribe defects to those

works which his omniscient Creator pronounced to be "all very good?" In the economy of nature, no less than that of providence,

> "Blind unbelief is sure to err,
> And scan his works in vain."

The Christian philosopher will neither censure nor criticize aught that bears the impress of his Father's hand, but receive with gratitude those rays of science which, from time to time, irradiate what has seemed to be mysterious, and wait with humble faith, and patient anticipation, for that period when all shall be revealed; "he shall know even as he is known," and spend the countless ages of eternity, in celebrating the praises of Him "who created all things, and for whose pleasure they are and were created."

Some have condemned the ash on account of the early falling of its foliage. "Instead," says Gilpin, "of contributing its tint, in the wane of the year, among the many coloured offspring of the woods, it shrinks from the blast, drops its leaf, and in each scene where it predominates, leaves wide blanks of desolated boughs." But, granting that the ash is the last of our native trees to expand its leaves in the spring, and the first to lose them in the autumn, shall we exclude its noble and beautiful form from our plantations, because it reminds us of the transient nature of all terrestrial charms?

> "Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;"

but the brightest and the fairest are ever the first to fade before the chill storms of affliction, or the icy wind of death. The lofty pine is the first to be scathed by the lightning's blast, the rainbow melts away before the cloud, whose gloom it has enlivened, has exhausted its torrent; and the nightingale, the sweetest songster of our feathered choir, is the first to fly the vocal vale.

> "What is beauty's power?
> It flourishes, and—dies;"

nor can wit or honour, or riches or strength, avert the resistless stroke of death; rather do they seem to offer the fairer marks for his shafts.

> "Then since this world is vain,
> And volatile and fleet;
> Why should we lay up earthly joys,
> Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
> And cares and sorrows eat?"—K. White.

Rather, remembering the uncertain term of life, and all things here below, let us seek an enduring portion in the region above, where sorrow and death may not enter. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever."

> On the tree of life eternal,
> Let our hopes be firmly staid;
> Which, alone, for ever vernal,
> Bears a leaf that will not fade.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. II.

The twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis contains a very beautiful and primitive picture of eastern manners, in the mission of Abraham's trusty servant to Mesopotamia, to procure a wife for Isaac from the daughters of that branch of the patriarch's family, which continued to dwell in Haran. He came nigh to the city of Nahor; it was the hour when the people were going to draw water. He entreated God to give him a token, whereby he might know which of the damsels of the place he had appointed to Isaac for a wife. "And it came to pass that behold Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel, son of Milcah, the wife of Nahor, Abraham's brother, with a pitcher upon her shoulder"—"Drink, my lord," was her greeting, "and I will draw water for thy camels also." This was the simple token which the servant had sought at the hands of God; and accordingly, he proceeds to impart his commission to herself and her friends. To read is to believe this story. But the point in it to which I beg the attention of my readers is this, that Rebekah is said to be "the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, which she bare unto Nahor." It appears, therefore, that the granddaughter of Abraham's brother is to be the wife of Abraham's son; that is, that a person of the third generation on Nahor's side is found of suitable years for one of the second generation on Abraham's side. Now, what could harmonize more remarkably with a fact elsewhere asserted, though here not even touched upon, that Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was for a long time barren, and had no child till she was stricken in years? Gen. xviii. 12. Thus it was that a generation on Abraham's side was lost, and the grandchildren of his brother in Haran were the coevals of his own

child in Canaan. I must say that this trifling instance of minute consistency gives me very great confidence in the veracity of the historian. It is an incidental point in the narrative, most easily overlooked—I am free to confess, never observed by myself till I examined the Pentateuch with a view to this species of internal evidence. It is a point on which he might have spoken differently, and yet not have excited the smallest suspicion that he was speaking inaccurately. Suppose he had said that Abraham's son had taken for a wife the daughter of Nahor, instead of the granddaughter, who would have seen in this any thing improbable? and to a mere inventor would not that alliance have been much the more likely to suggest itself?

Now here, again, the ordinary and extraordinary are so closely united, that it is extremely difficult indeed to put them asunder. If, then, the ordinary circumstances of the narrative have the impress of truth, the extraordinary have a very valid right to challenge our serious consideration too. If the coincidence almost establishes this as a certain fact, which I think it does, that Sarah did not bear Isaac while she was young, agreeably to what Moses affirms; is it not probable that the same historian is telling the truth when he says, that Isaac was born when Sarah was too old to bear him at all except by miracle? when he says, that the Lord announced his future birth, and ushered him into the world by giving him a name foretelling the joy he should be to the nations; changing the names of both his parents with a prophetic reference to the high destinies this son was appointed to fulfil?

Indeed, the more attentively and scrupulously we examine the Scriptures, the more shall we be (in my opinion) convinced, that the natural and supernatural events recorded in them must stand or fall together. The spirit of miracles possesses the entire body of the Bible, and cannot be cast out without rending in pieces the whole frame of the history itself, merely considered as a history.

There is another indication of truth in this same portion of patriarchal story. It is this—The consistent insignificance of Bethuel in this whole affair. Yet he was alive, and as the father of Rebekah was likely, it might have been thought, to have been a conspicuous person in this contract of his daughter's marriage. For there was nothing in the custom of the country to warrant the apparent indifference in the party most nearly concerned, which we observe in Bethuel. Laban was of the same country and placed in circumstances somewhat similar; he too had to dispose of a daughter in marriage, and that daughter also, like Rebekah, had brothers, Gen. xxxi. 1; yet in this case, the terms of the contract were stipulated, as was reasonable, by the father alone; he was the active person throughout. But mark the difference in the instance of Bethuel: whether he was incapable from years or imbecility to manage his own affairs, it is of course impossible to say; but something of this kind seems to be implied in all that relates to him. Thus, when Abraham's servant meets with Rebekah at the well, he inquires of her, "Whose daughter art thou; tell me, I pray thee, is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?" Gen. xxiv. 23. She answers, that she is the daughter of Bethuel, and that there is room; and when he thereupon declared, who he was and whence he came, "the damsel ran and told them of her mother's house" (not of her father's house, as Rachel did when Jacob introduced himself, Gen. xxix. 12.) "these things." This might be accident; but "Rebekah had a brother," the history continues, and "his name was Laban, and Laban ran out unto the man" and invited him in, Gen. xxiv. 29. Still we have no mention of Bethuel. The servant now explains the nature of his errand, and in this instance it is said, that Laban and Bethuel answered, Gen. xxiv. 50. Bethuel being here in this passage, which constitutes the sole proof of his being alive, coupled with his son as the spokesman. It is agreed, that she shall go with the man, and he now makes his presents, but to whom? "Jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, he gave to Rebekah." He also gave, we are told, "to her brother and to her mother precious things," Gen. xxiv. 53. but not it seems to her father; still Bethuel is overlooked, and he alone. It is proposed that she shall tarry a few days before she departs. And by whom is this proposal made? Not by her father, the most natural person surely to have been the principal throughout this whole affair; but "by her brother

and her mother," Gen. xxiv. 55. In the next generation, when Jacob, the fruit of this marriage, flies to his mother's country at the counsel of Rebekah to hide himself from the anger of Esau, and to procure for himself a wife, and when he comes to Haran and inquires of the shepherds after his kindred in that place, how does he express himself? "Know ye," says he, "Laban, the son of Nahor?" Gen. xxix. 5. This is more marked than even the former instances, for Laban was the son of Bethuel, and only the grandson of Nahor; yet still we see Bethuel is passed over as a person of no note in his own family, and Laban his own child designated by the title of his grandfather, instead of his father.

This is consistent; and the consistency is too much of one piece throughout, and marked by too many particulars, to be accidental. It is the consistency of a man who knew more about Bethuel than we do, or than he happened to let drop from his pen. It is of a kind, perhaps, the most satisfactory of all for the purpose I use it, because the least liable to suspicion of all. The uniformity of expressive silence—repeated omissions that have a meaning—no agreement in a positive fact, for nothing is asserted; yet a presumption of the fact conveyed by mere negative evidence. It is like the death of Joseph in the New Testament, which none of the evangelists affirm to have taken place before the crucifixion, though all imply it. This kind of consistency I look upon as beyond the reach of the most subtle contriver in the world.—*Blunt's Veracity of the Five Books of Moses.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON CEDAR PENCILS.

Another odd subject, you will say; but if you bear in mind, from what odd and trivial sources, many important thoughts, and words, and actions have arisen, you will let me take my course, and in my rambling way prate a little on the subject of cedar pencils. It is the settled conviction of my mind, that there is no subject in the wide range of thought that may not directly, or indirectly, be connected with meditations on the Divine goodness.

Oh, how much more dependent are we frail and feeble creatures, for our daily comforts on little things, than we are apt to imagine! What should we do without pins and needles? Thread and string? Snuffers, penknives, and scissors? Were you to deprive me, and ten thousand others in the world of our green shades, spectacles, pens, ink, paper, and cedar pencils; it would be like clipping a fish of its fins, or a bird of her wings.

A cedar pencil is to me a thing of value; for without one, how should I note down my passing thoughts in wandering through the highways and by-ways of life? I have tried all manner of substitutes in vain. Some time ago, I took a standish or inkhorn into the fields, and hung it to a button of my waistcoat; but a friend told me, that every one I met would take me for an exciseman. My pride—what poor proud creatures we are!—took the alarm, and my inkhorn was laid by. I then tried the patent pencil-case, which is supplied by points of black lead; but I could not write with them pleasantly, so my patent pencil-case was put aside too. A few weeks ago, I bought one of the pocket fountain-pens, that when once properly arranged, enables me, by the pressure of my thumb, to obtain a supply of ink to write with in the open air. It cost me sixteen silver shillings, and for the passing hour did very well; but the ink was shortly dried up, and then it took me half an hour to render my pocket fountain-pen once more fit for service. In short, I was obliged to resume my cedar pencil.

Both the sight and smell of a cedar pencil are pleasant to me, bringing with them as they do, so many remembrances of my youth, from the time when I first sketched the outline of a gate-post, to the day when I finished my chef d'œuvre of Conway Castle. Days of my childhood! what a contrast are ye to the present hour! The ruddy-faced boy; the grey-headed old man; the future gilded with the bright beams of hope. The past shadowed with the dark clouds of experience. Well! well!

With shine and shade—with spring and fall—
Mercy has mingled with them all.

The trade of cedar pencil making, is conducted to a considerable extent by the Jewish people; so that in their business, no doubt, they are often carried back in imagination to the goodly groves of Lebanon, and the temple of temples by Solomon.

How fallen are the Israel of God, and what a lesson do they proclaim to every unbelieving heart! Who hath rebelled against the Lord with advantage? "Who hath hardened himself against Him and hath prospered?" Job ix. 4. How many nations have been cut off for their pride and impiety! The mighty of Babylon and Egypt were brought low, and the princes of Media and Persia were humbled in the dust. "The Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature: and his top was among the thick boughs. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him; the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty. Because thou hast lifted up thyself in height, and he hath shot up his top among the thick boughs, and his heart is lifted up in his height; I have therefore delivered him into the hand of the mighty one of the heathen; he shall sorely deal with him: I have driven him out for his wickedness," Ezek. xxxi. How ought we to pray for the grace of humility!

The cedar pencil is a light, cleanly, and portable appendage, that thousands and ten of thousands carry in their pockets, or their pocket-books. The merchant makes with it his memoranda on 'Change; the artist sketches with it the surrounding landscape, amid the lakes and the mountains; the author notes down with it his musing thoughts and wayward fancies on the hill, or in the valley; and tradesmen of different grades and shades, find a use for it in their several callings.

What a delightful talent is that of representing on canvass or paper the likeness of the persons and things that interest us as we journey on in our pilgrimage to a better world! The camel-hair pencil may be used for this purpose in oil colours and water colours; the pen may be dipped in bistre, Indian red, and common ink; and chalks of different colours are very effective; but neither the pen, the camel-hair pencil, nor chalk are so easily carried about with us, nor are they so ready to use at the instant required, as the cedar pencil. I have a keen gratification in drawings and etchings; and in a season of leisure could turn over a portfolio by the hour, whether filled with specimens good, bad, or indifferent, from the free and fiery sketches of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, to the tame scrawls in the trumpery bag of Old Humphrey.

What goodly drawings have I seen executed with the cedar pencil! Again I say, that I am fond of things of this kind; and while I gaze on them with admiration for the skill of the artist, I go a little farther. I think of Him, who in his wisdom, mingled the minerals of the earth, so as to enable his creatures to make so useful a thing as a pencil. All things were made by him: I thank him for every gift, and among them for that which he has thus provided.

A friend of mine thinks, and I think with him, that some clever, ingenious pencil-case maker might, with some little trouble, improve upon the cases now in use. It often tries my temper, which to my shame and sorrow is sadly too hasty, and ought not to be tried by such trifling things—It often tries my temper when I have to trim up the blunt end of my cedar pencil, and screw it into the sliding ring inside the case; out of which, perhaps, it falls again in half an hour; and then, the worst of it is, that with such repeated shaving and trimming at the wrong end, it soon gets too short to use at the right one, so that, on an average, one third of my cedar pencil is wasted. Come! all ye free hearted, and fine spirited ingenious pencil-case makers, see what you can do. I freely offer you a premium for an improvement. The very first of you that succeeds in giving to the public an improved pencil-case, in which less of the pencil is wasted, shall have—I cannot with convenience, say a hundred pounds, nor yet fifty; but you shall have instead, the hearty thanks of Old Humphrey.

It ought to be known, that such of my ink-sheddings as meet the public eye, poor as they are, would be a good deal worse, did they not occasionally receive the corrections and curtailments of a judicious friend. His cedar pencil is often put in requisition to blot out my defective opinions and crude conclusions.

It was but the other day, that we were sitting together at a table well covered with books and manuscripts at his own habitation. The word of God had been read, we had been on our knees together, and a prayer had ascended to the throne that angels gaze upon with holy joy.

The room, for I love to sketch a picture, was a pleasant one, and its furniture in keeping one part with another. It manifested a distaste for finery and show, and a just appreciation of the substantial comforts, and useful refinements of civilized society. On the chimney piece stood a time piece, *à la Egyptienne*, with a sphinx on the top, and pillars in relief at the corners. This bore an inscription setting forth that it was the respectful tribute of a few grateful Sunday-school teachers for the long and valued services of him, to whom it was presented. Another part of the present consisted of two Egyptian ornaments of the Cleopatra-needle kind. Facsimiles of ancient sculpturings with hieroglyphics from top to bottom. There were also two chalices, of the same form that I could imagine those to have been which were taken from the temple of Jerusalem; out of which the impious Belshazzar drank wine, when he praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of wood, and of stone.

These were the shiny parts of the room; now for the shadowy. In one of the recesses, pushed back, as though they were not to be noticed, stood a pill-box, a medicine-bottle, and a wine glass. How mute, and yet how eloquent! They told a tale, that he who runs might read. A tale of life to which none but a fool would refuse to listen with attention.

Well! as I said, we were sitting together at a table well covered with manuscripts, and my friend with his cedar pencil in his dexter hand, had a manuscript of mine before him. I looked over his shoulder, as he dashed his pencil most remorselessly, across first one passage and then another. At last he came to what I, in my poor notions, had regarded as a sort of climax of all that was eloquent and excellent; when to my surprise, his ready pencil went through the whole passage in a twinkling; not with a faint, lightly-drawn line, intimating that the case was a little doubtful, but with a black, bold, resolute, and orthodox dash, putting it, as it were, without the possibility to restore it.

"Stop! stop!" cried I, "why that is one of my toppers!"* However, it was all in vain; for not only was I compelled to witness the extinction of my favourite passage, but alas! at length to acknowledge that its annihilation was just.

Since writing the above, my friend who has been looking it over, has given me the following additional rap on the knuckles with his cedar pencil. "They who undertake to give information to others, friend Humphrey, should at least, be careful that their own information is correct. Cedar pencils are not made of the wood of the cedar of Lebanon, as you appear to suppose, but of the red cedar, a species of juniper or pine, which grows in North America and the West Indies."

On examining the subject more narrowly, I find as I have often found on such occasions, that he is right, and that I am wrong. The wood of the red cedar is commoner than that of the cedar of Lebanon; its softness, powerful odour, and property of resisting insects, render it very suitable for the purpose.

The plumbago, or black lead, used in cedar pencils, is found in Cumberland, and in several parts of the continent of America.

I could run on a long time on the subject of cedar pencils; but as it might not be so pleasant to you as to myself, we will now bring things to a close. Whatever may be our possessions and our powers, they are the gifts of God, and as such should be thankfully acknowledged. Be it little or much, that we call our own, by and by it will signify but little. The ungodly possessor of a lead mine and a grove of cedars may be envied for his wealth; but give me, as a much more valuable heritage, a grateful heart and a cedar pencil.

* See Old Humphrey's Addresses, page 13.

"IT WILL BE ALL ONE A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE."

This was a famous expression of my uncle's old gardener. He was of a quiet, easy disposition. If things happened not exactly according to his wishes, I never saw his temper ruffled, but he gave his shoulder a significant twist, and said, "Ah, well, it will be all one a hundred years hence." If he had unintentionally caused offence, (I am quite sure he would not willingly offend any one, but offences about trifles will arise,) instead of giving an angry retort for an angry word, he had recourse to his old

truism, "I'm sorry for it; but it will be all one a hundred years hence." This was alike his consolation, when the fruit of a young apple tree, which he had watched with special care as a choice golden pippin, proved it to be a worthless crab; when the cook was enraged, at being told that the green peas were not ready for gathering, and that she must put up with asparagus instead; and when some thieves got into his house, and stole a purse, a watch, and a flitch of bacon.

It was on one of these occasions, that my uncle, who often amused himself by trimming and training the green-house plants, said to him, "Anthony, that saying seems to be your universal specific; it must save you many uneasy feelings in the course of a year."

"Yes, master, I think it does; but like many other good medicines, it won't do for all persons, or at all times. When I had the cold rheumatism last winter, your honour sent the doctor to me, and his stuff did me a deal of good, and soon brought me round again; but, I take it, the same sort of stuff would not have been fit for a person in a burning fever."

"Most likely not; but how does that illustrate the use of your favourite saying?"

"Why, your honour understands all that better than I can tell you; but my meaning is something like this, that the saying is very good to satisfy one under what comes without any fault of our own, and what cannot be helped; but it is not good to make one easy under the neglect of any duty, however small. Now about the peas; I certainly intended to have them ready for your honour's birthday, but the weather was untoward, and we could not command it. I told Lydia, it was of no use to fret about what could not be helped, and I was sure your honour would not fret about it." "True," replied my uncle, "I recollect a sound remark, (I believe it was by Adam of Wintringham,) 'There are two kinds of evils about which a wise man will not greatly distress himself, those which can be mended, and those which cannot.' The first he will mend, the second he will quietly bear."

"Yes, sir, that's just it; and I do think, that if every body, instead of flying into a passion about trifling disappointments and vexations, would just take a moment to consider, 'What will this signify a hundred years hence? it would tend as much to their quietness and peace of mind, as the doctor's stuff did to cure the pain of my rheumatism."

"You are quite right there, Anthony; for, notwithstanding all that is said, and even all that is truly said about this life as a scene of trouble, and this world as a vale of tears, it really depends much more on a person's temper of mind, than on his outward circumstances, what portion of happiness he shall enjoy or misery he shall bear. I do think that more than half the unhappiness endured by the children of men arises from the veriest trifles, hardly worth the name of evils, things concerning which we need not look a hundred years forward, but of which we might say, 'It will be all one this time to-morrow.'"

"Ah, sir," said the old man, encouraged by the remarks of his master, "and which of all the troubles of life does not shrink into a trifle, when we think of a hundred years hence?

"When my poor niece died, whom I had brought up from a child, and who was so kind and dutiful to me, and made my home so comfortable, I thought at first, it was such a knock-down blow as I should never get over; but when I come to look at it quietly, better thoughts and feelings came to me. She was fit to go, and willing to go, and now she is safely landed out of the reach of sin and sorrow. I have at most, only a few years longer to struggle alone, and then I hope to join her in a better world; and what does it signify which of us went first? It will be all one a hundred years hence."

"Yes, it was thus the apostle Paul looked at his trials and sufferings. They seemed at first view very heavy and oppressive; but he called up his spiritual arithmetic, and reckoned them by number, weight, and duration against eternity, and then he concluded that they were 'light afflictions, and but for a moment.' 'Not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us,' the 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' Rom. viii. 18. 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18. It is a great privilege, Anthony, to have the eyes of our understanding opened by the power of the Holy Spirit, and enabled to 'look upon the things, which are not seen, and which are eternal.' It sets all the things of time to rights, and teaches us to re-

gard them of importance only as they affect the character, or state of heart. If we take things as they come, in a right state of mind, nothing that comes can do us any harm."

"Yes, sir, that's just what makes the difference; not what things come to us, but how we take them; and that's where some of our young ones make a mistake. When any thing happens amiss through their neglect, carelessness, or disobedience, I sometimes catch them consoling themselves with old Anthony's saying, 'It will be all one a hundred years hence.' 'No, no,' I tell them, 'that saying is no more fit for you now, than the strong hot stuff that cured my rheumatism, is fit for a man in a burning fever. Your neglect or disobedience acts upon two things—master's interest, and your own character. Now, a hundred years hence, it will not matter to master, whether his wishes were obeyed and his property taken care of; but it will matter to you what sort of character you formed for yourselves: and whether you believe it or no, all these little things which you are apt to think trifles, have a great influence in forming a character, which will, in all probability, abide with you through life, and even fix its influence on you for eternity.' They generally take in good part what old Anthony says to them; but whether it makes any impression on them, or whether they go away and laugh at what they hear, I cannot tell. Poor fellows, I know that my concern is to do them good, for now and for a hundred years hence as well."

"That is right, Anthony; we should endeavour to do good to every person with whom we come in contact, and sometimes a word incidentally dropped, sinks into the mind, and makes more impression than we are aware. I am glad to find that you have prevailed on your kinsman to send that boy of his to school. He is a sharp promising lad, athirst for information; and as the family are not poor, it was a pity that, for the sake of his trifling weekly earnings, he should be withheld from the privileges of education."

"Yes, sir; but John East is no scholar himself, and it was a hard matter to persuade him that learning would be of any use to his boy. He reckons knowledge just worth what may be got by it, and no more. It all went for nothing, to tell him that knowledge was likely to make his son a better and a happier man. 'As for that,' was his reply, 'I have earned my bread without learning, and Jem already earns three shillings a week without learning, and will earn more as he grows older. He may do very well, as I have done before him.' I told him of one and another in our neighbourhood, who had risen in life by their own learning; and one, old Andrew Cook's son, who supports his parents in their old age. This seemed to make him listen a little; but in a minute, he replied, 'Ah, it will be all one a hundred years hence, whether Jem gets learning or not. He may not grow up to help me, or I may not live to want it; and why should I give up the three shillings a week, for what may never come to pass?' I tried to make him understand that learning might qualify his boy to do much good in the world—good that would last on earth more than a hundred years, and that might add to his happiness for ever; but he could only look at the present moment; and at last I prevailed upon him only, by engaging to give the boy task work out of his school hours, by which he might still earn his three shillings a week. The little fellow is at it, from five o'clock in the morning till eight, and again in the evening; and he bids fair to make a good scholar, and a good man."

While this conversation passed between uncle Barnaby and his old gardener, Anthony had been employed in taking off, and planting some cuttings of choice geraniums for me to take home with me. My uncle having left the green-house, "There, master Samuel," said the old man, as he plunged the pots in a box of earth, and placed them in the most advantageous situation, "if you stay with us another fortnight or three weeks, I hope these cuttings will all have struck. By next year, they will be fine large plants; and perhaps, when you look upon them in time to come, you may think of old Anthony, when his head rests under the clods of the valley. Now, my dear young master, remember, will you, that as these plants and cuttings, or seedlings from them, may far outlive the hand that planted them, so may the consequences of your actions and your character? Don't let the things of earth engross too much of your care and concern; for a hundred years hence, they will be to you as

though they had never been; but with your conduct, and the pursuits in which you engage, and the connexions you form, the matter is very different. Before you engage in any thing of this kind, always use yourself to consider, What influence will this have upon myself or others, a hundred years hence? and from this day forward, my dear young gentleman, as long as you live, never let a day pass, without inquiring, Where, and how, and what shall I be, a hundred years hence?" C.

THE OYSTER.

The shell of the oyster and even the pearl, consists of concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime; and it is their lamellated arrangement, which causes the beautiful iridescence in the polished surface of those shells. See the discoveries of sir David Brewster on this subject, Phil. Trans. 1814, p. 397. In the rough outer surface of an oyster-shell, we shall see the marks of the successive layers. We have to understand, that that which now forms the centre and utmost convexity of the shell was, at an earlier stage, sufficient to cover the whole animal. But as the oyster grows, it throws out from its surface a new secretion, composed of animal matter and carbonate of lime, which is attached to the shell already formed, and projects farther at its edges. Thus the animal is not only protected by this covering; but as it grows, the shell is made thicker and stronger by successive layers.

The reader will not be unwilling, that we should stop here to show that, rudely composed as this covering of the oyster seems to be, it not only answers the purpose of protecting the animal, but is shaped with as curious a destination to the vital functions of respiration and obtaining food, as anything we can survey in the higher animals. We cannot walk the streets without noticing that in the fish-shops, the oysters are laid with their flat sides uppermost; they would die were it otherwise. The animal breathes and feeds by opening its shell, and thereby receiving a new portion of water into the concavity of its under-shell; and if it did not thus open its shell, the water could neither be propelled through its bronchiæ, or respiratory apparatus, nor sifted for its food. It is in this manner that they lie in their native beds; were they on their flat surface, no food could be gathered, as it were in their cup; and if exposed by the retreating tide, the opening of the shell would allow the water to escape, and leave them dry, thus depriving them of respiration, as well as food.

We perceive, then, that the form of the oyster-shell, rude as it seems, is not a thing of chance. Since the shell is a cast of the body of the animal, the peculiar shape must have been given to the soft parts in anticipation of that of the shell, an instance of prospective contrivance.

That the general conformation of the shell should have relation to what we may term its function, will be less surprising, when we find a minute mechanical intention in each layer of that shell. We should be inclined to say, that the earthy matter of the shell crystallizes, were it not that the striated, or fibrous appearance differs in the direction of the fibres in each successive stratum; each layer having the striæ composing it parallel to one another, but directed obliquely to those of the layer previously formed, and the whole exhibiting a strong texture arranged upon well known mechanical principles.—*Paley's Natural Theology by Lord Brougham and Sir. C. Bell.*

CHRIST THE LAMB OF GOD.

The worth of our immortal souls is most emphatically taught us by the cross of Christ. "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Could any one literally gain the whole universe, as the price of iniquity, and keep it with every imaginable advantage during the term of human life, it could neither preserve his body from the grave, nor his soul from eternal misery. But, view the Saviour agonizing in Gethsemane, and expiring on the cross! Did he endure those unknown sufferings to preserve man from temporal poverty, pain, or death? By no means: it was to deliver them from the wrath to come; "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"—*Scott.*

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

If the title of this paper be not an attractive one, we are convinced that the subject itself is one of the most singular, and we believe it will be one of the most important ever made known, as the result of scientific knowledge, by man to man.

The modern philosophers have discovered many of the wonderful secrets of nature; but among these we must class, and beyond all others, that no draughtsman can sketch so well as the sun. Who could have imagined it possible to obtain a drawing sketched by the sun? and yet such is every specimen of the Daguerreotype. The name given by the French to this process is, like many other of their scientific terms, derived from the name of the person, to whom they give the honour of the invention. This, we think, is not judicious, and a lesson might have been taken from the scientific history of the last few centuries. One instance occurs at the moment. A certain Iralian philosophet, called Galvani, happened to observe, and his attention was drawn to it by another person, a muscular contraction produced in the legs of a frog under a certain arrangement of metals. With all the ardour inspired by the hope of a new field of investigation, his contemporaries instantly raised him to the dignity of being the discoverer of a new science, and called it Galvanism. One Volta, however, attacked the principles of Galvani and overthrew them, becoming himself, so at least the philosophers of the present day believe, the founder of the science, which they now therefore call Voltaic electricity, to distinguish it from other branches of the same subject. We do not mean to state that a change must be made in the name now given to a certain kind of photogenic drawing; for the same reason, and yet we have a strong suspicion that such will be the case. Why the science should be called by the name of M. Daguerre more than by that of any other person who has experimented on the subject, we are unable to perceive; for he certainly was not the first, though at present by far the most successful observer, in a science which is quite in its infancy, the foundation of which has been laid, and the superstructure of which was, we think without doubt, commenced by M. Niepce. But although we object to the name, which has been given to this new science, we are far from detracting from the honour of M. Daguerre, and greatly will Europe applaud the example, which France has offered, of rewarding her men of science, and publishing their discoveries for the benefit of the world. But we must proceed to explain the methods, already known, of representing external objects on metallic surfaces, of which that by M. Daguerre is so superior to every other, it must of necessity be considered the most important. The art commenced in the exertions of Niepce, as appears in the statement of M. Daguerre himself, and the distinction which he attempts to draw between his own labours, and those of his friend and partner, are so singular that the passages in which it is contained shall now be extracted.

"So early as 1814, M. Niepce engaged in a series of experiments to determine the possibility of fixing the images in the camera obscura; but more particularly to perfect his methods of copying engravings, applied upon substances sensible to the influence of light.

"In 1824 M. Daguerre also was making researches of an analogous description, with this difference, that his experiments were directed solely to the fixation of the image obtained by the camera; for he regarded the copying of engravings by these processes as of no importance to art."

That the reader may become acquainted with the labours of M. Niepce as well as those of M. Daguerre, we will describe the operations of the former previous to his entering into partnership with the latter. In doing this, we shall give an abstract of his discoveries, chiefly in his own words, though abridged. The process itself he proposed to call heliography,—delineation by the sun.

"The discovery which I have made, and to which I give the name of heliography, consists in reproducing, spontaneously, by the action of light, with gradations of tints from black to white, the images received by the camera obscura.

"Light in its state of composition and decomposition, acts chemically upon bodies. It is absorbed, it combines with, and communicates to them new properties. Thus it augments the natural consistency of some of these bodies; it solidifies them even, and renders them more or less insoluble, according to the dura-

tion or intensity of its action. Such, in a few words, is the principle of the discovery."

And such is the principle of that art to which the name of Daguerre is attached: the method in which M. Niepce intended to accomplish his object is as follows.

The substance which he employed as preferable to any other that he had tried, was asphaltum, or bitumen of Judea, and this was laid in an extremely thin coat over a metallic substance, silver plated. In a wine glass was placed a certain quantity of powdered bitumen, about one half of the bulk it would contain, and upon this was made to fall drop by drop the essential oil of lavender, until the bitumen was completely saturated. A small quantity more of oil was then added, and the whole submitted to a gentle heat, until the oil was perfectly saturated with the colouring matter of the bitumen. When a solution of proper consistency had been obtained, the plated silver surface was lightly covered with it, and the plate submitted to a moderate heat, to drive off all moisture.

The plate was thus prepared, and it being of importance to avoid the condensation of moisture upon it, should be at once submitted to the action of light in the camera obscura. But even after having been thus exposed, a length of time sufficient for receiving the impressions of external objects, nothing is externally apparent to show that these impressions exist. The forms of the future picture remain still invisible. The next operation is to disengage the shrouded imagery, and this is accomplished by a solvent. That which I employ in preference, is composed of one part, by volume, of essential oil of lavender poured upon ten parts of oil of white petroleum. Into this liquid the tablet (when removed from the camera) is plunged; and the operator, observing it by reflected light, begins to perceive the images of the objects to which it had been exposed, gradually unfolding their forms.

The plate being removed is then to undergo the process of washing. This is best done on an inclined plane, which can be fixed at any angle, so as to regulate the velocity and force of the water. When the weather is cold, tepid water should be employed. When all the remaining solvent has been washed away, the plate is dried by gentle evaporation, after which it must be carefully protected from moisture and light.

"Of all substances hitherto tried," says M. Niepce, "silver, plated upon copper, appears to me to be the best adapted for reproducing images, by reason of its whiteness and structure. One thing is certain, that after the washing, provided the impression has been well dried, the result obtained is already satisfactory. It were, however, to be desired, that by blackening the plate, we could obtain all the gradations of tones from black to white. I have, therefore, turned my attention to this subject, and employed, at first, liquid sulphate of potassa. But when concentrated, it attacks the varnish; and, if reduced with water, it only reddens the metal. This two-fold defect obliged me to give it up. The substance which I now employ is iodine, which possesses the property of evaporating at the temperature of the atmosphere. In order to blacken the plate by this process, we have only to place it upright against one of the sides of a box, open above, and place some grains of iodine in a little groove cut in the bottom, in the direction of the opposite side. The box is then covered with a glass, to judge of the slow but certain effect. The varnish may then be removed by spirit of wine, and there no longer remains any trace of the original impression. As this process is quite new to me, I confine my remarks to this simple explanation, waiting till experience shall enable me to enter upon more circumstantial details."

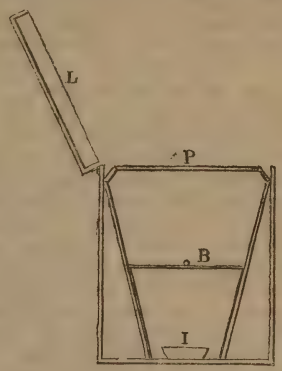
All this was done by M. Niepce, and communicated in writing to M. Daguerre before a partnership was formed between them. New experiments were then made, and by the united efforts of the two, the art was brought in one of its branches near to perfection. We shall now proceed to explain all the several operations and results required in completing a specimen of the Daguerreotype.

The design now supposed to be entertained is, to produce the representation of some natural object, and the surface which, in the present state of the art, is found to be most suited to receive it, is silver, or copper with a silver plate. The copper should be about the thickness of a card, and the silver plate should be the best that can be made.

Having the metallic plate at hand, the first operation is that of polishing and

cleaning it, so that it may be in a fit state to receive the sensitive coating upon which light is to form its sketches. Placing the plate on a table, powder the prepared face with exceedingly fine pumice. This will be best done by enclosing a quantity of that substance, in a fine muslin bag, which will distribute the powder when shaken. With finely carded cotton, dipped in olive oil, rub the plate gently round with a circular movement of the hand, renewing the pumice and the cotton as required. When the plate is polished, it must be again covered with pumice powder, and rubbed with dry cotton. But as the whole of the oil is not removed by this process, take a small quantity of cotton, and rolling it up as a ball, let it be moistened with diluted nitric acid, and with this rub it until a thin film seems to cover the entire face of the plate. Great care is required in this process, so that a stain may not be formed, and there should not be more than one part, by measure, of acid to sixteen of distilled water. The plate is now removed and exposed to a strong heat over a charcoal fire, or spirit lamp, for about five minutes, or rather until a white coating appears to have been formed over the surface of the silver. The metal must then be cooled suddenly, which may be done by placing it on a cold stone slab. When cold, a gummy appearance will be observed, which is removed by pumice and cotton. Still the process of cleaning is not complete, for as the success of all the other operations depends upon the manner in which this is performed, the experimenter finds it necessary to exercise more than usual caution, and applies again three times the acid, cleaning it on every occasion with dry pumice and cotton. We believe that silvered plates may be bought, which are said to be quite ready for the second operation; but if any of our readers should obtain these, to save trouble, we caution them against attempting an experiment until the plated surface has been well cleaned with the acid.

The second process is to place upon the silver face a coating sensible to the action of light, and upon which any natural object can by it be traced. This is done by exposing the silvered surface to the action of the vapour of iodine in a close box. The reader will easily be able to contrive an arrangement for this, as all that is required, is to place a small quantity of iodine in any vessel, and over it the prepared face of the plate, so that it may receive all the fumes. In this position, the plate is allowed to remain until it has a coating of a yellowish or gold colour, when it must be removed, or it will otherwise pass into a violet tint, in which state it is less sensible to the action of light. The time required in performing this process varies from a few minutes to half an hour, according to circumstances; and the experimenter must therefore frequently examine his plate until he has from practice become acquainted with the necessary period; but in doing this, he must be especially careful not to allow the light to act upon it. Another precaution worthy of notice, is the covering of the cup which contains the iodine, with a wire gauze, which in some measure regulates the evaporation, and prevents the particles of iodine from being scattered by the compression of the air when the lid of the box is closed. The form of box usually adopted is that represented in section, in the accompanying diagram I, is the vesse



containing the iodine, and covered with a wire gauze. P, is the plate fitted into a wooden frame, prepared to receive it, and by which it can be removed for examination without touching. B, is a small lid, which divides the box into two chambers, and is always in its place when the box is not in use: its object is to concentrate the vapour, and to facilitate the coating when required. L, is the lid or cover of the box, which is kept closed during the operation. The interior funnel-shaped box is adopted for the sake of diffusing the vapours of iodine.

The coating being obtained, the next process is to fix it immediately in the camera, where the light impresses upon it the form of those objects to which the instrument is turned. Concerning the management of the camera and the art of so fixing it as to obtain a perfect image, we cannot at present speak, but must suppose the reader to be acquainted practically with them. The time required to complete the operation depends upon the season of the year, the time of day, and the state of the weather; so that it may vary from three or four to twenty minutes: experience therefore must direct the reader.

When the plate is removed from the camera, no object is visible, and the fourth operation is to develope it; and this is called the disengaging or mercurial process, and it merely consists in exposing the surface of the metal to mercurial vapour. After exposure for a few minutes, the objects begin to appear; but during the operation must only be examined with a taper and then cautiously. When, however, the picture is fully developed, the plate must undergo the fifth operation, which is to fix the impression, that is to say, to remove the coating of iodine which remains, and which would otherwise be decomposed by light, and destroy the effect.

First plunge the plate into cold water withdrawing it immediately, and afterwards into a solution of salt; or the hydrosulphate of soda, which is better. When the yellow colour has disappeared, the plate is again removed into the pure water for a moment. Nothing more is then required but to place it in an inclined position, and pour over it a quart or more of hot water, but not boiling, which must of necessity be pure, or a stain would be left on the plate.

After this washing, the work is finished, and the plate can no longer be acted on by the rays of the sun; but friction must be carefully avoided.

Such then is the process by which the Daguerreotype is obtained; and what, we may be asked, are to be its effects? To this question, we cannot at present give an answer, which would express our hopes without making us liable to the animadversion of the cautious reader. But if we may give an instance or two of its value as an illustration of its extensive application, we will close our paper in the words of two eminent French philosophers.

"To copy the millions and millions of hieroglyphics, which entirely cover, to the very exterior, the great monuments at Thebes, Memphis, and Carnac, would require," says M. Arago in his address to the Chamber of Deputies. "scores of years, and legions of artists, With the Daguerreotype, a single man would suffice to bring to a happy conclusion this vast labour."

"My lords," says the celebrated Guy Lussac before the Chamber of Peers, "you have had an opportunity of convincing yourselves, by proofs submitted to your inspection, that bas-reliefs, statues, monuments, in a word, inanimate nature, can be rendered with a degree of perfection unapproachable by the ordinary processes of drawing and painting —a perfection equal to that of nature, since the impressions obtained are in reality a faithful image of nature herself.

"The perspective of a landscape, of every object, is reproduced with mathematical exactness: no occurrence, no feature, even though unperceived, can escape the eye and pencil of this new painter; and as a few minutes are sufficient for his work, even a field of battle, in all its phases, may be delineated with a precision unattainable by any other means." H.

PERFECTION OF DIVINE WORKMANSHIP.

It is the very perfection of the Divine workmanship which leads every inquirer to imagine a surpassing worth, and grace and dignity, in his own special department of it. The fact is altogether notorious, that in order to attain a high sense of the importance of any science, and of the worth and beauty of the objects which it embraces, nothing more is necessary than the intent and persevering study of them. Whatever the walk of philosophy may be on which man shall enter, that is the walk which of all others he conceives to be most enriched by all that is fitted to entertain the intellect or arrest the admiration of the enamoured scholar. The astronomer who can unravel the mechanism of the heavens; or the chemist who can trace the atomic processes of matter upon earth; or the metaphysician who can assign the laws of human thought; or the grammarian who can discriminate the niceties of language; or the naturalist who can classify the flowers, and the birds, and the shells, and the minerals, and the insects which so teem

and multiply in this world of wonders: each of these respective inquirers is apt to become the worshipper of his own theme, and to look with a sort of indifference bordering on contempt, towards what he imagines the far less interesting track of his fellow-labourers. Now each is right in the admiration he renders to the grace and grandeur of that field which himself has explored; but all are wrong in the distaste they feel, or rather in the disregard they cast on the other fields which they have never entered. We should take the testimony of each to the worth of that which he does know, and reject the testimony of each to the comparative worthlessness of that which he does not know; and then the unavoidable inference is, that that must be indeed a replete and a gorgeous universe in which we dwell; and still more glorious the eternal Mind from whose conception it arose, and whose prolific fiat gave birth to it in all its vastness and variety.—*Chalmers.*

THE ROCK AND THE TREES.

"In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and his children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. xiv. 26.

THOUGH many be the afflictions of the righteous, it is equally true that many are the special mercies of God's people. The way-faring Christian, accustomed as he is to see God in all things, whether his footprint be impressed on the sandy desert, or his pathway led through the fruitful field, is continually surrounded by proofs of the presence of his almighty Friend; whether his eye rests on the earth, where for a season he is a sojourner, or on the skies, above which his hopes are fixed, he reads a record of his heavenly Father's wisdom, power, and love; so that, in this sense, the earth and the heavens declare to him the goodness and glory of God.

As the mariner spreads all his sails to catch every favourable breeze, so he, whose heart is steadily fixed on a better country, employs every means to expedite his journey; he despises not the most trifling aid, but gladly avails himself of earthly things to help him on his road to heaven.

On a shrubby bank, in the Hereford road to Fawnhope, half hidden by long grass and nettles, once stood, and probably now stands, a milestone, bearing the inscription, "One mile to Hereford." At no great distance from the stone, a finger post stretches its arm towards Hereford, setting forth the same useful piece of information. Now, the toil-worn traveller, who heedlessly passes the mile stone, oftentimes looks up and reads with comfort the words on the finger post; and as many a milestone may be overlooked by the weary and weather-beaten pilgrim of Zion, there cannot be too many finger posts pointing to the "Rock of Ages."

The shrewd, worldly-minded, money-getting man smiles at the easy credulity of the disciples of Christ, and plumes himself on his own fancied superior discernment; but, for all this, the follower of the Redeemer will do well to hold fast those things that have helped him on his way, and not to let them slip. Let the reproofs and promises of holy Scripture dwell richly in him, and let the commonest things around him call them forth; let the bleating sheep remind him of the fold of Christ, and of the good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep; let the varied paths through which he passes, present to his mind the narrow way that leadeth to life, and the broad road that leadeth to destruction; and let the poorest hovel on which his eye can gaze, bring before him a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

So long as we are the poor helpless dependent creatures that we are, it becomes us to make the best of God's word, and God's works; to avail ourselves of the finger posts set up to encourage us, and when we can, to set up one for the benefit of our neighbours. It may be that the following observations, on the rock and the trees, may be a finger post to the reader.

"This will never do," thought I, as the rain came pattering through the boughs of a straggling oak tree, under which I had sought shelter from a pelting storm. In vain I drew up close to the rugged trunk, and raised myself by standing upon the knotty roots that spread around the bottom; the heavy rain forced its way through the scanty leaves, and came pouring down on my head and shoulders. This will never do, thought I; so I looked out for a better shelter.

It was but a run from the oak to an ash tree that grew at some distance on the other side of the lane; and I considered myself well off when I looked up into its thick deep foliage. But the boughs of the ash tree were tossing

about with every gust of wind that blew; one moment they hung over my head, and sheltered me from the storm; and the next they were driving to the other side of the hedge, and leaving the rain to beat in my face.

Not far from the ash tree grew a thick sturdy holly bush, that seemed to bid defiance to both wind and weather: it stood up stiffly against the storm; and though the rain rattled upon its hard glossy leaves, few were the drops that reached the ground beneath it. I left the ash tree to bluster and blow where it would, and once more sought a hiding place; I crept under the thick covert of the holly bush.

A thankless shelter was that holly bush; for the leaves were sharp and prickly, and pointed towards me. A pitiless shelter was that holly bush; for when, as the storm raged around, I pressed to its side, it pushed me back; a thousand spear points were turned to keep me off.

As I stood in my uncomfortable retreat, I looked to the right and to the left, for a better shelter; for the heavens were now darker than before above my head, and the rain descended in heavier torrents. The place of refuge was nearer than I thought.

At the entrance of a sandy lane, at no great distance, rose a hard dry rock, its upper part fancifully adorned with overhanging lichens, bending over towards the lane. Its deep-indented side and craggy canopy formed a hiding place indeed. A welcome shelter alike from the burning heat of a summer sun, and the wet and cold of a stormy winter's day. To this rock I hasted forward, in this rock sought a refuge; nor was I deceived any more. The wind blustered around, and the rain fell heavily on all sides; but I stood in my asylum at ease and in safety smiling at the storm. The rock rose above my head as a high tower, as a strong place of defence, shielding me on every side. My feet were firm upon dry ground. I had found, at last, a sure covert from "the windy storm and tempest."

Reader, art thou afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate? Has the storm of calamity descended upon thy head, and art thou seeking shelter? I ask thee, art thou looking to the trees, thy fellow-creatures, or to the rock, the "Rock of Ages?"

Perhaps thou art grieved in spirit, and bowed down, and the sorrows of thy heart are enlarged; thou hast been long looking to thy fellow-creatures for comfort and protection; dost thou not find some of them like the holly bush? They will not be troubled with thy distress; what to them are thy tears and sighings? Those thou thoughtest would surely bear with thee, and receive thee tenderly, have turned a deaf ear to thy sorrows. They repel thee on every side, and stand at a distance. Yea, many a time hast thou lamented with David, "My lovers and my friends stand aloof;" "No man careth for my soul;" and with Job, "My acquaintance are verily estranged from me."

O turn to the Merciful, and thou shalt find mercy! Why shouldst thou be storm beaten when a shelter is at hand? Why shouldst thou faint when a cordial is within thy reach? Men gather not grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; neither wilt thou find comfort in earthly things.

Oh that thou wouldest come to the Rock of Ages! God is "a present help in time of trouble." He will never repel thee; he is full of tender mercy and compassion; he is willing and waiting to receive thee; he will never stand aloof from thee; no, he has promised to draw near unto thee, if thou wilt draw near to him. Hear his invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Seek his face, then, and thou shalt find him indeed "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Dost thou not find some of thy earthly comforters, if thou hast them, like the boughs of the ash tree, wavering to and fro, unstable, and uncertain?

They may favour thee for a time, and seem to hold out protection and shelter in the day of tribulation; but what an uncertain shelter it is! They have cares and sorrows of their own to bear; hopes and pleasures of their own to seek after: they grow weary and leave thee, or death comes, and they are suddenly taken away. Then art thou left alone in the storm of adversity, looking to the right hand and to the left, and there is no shelter.

Oh that thou wouldst come to the Rock of Ages! God is the "same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" with him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Put thy trust in him, hide thyself under the shadow of his wings; "he is a sure

refuge; he will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Seek him with all thy heart, and thou shalt find him indeed "a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." He shall be to thee "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But, perhaps, thou hast a few friends who are firm and faithful. Are they not like the oak tree? They stand fast by thee; willingly would they shelter thee; they stretch their arms over thee; but they are not able to shield thee from the storm.

Is it poverty that has brought thee down? The silver and the gold is not in their possession. Is it sickness that has laid thee low? Health is not theirs to give. Is it in spirit thou art a mourner? They cannot ease the troubled breast, nor bind up the broken heart. And what can they do for thee in the hour which is fast hastening—the hour of death? Can they be a shelter then? Can they bid thy fears depart, and speak peace to thy trembling soul in the hour of death?

Oh that thou wouldst come to the "Rock of Ages!" The Lord is everlasting and almighty, the King of heaven and earth. The winds are in his hand, the waves are under his control. He sees through the darkness, the night and the day are both alike to him. He reads the thoughts of the heart, and from him are no secrets hid. He knows all thy sorrows: the Lord can instantly remove them if it be his will; and if not, he can be a light unto thee, when thou sittest in darkness, and strengthen thee when thou art faint.

Hast thou lived a stranger to his holy name, and been forgetful of his mercies? Hast thou slighted his love and his fear? Arise, now, and go unto him: he will in no wise cast thee off; "to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." "He is able and willing to save to the uttermost"—think of that word, to the *uttermost*—"all that come unto him," in the name of his Son Jesus Christ.

Arise and go unto thy heavenly Father: in the name of Jesus Christ, ask him to pardon and accept thee, and to be thy God for ever and ever. All the promises in his holy word are written for thee, if thou wilt be one of his people. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The Lord will compass thee about as with a shield. He will be with thee in thy latter end. The floods shall not overflow thee, the deep shall not swallow thee up. The Lord shall make all thy bed in thy sickness, and give thee, at last, to enter into that glorious rest which thy Saviour purchased for thee with his precious blood.

"For they who bear his cross below,
Shall wear his crown above."

Trust no longer to the trees that put forth their leaves in summer, but are naked and bare in the wintry storm; but come to the "Rock of Ages!" "The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. If God be for us, who can be against us? "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

Once more, I say, leave the trees, thy fellow-sinners, and come to the "Rock of Ages," thy Saviour.

"The trees may flourish and decay,
But time their strength shall sever;
While firm the 'Rock of Ages' stands,
Immutable for ever."

IMPOSITION.

The frauds which have been practised by itinerants and quacks of different kinds are notorious; the most barefaced improbabilities, and indeed impossibilities, have been palmed on the public. Deceit is hateful; while truth is a jewel of more real value than the gems that sparkle in the diadems of princes, or that lie hid in the unexplored mines of the earth.

The celebrated baron Trenck, who was confined many years, heavily ironed, in the fortresses of Glatz and Magdeburg, and who became as famous for his wonderful escapes from prison, as he was for his daring intrepidity, came over to England, some time before the French revolution.

At that period, a collection of waxwork, in which was a frightful figure, said to be a representation of baron Trenck in prison, excited much public attention; and baron Trenck, among others, went to see it. Perhaps the following imaginary dialogue may be

no unapt illustration of the real interview which took place between the baron and the proprietor of the exhibition.

Baron. And is that baron Trenck?

Proprietor. Yes, sir, and a striking likeness. I consider that one of the very best figures in my collection.

Baron. Humph! you have put plenty of fetters upon him, plenty of chains.

Proprietor. Not a link too many, I assure you. Never could there be a more correct representation of the baron in prison than that figure.

Baron. It strikes me that you have made him a little too tall.

Proprietor. Not an inch, sir; you can never have seen the baron, or you would not think so. It is his exact size.

Baron. But surely his mouth is not so wide as you have represented it?

Proprietor. The baron's mouth is unusually wide, sir. Indeed, if I have succeeded in any one feature, it is in the mouth more than in any other. When I look at that mouth, I can imagine the baron standing before me.

Baron. But is it likely that his hair and beard would grow to such an unreasonable length? I cannot conceive it.

Proprietor. Ah, sir, I can see you know but little of prisons. Had you seen what I have seen, you would not be at all surprised at the length of the baron's hair and beard.

Baron. How amazingly attenuated his hands are! why you have made a skeleton of him, a complete anatomy!

Proprietor. He must have been more than flesh and blood, sir, to have been any thing else than a skeleton with all his trials and sufferings.

Baron. But what makes you so confident that your model is so correct a likeness?

Proprietor. Because, sir, I happen to have the honour to be one of the baron's particular friends. And now, sir, let me ask you what reason you have to doubt the correctness of my figure?

Baron. Oh merely, because, sir, I happen to have the honour to be—— the baron himself!

It is said that the proprietor made the most cringing apology to the baron, and begged him not to expose the deception he had practised, as it would subject him to much inconvenience and loss. "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel," Prov. xx. 17.

TOMB OF MANAIUS.

Palmyra has been often described, but the tomb of Manaius, one of its most interesting monuments, has been generally neglected. Of this edifice lord Lindsay gives a very good account, which will enable readers to form some idea of the others, as they are all built on the same plan:—

"It is a lofty square tower, lessening by three courses of stone, like steps, at about a third of its height. An inscription in honour of the deceased is engraved on a tablet over the doorway. The principal apartment is lined with four Corinthian pilasters on each side, with recesses between them for mummies, the Egyptain mode of interment prevailing here, each recess divided into five tiers by shelves, only one of which retains its position. A statue in a reclining posture lay at the end of the tomb between two semi-pillars; busts, with inscriptions in the Palmyrene character, range between them, just below the cornice, and this again supports a false sarcophagus, sculptured with four busts, and covered by an embroidered cushion, on which the effigy of a dead body seems once to have lain. Two smaller Ionic pillars flank the sarcophagus. Several other busts, all with Palmyrene inscriptions, are sculptured in relief over the door of entrance, and that of the staircase which leads to the upper story. The ceiling, broken through in the centre, but perfect at both ends, is sculptured all over with a beautiful pattern, tastefully coloured, of white flowers on blue grounds, enclosed within small squares, and they within larger, formed by lines of deep brown crossing each other, with yellow knobs at the points of intersection. Towards each extremity of the ceiling, are two male busts, in Roman costume, on a blue ground, the colour as bright as if laid on yesterday. The cornice is beautiful, the echinus or egg ornament, and roses between projecting modillions, the same which is found on almost every building at Palmyra and Baalbec. The upper and lower apartments display little or no ornament, except a pediment or two in the former. A doorway from the east led down by a flight of steps to the latter, the roof of which, forming the floor of the principal chamber, has fallen in. It has four large recesses for burial, on each side. The date of this edifice is A.D. 103."

Preparing for the Feast of Tabernacles.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

This Jewish festival was instituted to commemorate the abode of the Israelites in tents, during their wanderings in the wilderness, and to offer thanksgivings to God for the fruits of the vine and other trees, which were gathered about the time of its celebration. Hence it is called the feast of tents, or tabernacles; and also that of ingatherings, John vii. 2; Exod. xxiii. 16; xxxiv. 22. At the same time the Divine blessing was implored on the fruits of the ensuing year.

During this solemnity, which lasted for a week, the people were required to dwell in tents; besides the usual daily offerings, several extraordinary sacrifices were presented; and they carried in their hands branches of palm trees, olives, citrons, myrtles, and willows, singing, "Hosanna, save, I beseech thee." In these words they prayed for the coming of the Messiah, while they walked round the altar, amid the sound of trumpets. On the last day of the feast they compassed the altar, in this manner, seven times. This was called the Great Hosanna.

It was also the custom for the people to fetch water from the pool of Siloam, a fountain under the walls of Jerusalem, between the city and the brook Kedron: some of it they drank with loud acclamations of joy and thanksgiving, and some was brought to the altar where it was poured out on the evening sacrifice; while the people sang the twelfth chapter of Isaiah's prophecy, particularly the third verse: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." An interesting allusion to these circumstances is recorded by the evangelist John: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water," John vii. 37, 38.

"I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE."

"Do you, really?" said my uncle Barnaby to Arthur Longley, who uttered the above exclamation, "And pray what should you like?" Arthur had tired himself at a game at bowls, and was lying on the bench of a summer house. He did not observe that my uncle had joined us, until he was made aware of his presence by this direct appeal on the subject of his uttered soliloquy. We are very apt to think that we perfectly know and understand the point at which we are aiming; but when we come to make the attempt, we do not find it so easy a matter to express ourselves clearly. It has been maintained, that if our ideas on any subject were clear, we should never be at a loss for words in which to give them utterance. Whether or not

Arthur's mind was, at the time, subject to any degree of indistinctness and confusion, his answer to my uncle's challenge was not very clear; "Oh, many things, sir; I can't exactly say what." "That's a pity," replied my uncle, "if you had really known what you would like, and that your wish had been innocent and attainable, I might have been able to gratify it; but since you come to talk of many things, and those not very definite or tangible, the attempt to fulfil your wishes is hopeless. Among the 'many things' that you would like, do you think of any one that it is in my power to grant you? I should wish, while you are here, to make you comfortable." "Oh! thank you, sir; yes, I am sure you would. I am exceedingly obliged to you; but I assure you there is nothing I can wish for."

"Well, well, then I hope you are contented and happy. Frank, have you made your decision? I am writing to London, and will enclose your order."

"Thank you, sir," replied Frank, "I scarcely know which I should like best. I almost think I had better fix on the case of mathematical instruments: they will be most permanently useful to me. Will you tell me, uncle, if you think I have made a good choice?" "Yes, Frank, I think you could not have done better. You have chosen what will come into immediate use, and what will continue to be useful. Samuel, I believe, has made up his mind to a camera obscura?"

"I had done so, uncle; but, if you please, I should like to alter, and have a drawing box instead. Mrs. Rogers has given us some pieces of plate glass, and Frank thinks we can make a camera ourselves; but we cannot manufacture colours and pencils; nor yet, if we draw at all, do without them."

"Very well, Sam; your wish shall be complied with; and I dare say, with attention and patience, you may be able to manage the other matter between yourselves. I have a valuable work on optics, which I think you would find very useful."

"Oh! thank you, uncle," said Frank, "that's just what I was wishing for. I thought you could direct us to the information we need." Frank accompanied my uncle to the library; meanwhile Arthur said to me, "If I had known that the old fellow was really going to make you a present, I would have thought of something that I should like, and I dare say he would have made me a present of it." Arthur was no great favourite of mine, and still less so of Frank's. We both disliked his rude flippant way of speaking of my uncle, whom we were accustomed to regard with deserved reverence. I replied, "Perhaps uncle would have granted your wish, if he had thought it would do you good; but why did you not tell him what you meant, when he heard you say, that you knew what you should like?" "Trust me for that, Sam! a likely matter I should tell my thoughts to a grave old gentleman like your uncle! Why, I was thinking that I should like my lottery ticket to come up a twenty thousand pound prize; and then, what I should like to do with the money. The first thing I would do, should be to buy a capital hunter; ah! such a one as you don't see in this part of the country. I should not stand about a few guineas in the price; you know I need not, if I had twenty thousand pounds of my own to do what I pleased with. Well, then, I should want—" Arthur's enumeration of his wants and wishes was interrupted by the return of Frank with a book which he joyfully pronounced to be the very thing we required, and by the help of which, he doubted not we should be able to accomplish our object. He read to us a paragraph or two, which I was much pleased to find I could understand; a circumstance which inspired me with fresh zeal and courage in an enterprise which I knew was far beyond my own skill, and I feared might prove too much for Frank, though so far my superior.

Arthur laughed at us for poring over our scheme, and taking so much trouble for the sake of saving a pound or two, and said, that if he got the great prize, he would make us a present of the best camera that could be bought in London. "Thank you, kindly," said Frank, "and when the sky falls, we may catch larks. Meanwhile, let us trust to our own diligence, rather than to idle dreams of uncertainties and improbabilities." "I don't see that it is so very improbable; somebody must have the great prize, and why should not I?" "Because there are just as many thousand chances against you, as there are holders of tickets besides yourself."

"Well said, my sober little mill horse," shouted Arthur. "Be sure you

are always prudent, and diligent, and calculating, and keep in your uncle's favour. It may be as good to you as a prize in the lottery, only rather longer to wait for it. I dare say the old gentleman would not think it safe or right for you to venture a few pounds in the lottery; and you know better than to do any thing that he would not approve."

Frank made no reply; but cast on Arthur a look of ineffable contempt, and turned again to the book on optics. For my part, I did not understand Arthur's insinuation, and rather wondered that Frank should be so evidently offended by it. But the thing soon passed over. Arthur went to dress for a party, and Frank and myself spent the evening very happily, first in making ourselves acquainted with the principles on which our work must proceed; and then, in taking measurements, forming plans, and getting together materials and tools. Before we took leave of our work for the night, Frank said to me, "Now, Samuel, I know what I should like; and if you agree to it, it shall be so. You know we are both too fond of bed in the morning. It is a shame it should be so; but uncle is often in the library, or at work in the garden, before we are out of bed. Suppose we resolve that this camera shall be made, if at all, before breakfast? If we rise every morning at five, we may easily do it; and then you know we shall have the double satisfaction of accomplishing our wish, and of breaking through a bad habit; and if we have not resolution to get up betimes, we shall punish ourselves by disappointment in accomplishing our undertaking?" I heartily concurred in Frank's proposal; and one of the gardeners was engaged to waken us, when he came to work, by throwing small gravel at our window, for, alas! we had so long accustomed ourselves, when the alarum ran down at its appointed hour, to "answer, Yes, and slumber on;" that its sound had ceased to disturb us. A new kind of noise, therefore, was desirable, and that, together with a determined resolution on our own part, proved successful. We each placed, by our bedside, a large basin of cold water, and the moment the stony shower rattled against our window, each jumped out and plunged his head in the water. This effectually awoke us. The camera was completed within the appointed time, and I am happy to add, that the gardener's summons soon became unnecessary. We realized the pleasure and advantage of early rising; a succession of acts became a habit; a habit from which we have never since been induced to decline. A given object in which real interest is felt; and a basin of cold water, kept in regular operation for the space of a month, would cure any rational and well-disposed young person of the abominable habit of lying late in bed. Whether they might prove as efficacious with older subjects, I cannot pretend to say; but at any age it would be worth making the experiment. I said to myself, "Frank did know what he should like, and it was something worth wishing for, and he went about the right way to obtain it. I wonder whether Arthur's prize will prove as valuable?"

Arthur had now left my uncle's. He only came for a few days; but while he was there, he absolutely made several expensive purchases, and issued orders for very superfluous articles, on the strength of his expected prize, which, if not twenty thousands, he thought at least might be ten. Two or three days after Arthur had left, Frank received a letter from him, to request that the first time we went to the neighbouring town, unaccompanied by my uncle, Frank would call at a jeweller's, and receive some articles which he had ordered, and which he wished to be sent to him as soon as possible. The letter contained several allusions to his anticipated good fortune, and closed with a strict charge that it should not be mentioned to uncle. On receipt of this letter, Frank appeared vexed and embarrassed. He read the letter again and again. At last he said to me, "I am afraid Arthur is going on in a wrong way. Foolish fellow, he suffers himself to dream about this very unlikely acquisition, and then acts as if it were a certainty. He will surely bring himself into trouble and disgrace. I am not sure that I ought not to show the letter to uncle; and yet I should be very sorry to give him an ill opinion of Arthur, if he can be convinced of the impropriety of his conduct without such exposure. One thing I am quite sure of; I can have nothing to do in a matter that requires concealment; I have no secret of my own to keep from my parents, or my uncle, and I will have none of other people's." Frank accordingly replied to Arthur kindly, yet firmly declining to execute his commission, and advising

him, at least, to wait for the receipt of his anticipated wealth, before he incurred expenses which, in case of its failure, he might find it inconvenient to meet. I observed to Frank, that I wondered at Arthur so setting his mind upon a great prize in the lottery: he who had so large an allowance from his father, beside frequent presents from his grandmother and aunts—what could he want with more? "Ah," replied Frank, "extravagance makes people mercenary. Arthur has never learned to say, like uncle Barnaby and Lord C. 'I cannot afford it,' (Visitor for 1839, p. 185;) and hence, though he is profusely supplied with money, he squanders it so lavishly, that he is always wanting more: he is always poor. I dare say there are many families who subsist in respectability and comfort, on a smaller sum than Arthur consumes on his own personal expenses; and yet, with all their cares and toils, they are contented with their daily provision; while he, who has in fact no real wants to meet, is wishing and speculating about getting more. If he had a large family to keep, and no resources to look to, he could not be more anxious than he is about this lottery prize, which it is very unlikely he will ever gain; and if he should gain it, still more unlikely that it should do him any good."

In due time Arthur's ticket came up a blank; and, after much shuffling and embarrassment, he had to coax his aunt and his father for money to pay his debts. This was certainly not what Arthur liked, but it was the natural consequence of the conduct to which his vain and foolish wishes led him. He said, He knew what he should like; but the fact was, he wished for what he knew nothing about.

"I know what I should like," said young Rogers, the nephew of my uncle's housekeeper, "I am sick and tired of apprenticeship. I know quite as much of my trade as my master can teach me; and I earn for him twice as much money as he pays me. It is a very unfair thing. I wish I could buy off the remainder of my time, and set up for myself, I should be sure to succeed." Whenever the youth visited his aunt, he complained bitterly of his present hardships, and represented, in glowing colours, the advantages that would result from his anticipating a year or two of his freedom. Mrs. Rogers consulted my uncle on the subject. His opinion differed widely from that of the young man. That he was clever, and industrious, and likely, in due time, to make his way, my uncle did not dispute: nor yet that his present services were very valuable to his master, who was inclined to take undue advantage of him. Still he considered that it would be more for his honour and interest to serve out his time. However quick and ingenious he might be, it was hardly likely that he had learned quite all that his master could teach him: beside he was far too young to set up in business on his own account; and the twenty or thirty pounds required to buy off his time, would be much more advantageously employed, at a proper time, in the purchase of tools or of stock. The soundness of my uncle's arguments was admitted, and the young man seemed to be reconciled to work out the remainder of his time. But a few months afterwards, he came over again to visit his aunt with a fresh cargo of complaints and projects. My uncle was at that time in London, and Mrs. Rogers was induced to comply with the wishes of her nephew. She permitted him to draw out a small sum of money, which had been laid by for him, and adding to it a few pounds from her own savings, enabled him to obtain his discharge from his master, purchase a small stock of tools, and start for himself. In a very short time, he deemed it desirable to marry, and thought that his prospects in trade afforded him sufficient encouragement to warrant such a step. My uncle on hearing of these rapid movements, shook his head, and expressed a fear that there had been more haste than good speed. However, in various ways he kindly endeavoured to assist the young man. But this one premature step seemed to extend an unfavourable influence over his whole course: the inexperience and imprudence of youth, occasioned frequent mistakes in management; and a rapidly increasing family entailed expenses which the resources of business were unequal to meet. Under the pressure of frequent embarrassments, the young tradesman, and husband, and father, was constrained to admit that he was under a mistake when he was so eager to free himself from restraint, and set up on his own account. "I thought," said he feelingly, "that I knew then what I should like; but I do know what I wish, that I had taken the advice of those who knew better than myself, and been con-

tent to work my way slowly and surely, to finish my apprenticeship, to earn, and save, and feel my way towards beginning for myself, and obtaining something to support a family before I incurred the expenses of one."

My uncle mentioned two cases that had been related to him, which bore upon the subject.

"I know what I should like," said Mrs. Bell, the grocer's wife, as she recovered from a weary yawn while waiting in the little back parlour, in Whitechapel, for the key of the shop. "I should like to give up business, and retire into the country to enjoy a little ease and leisure. Really, Mr. Bell, at our time of life, I don't see why we should go on slaving and toiling, as we have done the last thirty years, being at it by seven o'clock in the morning, and keeping open shop so late every Saturday night. I really am tired out of my life; and we know very well that it will not do for us to go to bed and leave the young men to shut up shop." "No," replied Mr. Bell, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and took a sip of porter, "while I am in business, I will look to it with my own eyes: but really, as you say, I should like to retire and have a little leisure and enjoyment of life; and we certainly can afford it as well as any of our neighbours."

The bright and luminous thought seemed quite to enliven the old couple. Mr. Bell once more filled his pipe, and his wife surmounted her yawning, stirred up the fire, and resumed the conversation. The point of retiring from business was decided upon, and the question between Camberwell and Kentish town, as the place of residence, was under discussion, when the shop shutters slid into their places, and the shop key was laid on the parlour table.

Not many weeks had elapsed before the old established grocery and tea warehouse announced to the public, that it was under the conduct of "Simpson, late Bell," Mr. Bell having retired into the country to enjoy his well-earned competency. And how did the change answer? Did it prove that Mr. and Mrs. Bell were correct when they thought they should like such a change of life? No; their round of ideas had been so completely confined to the shop and the little back parlour, and at no period of life, enlarged either by reading or society, that though money was accumulated to purchase leisure, no resources were provided for enjoying or improving it. In a few months, the excitement of selecting and furnishing the house, and planting the garden, and pointing out their respective beauties, and explaining their cost to visitors had gone by, and the leisurely pair sunk into absolute dulness. Mr. Bell had no amusement except his often filled pipe, which whiled away the time from one meal to another; while Mrs. Bell's daily task was that of scolding two or three half-employed servants, occasionally indulging herself, as a sly treat, in dusting the best parlour herself, and often restraining herself, when prompted to perform, to her own liking, some other acts of household industry, by the consideration, "It would not be in character to do so, now that we are retired gentlefolks."

There is reason to believe that both parties often sighed for the shelves, and counter, and canisters, and little back parlour in Whitechapel.

"I know what I should like," said one who had long been struggling with difficulties, and whose efforts to surmount them had been continually baffled by untoward circumstances, arising out of the misconduct of others. "I have met with many unexpected circumstances of a trying nature; I wish some circumstance, of an opposite character, would transpire, and just place me above anxiety. Let me owe no man any thing, and have five pounds in my pocket to support my family, while I earn five pounds more, and I should be as rich as I desire." "Stop," replied conscience, "you know not what you ask. Are you not a Christian? Have you not chosen the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and so laid hold on the promise, that all other things shall be added to you? Does not your Father know what you have need of; and are you not satisfied that he should choose your inheritance? Dare you, for a moment, indulge the wish to interfere with his arrangements, and be your own carver?" Conscience prevailed; the guilty wish was suppressed; the better feeling recalled—

> "Father, I wait thy daily will,
> Thou shalt divide my portion still;
> Grant me on earth what seem'st thee best,
> Till death and heaven reveal the rest."

In course of time, this pious man realized the summit of his worldly wishes, not according to the dreamy fancy of the

moment, by some one sudden accession of prosperity; but, by the blessing of God on his own honest industry, continued, through a long series of years, and proving sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, and each day yielding some small surplus, which was steadily, and conscientiously, and effectually applied to reduce the burdens that had long oppressed his heart. He lived to owe no man any thing; to possess five pounds of his own, with a heart to devote a portion of it to those sacred and benevolent causes which he had long lamented his inability to assist; and to acknowledge, with gratitude, that the sweetness of his possession was enhanced by the manner in which it had been obtained.

"I know what I should like," said an ingenious young mechanic. "If I could have my wish, I would be the author of some great invention that should immortalize my name, and obtain for me the patronage of government." Every now and then he would fancy that he had got hold of something very clever, and spend both time and money, that he could ill afford, in trying experiments. "I would not discourage the spirit of useful enterprise," said my uncle Barnaby to this young man, "but I would advise you not to waste your time and energies on trying to invent something, you know not what. Keep steadily to your own employment, and improve yourself in it to the highest possible degree; thus you will best secure a present maintenance, and be ready to adopt any improvement that may suggest itself to you. The best discoveries have been made by persons diligently employed in exercising knowledge already possessed." The young man was wise enough to follow good counsel, and though I believe he has never taken out a patent, or obtained a pension for any wonderful invention, he has risen to eminence in his own line, and is now at the head of an extensive and flourishing establishment.

"Ah," said my uncle, when we had been speaking one day about human wishes, and the results attendant on their disappointment and their gratification, "'Who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow?' Eccles. vi. 12. We are very apt to say we know what we wish, when, in fact, we know nothing about it. We wish, but it is for something vain and unattainable; and so we expose ourselves to self-inflicted disappointment; or we expect the fulfilment of our wishes in some way independent of our own proper exertions. 'The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing,' Prov. xiii. 4. Then, too, we often desire things which, when possessed, we do not enjoy. The poor man desires wealth, he obtains it, and finds that it brings with it cares and vexation. The solitary desires society; the man of company seeks solitude, and both find that happiness does not consist in circumstances or their change. We sometimes eagerly desire enjoyments which are in mercy withheld; and we live to see that had our desire been indulged, it would have proved our ruin, Psa. cvi. 15. Even to the true Christian, when he desires conformity to the image of his Lord, it may be said, 'You know not what you ask.' He little thinks how painful and humbling the process; how severe the discipline through which he must pass to attain the object of his desire: could he foresee it, his courage would shrink, and his heart fail; yet this is the only wish that we may absolutely and safely indulge, and if sincere, we shall be led on, step by step, to its completion; and then we 'shall be satisfied, when we awake, with his likeness,'" Psa. xvii. 15.

"Uncle," said Frank, "I should hardly dare say I know what I wish, or I know what I should like, except it be in moral goodness."

"I have often," replied my uncle, "been struck with the wisdom and piety of a little boy whom I knew. He had heard a sermon from the words, John xvi. 23, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.' After naming the text, the minister paused a minute, desiring his hearers to consider what it was they should most desire, and then to present their request in the Saviour's name, relying on his word for its accomplishment. At the close of the service, the child, in conversation with a pious relative, asked her whether she presented any request? She returned the question. 'Yes,' he replied with much solemnity, 'I thought of one thing and another; but I did not know which would be best to ask, and so I said, Father, thy will be done!'"

C.

HORTICULTURE.

Horticulture is that branch of rural economy which consists in the

formation and culture of gardens. Its results are culinary vegetables, fruits, and flowers. On one side it is allied to agriculture, from which, however, it is distinguished by the nature of its products, and by the smaller extent and greater complexity of its operations; on the other side, in its processes of embellishments, it approaches the arts of the landscape artist and the forester, from which, however, it also retires in the comparative minuteness of its details.

Like other arts, horticulture borrows its principles from the general sciences. To botany, it is beholden for the facts and theories of vegetable physiology; to chemistry, for assistance in reference to soils, manures, and artificial heat; and to meteorology, for a knowledge of many circumstances which very materially affect the labours of the gardener. With these subjects, the philosophical horticulturist should not fail to make himself familiar. It is very desirable that such information should be extensively diffused among practical men; as it is only from this quarter that much improvement, in our present state of knowledge, can be expected. Truth, however, obliges us to admit, that gardening has been most successfully practised, when treated as an empirical art. Few of those who are minutely conversant with its numerous manipulations have undergone such an intellectual training as to enable them to wield general principles with effect. Many who are not inexpert or unsuccessful while they follow the routine practice, (a practice, be it remembered, founded on long experience,) egregiously fail, when, with imperfect information, or ill-advised ingenuity, they endeavour to strike out new paths for themselves. The object of the art, too, limits the application of the deductions of science. Its whole business consists in the imitation of nature, whose processes may indeed be, in some measure, originated, as when a seed is inserted in the ground, or modified, as in the artificial training of fruit trees, but which may not be entirely controlled, much less counteracted. The principle of vegetable life, will not endure interference beyond a certain point, and our theoretical views should be so directed as to interfere with it as little as possible. Observation and experiment are the grand means by which the art has arrived at its present state of advancement; at the same time, it is obvious, that an enlarged acquaintance with science will aid us in imitating the processes of nature, guide the hand of experiment, suggest contrivances, and enable us to guard against error; and, above all, will tend to dispel those prejudices which practitioners in the empirical arts are so prone to cherish.

Gardening, Mr. Walpole observes, was probably one of the first arts which succeeded to that of building houses, and naturally attended property and individual possession. Culinary, and afterwards medicinal herbs, were objects in request by every head of a family; and it became convenient to have them within reach, without searching for them in woods, in meadows, or on mountains, as they might be wanted. Separate enclosures for rearing herbs were soon found expedient. Fruits were in the same predicament; and those most in use, or the cultivation of which required particular attention, must early have entered into and extended the domestic enclosure. Such may be deemed the leading heads of a conjectural history of the art; and, indeed, if we would ascend into remote antiquity, we can have recourse only to conjecture; for although, in the sacred writings, and in the earliest profane authors, allusions to gardens occur, little is told us either of their productions or their culture. At the close of the Roman commonwealth, the catalogue of fruits had become considerable, the principles of grafting and pruning were understood and practised, and shortly afterwards, even artificial heat seems to have been partially employed. With the decline of the empire, horticulture also declined or became stationary; but, at the revival of learning, it arose from the slumber of the dark ages, encumbered, it is true, by the dreams of the alchymists, the restrictions of unlucky days, and the imaginary effects of lunar influence. From these fetters it was ere long emancipated by the diffusion of knowledge, and it has hitherto kept pace with the general improvement of society. Modified by climate and other circumstances in different countries, its advancement has been various; but nowhere has it made greater progress than amongst ourselves. Introduced into England at an early period, gardening became

conspicuous in the reign of Henry VIII. and his immediate successors, and met with considerable attention during the reigns of the Stuarts. In the first half of the eighteenth century, Miller, Switzer and others, laboured with success in improving the operations, and unfolding the principles of the art; and these were succeeded by Abercrombie, Speechly, and a host of writers, who added greatly to our stores of knowledge. In 1805, was established the Horticultural Society of London, which was soon followed by the institution of the Caledonian Horticultural Society at Edinburgh; and in their train have sprung up a multitude of provincial gardening societies, all of which have given an impulse to the public mind, and stimulated the exertions of individuals. Experimental gardens have been formed, in which, amongst other things, the important task of distinguishing and classifying the numerous varieties of our hardy fruits has been zealously prosecuted. The mass of information now collected is very great, and the labour expended in its diffusion unwearied. Judging from the literature of the day, and passing downwards from the sumptuous transactions of the metropolitan society, through the numerous periodicals, to the penny information for the people, we shall scarcely find any art, however nationally important, which receives more attention, or on which the liberality of the wealthy is more abundantly bestowed. The public nursery gardens, too, both in London and elsewhere, establishments intimately connected with our subject, and which, in a manufacturing nation, are not the least wonderful amongst the applications of skill and capital, prove the extent and perfection to which gardening has advanced.—*Neill.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

LONDON, FROM THE CUPOLA OF ST. PAUL'S.

With a companion, I have ascended the stone staircase; we have groped our way, almost in the dark, up the wooden steps and platforms, within the dome, and at last, have emerged to light. We are now at the top of the cupola, with the ball and cross above us; and London is spread, like a carpet, beneath our feet.

There are some half-dozen persons in the gallery. Among them, are two Spaniards, with pale faces and dark mustachios, one of whom speaks a little English; and a little gentlemanly Frenchman of low stature, who whether he can speak English or not, will not. The Spaniards are reserved, the Frenchman very communicative. The latter tells me that Paris, when seen from the Parthenon or from Notre Dame, is larger than London; for that three parts of London are hid by the fog.

On a fine day, the view from this place must be truly grand, every part of the metropolis and the surrounding neighbourhood being so fully commanded. At the moment, it is a complete chaos of brick, tile, slate, towers, spires, chimney-pots, and smoke, with a fog in the distance that sadly circumscribes the view: by and by, order will begin to appear.

What a fearful height we are elevated from the earth! the Monument and the churches are but pigmies to this giant of a cathedral. The Lilliputian world below shrinks into insignificance; and not a voice reaches us from the multitude below.

I have, aforetime, been within the ball above my head, and am not now sufficiently high-minded to renew my visit. The strong, heavy, iron-railing, placed here for security, is painted yellow, and a thousand names are etched or scratched thereupon, in celebration of the visit of those who from this place have gazed on London city. The bulging out of the huge cupola below my feet, impresses the mind with a sense of extent and ponderosity. It makes one reflect on the necessity of a firm foundation for such a colossal pile.

The statue of St. Paul there, on the west end of the cathedral, has but a sorry appearance; and the same remark may be made of the other figures, for they are nothing but shapeless blocks of stone at the back, supported by unsightly iron bars, though their fronts are very beautiful. To put the best on the outside is a rule that is observed in many things beside sculpture and architecture.

Though the height of St. Paul's so much exceeds that of the Monument, the perpendicular view from the latter is, by far, the more fearful of the two. The cupola and the church of St. Paul's prevent the eye from encountering here

that dreadful depth which the gazer from the Monument endures. Still, as the eye travels down the dome, and suddenly plunges into the churchyard, the immeasurable gulf is sufficiently terrible. What a Tarpeian rock to be flung from headlong!

The continued rattle occasioned by the passing vehicles, and the varied sounds in the public streets, are all blended in one unceasing rumble by the time they ascend to this place. You scarcely hear any individual sound, unless it be the striking of a church clock. A man may be seen at work with his hammer, another may be smacking his whip, and a third sawing a piece of timber; but the hammer, the whip, or the saw cannot be heard.

In the north part of the churchyard below, once stood St. Paul's cross, a remarkable piece of antiquity. Here were the magistrates chosen, and every male of twelve years old and upwards, sworn to be true to the king and his heirs. When the old cross was destroyed, a new one was raised. At this cross, Jane Shore did penance; here, the first English Bible was publicly burned; and here, Cardinal Wolsey read the sentence against Martin Luther and his works.

The shop windows in St. Paul's churchyard look gay, ornamented as they are with glittering brass, but the large window panes are sadly diminished, and the names of their illustrious owners can scarcely be deciphered. There are five or six young men peeping in at the music shop, and two ladies in white, have this moment stopped at the milliner's window. The varied articles that are exposed for sale appear all mingled together. The broad slated roofs, of what used to be Newgate market, are very conspicuous, while the narrow strip of a street, called Paternoster Row, can scarcely be traced with the eye.

There is the Post Office, with its portico and doric pillars: as seen from the ground it is a noble edifice; but this altitude is a sad revealer of secrets. We here perceive that the outside is of stone, and the inside of brick. I might enter on a description of the building, its exterior form, and its internal arrangements, its system of business, its branch offices, and its regulations for receiving and despatching letters; for it is a little city in itself, and in degree may be said, if not to regulate, at least, to affect the beating of every heart, and the throbbing of every pulse in the metropolis.

And that is St. Martin's le Grand! Could I go back a few short centuries; instead of the scene that now presents itself, I should be gazing on old Aldersgate; the richly and royally endowed priory of St. Martin le Grand; and the proud and princely mansion of the duke of Brittany. Even now I can fancy that I hear the Christmas anthem of a band of brotherhood portly in form and feature; as with sack and wallet they plod their way through the miry streets to gather largesse against the holy tide. Christmas was Christmas then, in all its ceremonial decorations, its widespread charities, its open-hearted hospitality, and its reckless revelry.

He who would learn to the full, the manner and spirit with which our ancestors commemorated Christmas, had need be patient and persevering as well as ardent in his inquiry; for the authorities he has to consult, and the evidence he has to collect, are widely scattered through records of a varied character.

Should he fix on the days of William the Norman, as on a starting point, and continue his course to those of Oliver Cromwell; he must turn over the ample pages of many an ancient record and time-worn chronicle; he must ponder over the statute-book, scrutinize the rolls of court, and read the antique ballads of the olden times. The royal household books, and the archives of noble families will furnish him with much information; and the popular traditions, and expiring observances in many a country homestead at Christmas will throw occasional light on the faint and shadowy remembrances of remoter times.

When we read of our great great grandfathers and our equally memorable and venerated grandmothers, sitting at the huge dinner table prodigally supplied with orthodox dishes; the damask napkin drawn through the highest button hole of their church-going Christmas-visiting coats; or the lawn handkerchief carefully pinned over the brocade stomacher, reciprocrating healths; and unitedly complimenting the mistress of the entertainment; who, well versed in all the mysteries of the still and stewpan, competent to "rear a goose," "sauce a capon," "border a pasty," or "barb a lobster," with her best point

ruffles pinned up, and brandishing her huge carving knife, occupied her household throne, the large arm chair at the head of the table.

When we read that our ancestors assembled themselves at the festive board,

"And served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores,"

we regard them as a race of men altogether diverse from those that now people our pathways. We can now hardly realize, even by the glimpses we may get of a Lord Mayor's feast, of the wassailry and prodigality of our progenitors, when with sinewy frames and lusty appetites they revelled 'mid

"Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum. puddings, pancakes, apple pies, and custard,
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known."

Christ's Hospital is plainly seen. It was originally a religious house of the order of Grey Friars, who came from Italy 1224. The new hall is a noble building in the Tudor style, and stands partly on the ancient wall of London, and partly on the spot where stood the refectory of Grey Friars. The principal front is towards Newgate street. It has an octagon tower at each extremity, and is supported by buttresses with an embattled top and pinnacles.

Christ's Hospital, in 1552, was prepared to receive poor fatherless children. Their livery was russet cotton, which soon after was changed for blue. The present Christ Church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the goodly pile on which I am now standing. The old Monastery church was burned down by the great fire of London, in 1666.

Who has not stood at the iron gates, to see the boys belonging to the place at play, in their old-fashioned monkish garb? The dark blue coat with long skirts, the yellow petticoat and stockings, the leathern girdle, the white neckband, and the small black worsted cap, are altogether unlike the dress of modern times.

The square there, with the four noble stone buildings, united by stone gateways at the angles, is St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It is devoted to the use of the sick, nearly four thousand in-patients, and a yet greater number of out-patients have been cured or relieved in the course of a year.

A little to the right yonder is the Charter-house, with its front in Charter-house square. An extensive Carthusian monastery once stood on the spot where the present building is situated. The Charter-house Hospital and Free school were founded by a wealthy citizen of the name of Sutton.

Another monastic establishment occupied a spot beyond, where the knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, resided. St. John's gate, Clerkenwell, is well known. Changed as London is, from what it was in the olden time: who shall say that it will not be much more so in future days?

I can just catch a glimpse of Smithfield. "Schmyt Fyeld," it was once called; but a different place it was then, to what it is now. About a third of it may be seen from this gallery. This is the principal mart for cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, and hay. More than sixteen thousand pigs, seventeen thousand calves, twenty thousand horses, a hundred thousand bullocks, and nine hundred thousand sheep and lambs, are here annually sold.

It was in Smithfield, that the lord mayor, Walworth, in the reign of Richard II., killed Wat Tyler; and at a yet earlier date, duels were decided there according to the "kamp-fight" ordeal of the Saxons.

Tilts and tournaments, also, were once held in Smithfield. Three thousand archers once assembled, most of them with golden chains suspended from their necks attended with crowds of people; and Henry VIII. created, in a jestful manner, one Barlow, duke of Shoreditch, for his skill in archery.

It was here that the doating hero, Edward III., in his sixty-second year, when he ought to have been much better employed, "infatuated by the charms of Alice Pierce, placed her by his side in a magnificent car, and styling her the lady of the sun, conducted her to the lists, followed by a train of knights, each leading by the bridle a beautiful palfrey, mounted by a gay damsel; and for seven days together, exhibited the most splendid justs in indulgence of his disgraceful passion."

To the magnificent tournament of Richard II., held at this place, "there

issued out of the Towre of London, fyrst three score coursers, apparelled for the justes, and on every one a squyer of honour riding a soft pace. Then issued out threescore ladyes of honoure mounted on fayre palfreyes; and every lady led a knight by a cheyne of silver, which knights were apparelled to just."

Bartholomew fair was granted for three days in the year to the neighbouring priory by Henry II.; and ever since then, Smithfield has annually been the scene of theatrical representations, wild beasts, shows of all descriptions, revelry, folly, and crime.

But even the reckless debauchery of Bartholomew fair, cannot compare in iniquity with the cruel burnings of the martyrs in Smithfield: these mark the place with a fearful significancy, and brand it with an infamy never to be effaced.

There is a soft, picture-like expression given by the great elevation of this place to the objects below; and as individual voices are not heard, being drowned in the universal rumble of the streets, the objects of the scattered multitude seem to be set forth by actions, not by words.

The Spaniards are stalking round the gallery, making but few remarks. Not so the little Frenchman, who has just observed to me, with a shrug of exultation, that they have none of our English fogs in France; and that the Monument of London is not like the column of the Place Vendome in Paris.

I have just found out Cripplegate Church, where the earthly part of Milton moulders. Homer, Virgil, and Milton have been considered the three greatest poets that ever lived. The following lines by Dryden speak much in their praise.

> "Three poets in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
> The first in majesty of thought surpassed,
> The next in gracefulness;—in both, the last.
> The force of nature could no farther go,
> To make a third she joined the other two."

The fog seems to increase, and every distant object is hidden, or appears very indistinct. Greenwich is hardly perceptible. The marine forest there, the armada in the river has a goodly appearance; and the bridges bestriding the noble stream are striking objects in this splendid panorama. I have ventured the remark to the Frenchman, that they have no river Thames at Paris. He replies by asking me with a shrug, where are our English palaces? and if I have ever visited Versailles? Nationality is strong within him; but this is as it should be. True patriots love their father-land.

> ——— "Where'er we roam
> Our first, best country ever is at home,"

whether we are Englishmen or Frenchmen, whether we were born under the line, or where icebergs crowd the northern sea.

The top only of the Bank of England, can be discerned from hence. This is by far the most important institution in the world with regard to money matters. Millions and millions are circulated through the four quarters of the globe, by the agency of this establishment. If we were as anxious to lay up treasure in heaven as we are to amass it on earth, how much of care and distraction should we avoid!

The space once occupied by the Royal Exchange is plainly seen. The conflagration of this elegant edifice was a sore visitation to the merchants of London. It was a singular circumstance that while the fire was at its height, the chimes in the tower of the building were playing the tune, "There's nae luck about the house." The destruction, the loss, and the inconvenience occasioned by the burning of this place, were truly terrible.

The green trees which are seen, here and there, among the masses of brick and stone buildings of the city, look very picturesque. They refresh the eye, and the spirit too.

The Mansion-house resembles one habitation built upon another; and Guildhall and the India House I cannot discern. The Mint appears to great advantage; and the Tower and the Monument are very conspicuous.

While I look down upon the churchyard below, the thought of falling there is horrible. Five persons have flung themselves down from the Monument: a weaver, a baker, Levy the Jew, Margaret Moyes, and a boy. It would be difficult to assign any other reason for their adopting so dreadful a mode of quitting the world, than a stronger than ordinary determination to get rid of life; an inflexible resolve that no possible contingency should prevent their destruction. What must have been that state of mind that could look on such a dreadful deed, as a relief to its unimaginable agony?

The Monument is a fluted pillar of the Doric order, a free imitation of Trajan's pillar at Rome. Its height is two hundred and two feet. Sir Christopher Wren designed and erected this column to hand down to posterity the remembrance of the great fire of London, which began near the spot on which the Monument stands.

The Tower of London is closely connected with every part of English History; having been famous as a fort, a palace, a prison, and a magazine for arms. As it now stands, it was originally founded by William I.; but succeeding kings much strengthened and enlarged it. Hearts have beat with rapture and throbbed with agony within its gloomy walls.

The Tower contains cannon, and large field-pieces; muskets and other weapons for a hundred thousand men; complete suits of armour; and effigies of most of our English monarchs; trophies and instruments of torture captured from the Spanish Armada. The crown jewels are also kept here, said to be worth two millions of money.

As I look around, some new object is continually rising in view. The Custom-house, the Docks, and the Greenwich railway station are all seen, and St. Saviour's Church at the foot of London Bridge. It was in the Lady chapel of this truly beautiful Gothic church that Bonner and Gardiner, whose names are synonymous with bigotry and relentless cruelty, sat in judgment on better men, and condemned them to the stake. Here stood Ferrar, and Hooper, and Bradford, and other eminent reformers, the manacled defenders of the Protestant faith.

I have walked round the gallery to explain some of the more imposing and important buildings to the Frenchman, whom I take to be a man of letters. St. Paul's school, close to the churchyard I had not before noticed; and Newgate, and the Old Bailey Sessions-house in the opposite direction, had escaped me.

Newgate was built either in the reign of Henry I., or of Stephen. It took its name from the city gate erected near the place, which was new, compared with Ludgate, built more than a thousand years before.

At one period, the prison of Newgate was the receptacle of wretchedness, filth, disease, and contagion; and cartloads of the carcasses of those who died of the gaol fever were flung, without the rites of sepulture, into holes where now Christ churchyard stands.

The Frenchman is bent on seeing the Thames Tunnel, which he regards as a truly national and grand affair. He tells me, that it is the first, but that it will not be the last undertaking of the kind. There! he is gone. He has removed his hat from his head, courteously thanked me for my attentions to a stranger; made me a low bow, and bade me adieu.

Peace go with thee, thou inhabitant of a light-hearted land! and may the nationalities of thy heart lead thee to love thy own country without being unjust to the country of another. Pass by in Britain all that is unworthy, and take back in thy heart all that thou findest in her consistent with humanity, with virtue, with patriotism, and with piety.

While the surrounding buildings are lost in the fog, the towers of Westminster Abbey are seen distinctly in the distance yonder. They appear to be in the clouds. How often have I lingered among the goodly monuments of that costly fabric Westminster Abbey; where poets, painters, and musicians, statesmen, kings, and heroes lie entombed.

"The sceptered hand, the anointed head,
There moulder with the silent dead,
For worldly pomp and kingly power,
Are but the pageants of an hour.

"Where breasts with proud ambition swell,
Oh what a tale is this to tell!
If kings the shroud of death must wear,
Can I do better than prepare?"

My companion has just pointed out the imposing appearance of the ships below London Bridge. Lying as they do, along each side of the river, they resemble two hostile fleets in order of battle, just ready to pour their devastating thunder into each other's bosoms.

Lambeth Palace is not visible. Somerset House looks proudly down upon the flowing river; and farther to the north-west, the bulky Colosseum spreads out its heavy, huge, and dome-crowned walls.

Turning from Westminster Abbey, where heroes slumber, and where crowned heads and mitred brows repose, I have been looking for Bunhill fields, where the remains of John Bunyan and Dr. Watts are mouldering; and for the neighbouring cemetery, where the dust

of John Wesley lies: but I cannot make out the one or the other.

After lingering long in gazing on the goodly spectacle around us, my companion and I must descend to the common level of humanity. We must go down, high as we are, even to the churchyard below, happy to glean there a salutary reflection; for the thought of death is often a salutary medicine to the mind. In the midst of life we indeed are in death; and we cannot be too deeply impressed with this solemn truth.

"Hark! hark! A cry is gone abroad from every peopled plain,
It sweeps along the sounding shore, it murmurs from the main;
From every varied spot of earth, where human creatures be,
It loudly echoes through the land, and spreads from sea to sea.
From palace wall and humble cot, from town and village lone,
From every newly opened grave, and every churchyard stone;
In every language under heaven, a voice repeats the cry,
'Thy days are numbered, mortal man, and thou art born to die!'

Whate'er thy state may be, whate'er the paths thy feet have trod;
Forsake thy sins, and lowly kneel, and seek the Lord thy God.
Prepare thee for the bed of death, though now thy bosom burn;
For dust thou art, and suddenly to dust shalt thou return.
What though ten thousand flattering tongues conspire to praise thee now,
Though glittering stars adorn thy breast, and diadems thy brow;
'Mid all thy dreams of earthly bliss, soon thou shalt hear the cry,
'Thy days are numbered, mortal man, and thou art doomed to die!'"

SACRED POETRY.

In a splendid passage in the life of Waller—splendid alike in thought and in diction, Dr. Johnson set himself to account for the assumed fact of the general failure in the effect of sacred poetry. Many of the sentiments in the passage are characterized, not by beauty and sublimity alone, but by truth; yet there has always seemed to me to be an oversight in the general principle of his discussion, rendering his conclusion, in some degree at least, fallacious. The essence of his theory is comprised in the following sentences:—"From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy: but this is rarely to be hoped from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinitude cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved:"—and the fine closing sentence of the passage—"The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament: to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify, by a concave mirror, the sidereal hemisphere." The sentiments thus elegantly conveyed are true; but in the application of them—in the conclusion to which they are the premises—there lurks, as I have said, a fallacy; a fallacy which the reader, captivated by the magnificence both of the ideas and the language, is in danger of overlooking. It is true that "omnipotence cannot be exalted, that infinitude cannot be amplified, that perfection cannot be improved:" but the fallacy lies in this; that it is not with the things themselves that either poetry or eloquence has to do, but with our conceptions and impressions of them. It is not the object of the one or of the other, to exalt omnipotence, to amplify infinitude, to improve perfection. What bard, or what orator, ever contemplated a purpose so vain? But while every thing of the kind involves contradiction, there is no contradiction in supposing our conceptions of these incomprehensible realities enlarged and elevated, and our impressions of them deepened and hallowed. That the truths of Christian theology are "too sacred for fiction" may be granted in one sense, and contested in another. It would be sacrilegious profanation to desecrate them by any intermixture of the fables and fancies of men; yet what are all the parables of Scripture but the employment of "fiction" for their elucidation? If in one view they are "too simple," in another they may be pronounced too sublime, "for eloquence:" and if "too majestic for ornament," how comes it that in the Bible itself the stores of nature are ransacked to supply figures for their illustration, and the richest investment of poetic imagery is so often thrown around them? Where are loftier strains either of poetry or eloquence to be found, than in the writings of those "holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," when they set forth the excellences of Deity, and the wonders of his redeeming love? Who can read the fortieth

chapter of Isaiah, without feeling self humbled, and Jehovah exalted? By the figures which are there used—the "measuring of the waters in the hollow of his hand"—the "meting out of heaven with his span"—the "weighing of the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance"—the "taking up of the isles as an atom,"—the "nations being before him as the drop of a bucket and the small dust of the balance, less than nothing and vanity"—his "sitting on the circle of the earth," and viewing "its inhabitants as grasshoppers"—his "stretching out the heavens as a curtain, and spreading them out as a tent to dwell in,"—omnipotence is not exalted, infinitude is not amplified, perfection is not improved; but who is not sensible that his own thoughts of Jehovah are expanded and elevated, his impressions deepened, and the spirit of devout adoration prostrated before the everlasting throne? Nay, we may cite Dr. Johnson against himself. His very negation is proof. In the passage which contains and supports it, there is both eloquence and poetry. And who is there who feels not that in reading the very terms in which the denial is conveyed—"omnipotence cannot be exalted, infinitude cannot be amplified, perfection cannot be improved"—he has a loftier conception and a deeper and more devout impression of the omnipotence, the infinitude, and the perfection, than before? that is, that he has the very results which all good poetry is affirmed to yield—"the enlargement of his comprehension," and the "elevation of his fancy?"—*Wardlaw.*

OLD HUMPHREY'S QUOTATIONS.

I TOLD you, some time ago, that I could not get on at all without "begging, borrowing, and stealing." As it was with me then, so it is now; and I think it is likely to be so through the remaining days of my pilgrimage.

Once more have I been looking over my letters received from correspondents, whom I highly honour. From these I now borrow a few extracts that have done me good, and with the hope that they will do you good too, I lay them before you. Much do I owe my correspondents, more than I can ever repay; but it is my prayer, that He whose is the silver and the gold, will pay them with interest, with his goodness and his grace.

One correspondent says, "You must know that when I first desired to fear God, I took it into my head, that I could not be humble and godly, in any but a low station of life; and I verily believe, if God himself, at that time, in a conspicuous providence, had placed any other station before me, I should have taken upon myself to reply to him like Peter in the tenth chapter of the Acts, "'Not so, Lord,' not so! I cannot serve thee unless I am poor and meanly clad, and live in a lowly dwelling." But, since then, I have considered Him more, who walked with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the midst of the fire, and have quite altered my opinion, looking upon every station of life, to be equally exposed to temptation, in proportion as we wander from God. Beggars, in poverty and wretchedness, have been found to despise God; and kings, in affluence and luxury, have been found to fear and love him: submitting, then, to his almighty will, I desire to be placed just where he pleases, and where I can do most to extend his glory."

Oh that Old Humphrey, without borrowing from his friends, could lay such prizable experience, such precious thoughts and feelings as these before you. Such Christian correspondence as this, I say, does me good; for while it humbles, it exalts me; while it robs, it enriches me; and while it bring tears into my eyes, it puts a sunbeam in my heart.

My correspondent proceeds thus:—"You may remember that there was a murmuring among the Grecians, something about neglecting their widows in the daily ministration, Acts vi.; but the apostles said, We cannot attend to these matters, appoint others over these things, 'We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word,' Acts vi. 4. Now, what I want is, though in me the desire is very unreasonable; that other people may be appointed to attend to the concerns of every-day duties, and that I may give myself to the things that belong to my peace."

These observations may not strike you so forcibly as they do me; for Christian people, like the rest of the world, have their different tastes. Some like John Bunyan, and some Richard

Baxter; some prefer Brooks to Flavel, or Beveridge to Boston; some feast on the proverbs of the wise man, while others exult in the psalms of the sweet songster of Israel.

But now for a quotation of a different kind. A talented friend of mine, somewhat under a cloud, sends in his letter to me, a message to one who had manifested towards him Christian sympathy. It runs thus:—"Your little packet was put into my hand yesterday. It was, indeed, a most sweet surprise; and I walked for some time, to and fro, reading your note, over and over again. Such moments repay us for much toil and trouble, and we 'thank God and take courage.' These friendly interruptions to one's ordinary train of thought and feeling, are most grateful to the spirit; we delight to dwell upon them, and to follow them to the hearth and heart whence they proceed; and though we love to linger there, yet we trace them onward to the fountain of eternal love, from whence they sprang."

Oh that I, like my correspondent, could see my heavenly Father's hand in all things, and trace every act of earthly friendship and sympathy to his eternal love!

My last extract will now follow: it is not an hour since I received it; but I doubt not it will yield me pleasure through many days. "The year has well nigh passed, and we are nearer now to 'the river' than we were; but that need not move us.

"The river is not half so deep
As we are apt to fear;
What is there in this weary world,
That we should linger here!"

My epistle is a hurried one; for Christian soldiers must be content with a passing word and nod from their comrades by the way, not caring to tarry long till they get to 'head quarters.' Farewell! I always liked the word, even in tears. There is a shadow-like influence about it, heathful to a pilgrim; a depth of feeling that 'tunes the heart like an instrument.' It is not the 'Farewell!' by itself that is pleasant; but the 'We shall meet again,' that seems to form a part of it. We must expect to be tried a little, while we are here; it is required of us to 'press forward.' We must forget sunshine, and flowers, and earthly love,

"And face the storm, and brave the blast,
To meet a Saviour's smile at last."

It may be, that in transcribing these quotations, I have not been so successful a caterer for your comfort and enjoyment as for my own. Should this be the case, bear with me, and hope—for Christian charity hopeth all things—that I may manifest more judgment, and be in a happier mood at another opportunity.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

The visions that occur to us during the hours of sleep, may be used and abused. We abuse them when we foolishly attach an undue importance to trifling occurrences, and use them, when we endeavour to profit by any plain lesson of instruction they may contain.

God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, to animate him on the journey he had undertaken, saying, "I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make thee a great nation."

God also made himself known, oftentimes, in visions of the night to Daniel. "I saw in the night visions, and behold, one like the Son of man, came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

Not many evenings ago, I was seated at table with a few friends, when the subject of dreams was introduced. One of the party related the following striking occurrence, which I could not but listen to with considerable interest.

"We are told," said he, "in Holy Scripture, that God is pleased to instruct and profit his creatures 'in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men;' and surely I am justified in believing that an instance of this kind once occurred to me.

"There was a period of my life, when my mind was much oppressed on account of my worldly affairs. I was, as an agent, connected with a house whose concerns were very large; and this house unfortunately engaged in a suit at law, which not only occasioned considerable expense to the parties, but also threatened to involve me in great difficulty.

"Day after day I brooded on the

gloomy prospects before me; and night after night I retired to rest with a heavy heart. It is said, the longer we carry a burden, the heavier it becomes, whether it be borne on the shoulder, or on the mind; and my burden, at times, overwhelmed my spirit with despondency.

"At this gloomy season I, one night, dreamed that a female figure, dressed in white, came to my bed side, and sang in a clear, musical, and intelligible voice, the words,

'Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.'

I awoke, well pleased with my agreeable dream, and again sank into slumber.

"When the darkness of the night had passed, and the bright beams of the morning sun shone upon the earth, I found my mind considerably relieved. The pleasant influence of my dream made my heart light, and I recounted the occurrence to my family.

"I did not at that time know, till reminded of it by one of my children, that the words which had so much soothed me, were to be found in one of Cowper's hymns. The visions of the night, however, impressed them on my memory, and they are not soon likely to be forgotten.

"At this period there were no favourable circumstances to brighten my views; yet still my mind was less clouded than before; my dream had not been useless. The words,

'Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face,'

repeatedly occurred to me; and it was not long before the cloud that had gathered around me was dissipated; for instead of the loss my desponding mind had led me to fear, I became an absolute gainer to the amount of three hundred pounds."

While we should guard against any superstitious ideas originating from dreams, we are not to reject any valuable lessons because they have been thus brought to our minds. The fact that our heavenly Father frequently so overrules the darkest events, as to make that a blessing which we have regarded as a curse, changing our afflictions into consolations, and turning our sorrows into joy and gladness, is too apparent to be doubted for a moment; but when we meet with any striking cases of the kind within our own observation, it serves to impress this fact more deeply on our mind.

The relation of this occurrence gave me much pleasure, and disposed me to repeat, with a more than ordinary emotion of thankfulness and gratitude, the words—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

G.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

The anchor of a ship is of most use in a storm, the shield in a day of battle, and faith in a time of suffering. Peter sunk in his faith, before he sunk in the waters; but Jonah, when under the waters in the belly of hell, was supported by it: and the primitive Christians were at ease when tortured, at liberty when captived, conquerors whilst subdued, and out of weakness were made strong through faith, bearing God's trials with God's strength; and so may all when suffering for righteousness' sake, for this we know, that no afflictive evil comes by chance. God, as the efficient, orders and disposes them. We should ever remember, that suffering is part of a Christian's work, as well as doing. We are not to run to it before we are called, nor from it when we are. And let us remember, also, that all our sufferings are nothing to Christ's—the cross not so heavy, nor the cup so bitter; for we taste love, when he did wrath.

When the Israelites saw their enemies, the Egyptians, dead on the seashore, they sang a song of praise unto God, whose right hand became glorious in power, and dashed in pieces their enemies. And by faith in Christ, all that are terrified by the law, assaulted by the devil, haunted by sin, tempted by the world and though fear of death subject to bondage, beholding the conquest over their enemies, may triumph, and bid defiance to them all. The curse of the law is abolished by the satisfaction made by Christ to Divine justice; sin is condemned in the flesh by him who became a sacrifice for it, and it is crucified with him. The devil, the prince of this world, is judged and cast out by him. The world is conquered, and death vanquished in his victory over them. Let us then triumph in our victory, and give thanks unto God, who through Christ has given us victory. The warfare of faith ends in victory, and the victory must be crowned with triumph.—*Francis Fuller.*

Mary Stuart.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Continued from page 86.)

The first ten years of the reign of Elizabeth were troubled by her contests with France, and other circumstances, chiefly arising from the state of Scottish affairs. But a deeper and more deadly contest was preparing; her struggle with the Papacy which involved every sort of warfare, national and private, open battles of armies, secret conspiracies, craft and stratagem, turmoil and deception.

Soon after the peace of Passau in 1552, the Papacy appeared likely to regain much of that influence which had been shaken by the establishment of the Reformation in Germany. The proceedings of the Council of Trent, and other matters exclusively connected with the history of the nations on the Continent, must be here passed by. With regard to the British islands, Popery fully regained its sway, under the reign of Mary, while the alliance between France and Scotland kept down the northern reformers. But Scotland was roused. Popery had there been exhibited in its worst forms; as a political, as well as a religious system, it excited the utmost abhorrence. Knox and others were made instrumental in leading their countrymen to throw off the yoke of Popery; while the death of Mary set Englishmen at liberty to declare their abhorrence of idolatry and persecution. The pope at that time was Paul IV., a cruel character, who encouraged and urged Mary of England to follow her merciless course. To check the progress of Lutheranism in Italy, he established the Inquisition at Rome; but his career was soon stopped, he died in August 1559, when the populace destroyed the prison of the inquisition, and liberated his victims. The accession of Elizabeth was a bitter event to him; every circumstance connected with her birth and early life, placed her in direct opposition to the see of Rome. The pope, indeed, invited the new queen to cast herself upon his clemency, and to sue for her crown as his gift; but nothing short of the most abject submission and direct apostasy could ensure his confirmation of that inheritance, which she claimed as the descendant of a marriage, the validity of which would not for a moment be admitted by the Papacy. Such submission must have caused Elizabeth

to lose the hearts of her subjects, while the nation rejoiced to receive her as the Protestant daughter of Henry VIII., and the day was past when the pope could obtrude a vassal, either by force or fraud, upon the throne of England.

Pius IV. followed the track marked out by his predecessor, though with more measured steps. He re-established the Inquisition, and prepared that declaration of faith, which under the title of the creed of pope Pius, embodies the principles of Popery to the present day. In this document, the leading errors of the church of Rome, its peculiar articles of faith, are added to those of the apostles' creed, and taught as of equal authority, concluding with an anathema against all Protestants, that is, declaring them accursed, and to be persecuted to death here, and asserting their eternal condemnation. Pius IV. urged the kings of France and Spain to persecute their Protestant subjects; he was willingly obeyed by the latter. In France, he endeavoured to set the leaders of the nation at variance, which ended in massacre and civil warfare; the pope taking part by sending troops to act against the Huguenots. By the final decrees of the Council of Trent, which he re-assembled, Pius IV. effectually prevented any reformation in the church of Rome, and fixed its doctrines and practice in that form, which they have ever since maintained. This gave him additional power to pursue his great design for extirpating Protestantism. Having in vain attempted to win over Elizabeth, by a direct offer to establish and confirm her royal authority, provided she would submit to his control, (a promise which she and her ministers knew would be kept no longer than might suit the views of the Papacy,) nothing remained but to destroy her, and overturn the religious system which she was establishing in England, although she earnestly desired to arrange matters, so as to comprehend the adherents of the church of Rome, provided they would only engage not to obey the mandates of a foreign power in temporal affairs, in preference to the laws of their own kingdom.

We have not space here to relate all the steps by which the pope proceeded. That his design went forward is plain; an emissary was sent from Rome in 1566 to Mary of Scotland, to prevent her from coming to any agreement with her Protestant nobles, urging that "all Catholic princes were banded to root them, (the Protestants,) out of all Europe." Elizabeth never listened for a moment to the blandishments or threats of the Vatican. She stedfastly refused to admit a nuncio or ambassador from Rome. Her council stated her full persuasion that such an emissary would attempt to raise a rebellion. Some inferior agents, however, found admittance into Ireland, where they took an active part in exciting rebellious proceedings. One obtained admission to Mary in Scotland, in the garb of a merchant; he encouraged her in the mistaken course she was pursuing; but his stay was short, and he escaped with some difficulty. It is painful to observe the quick succession of popes, when we reflect that the atrocious proceedings of the Papacy were almost invariably the acts of men, whose last hour was at hand! Pius IV. died in 1565.

Pius V. was equally firm of purpose with his predecessor; he was also more unhesitating and implacable in his proceedings. If an unscrupulous adoption of atrocious measures, pursued with unwearying perseverance, gives evidence that a man is a follower of Satan, this infallible head of the church of Rome, styling himself, "Holiness," was undoubtedly one. He, too, was an inquisitor; he was chosen Pope, because the cardinals believed he would not hesitate to carry out into action the violent plans of his predecessor. He did so; for this he was afterwards declared a saint, miracles were said to have been wrought by him; the first of May is appointed for paying religious worship to him. In the collect for that day's service he is declared to have been chosen of God "to depress the enemies of the church;" as it is expressed in the gentler phrase of the English missal; but the original, as used in the Latin public service, is to "crush the enemies of the church;" the phrase is applicable to the destruction of noisome and poisonous reptiles, such the church of Rome declares Protestants to be. This was the spirit in which Pius V. entered into open contest with Elizabeth; it was his own seeking, and his own letters show the implacable ferocity with which he sought her destruction. In them, he urged the kings and nobles subject to his power, to extirpate, even by "massacre," those whom he calls the "enemies of God." In a

letter to the cardinal of Lorraine, he directs him to convince the king of France that he cannot satisfy the Redeemer, unless he shows himself inexorable to all who plead for those most wicked of men. How different this from the language of Christ, the Redeemer himself. Consider his words recorded in the volume of Divine inspiration:—"This is my commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you," John xv. 12—"Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea;" and solemnly declared, "I say unto you, Love your enemies," adding an injunction not to curse, but to "pray for them which despitefully use you," Matt. v. 44. Then say whether it is possible that this pretended "vicar of the Son of God," could be a believer in that blessed book, unless indeed as the devils are said to "believe and tremble." Letter after letter of this pope, printed by Romish historians, show that he was a murderer, that he urged others to deeds of blood, and thus sought to forward the work of "his father the devil."

In one letter, this pope rebuked a commander, because he had not put to death or "murdered," using the very word, a Huguenot commander taken prisoner by his troops!

In 1569, the pope sent Nicholas Norton, with authority to declare privately to some of the English nobility, who still professed the Romish faith, that Elizabeth was considered by him as a heretic, and that they were not bound to obey her. In February 1570, a papal bull was published, in which, by virtue of the power assumed by Pius, he declared Elizabeth to be a slave of wickedness, and a pretended queen, deprived her of her kingdom, absolved all her subjects from their allegiance, forbade any one to obey her laws, and declared all who should act contrary to the papal decrees, liable to the same severities. Among other charges was one which Turner, who gives a full account of this papal conspiracy, justly points out as a valuable testimony to the character and practice of Elizabeth: it denounced her for affording refuge to the persecuted of other lands. This has repeatedly been the glory of Britain, and truly we may say the land has been blessed in that deed.

Much light has been of late years thrown upon the real history of Elizabeth's reign, by documents published by Romanists themselves, many of which had long been neglected by historians, others have been recently brought forward. The biographer of Pius v. has left sufficient statements to show the extent to which his machinations against this illustrious princess were carried. The pope gave regular pay to many of the English nobility and gentry; he sent pecuniary aid and counsel to the supporters of Mary in Scotland; he animated the English Papists to rebel against Elizabeth, and to plot her deposition with a view of placing Mary on the throne, even recommending them "to take off" her whom he stigmatized as "the slave of wickedness." This evidently sanctioned designs for the death of Elizabeth. To forward these plans, a Florentine named Ridolfi, often visited England as a merchant: the degree of success he obtained we shall see hereafter. The despatches of the French ambassador at this period notice Ridolfi as having charge and commandment from the pope in person, to treat with the English Roman Catholic noblemen for the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion. This conspiracy of the Popish powers had begun to be acted upon before May 1568, when Mary Stuart took refuge in England. Considerable embarrassment was caused by her arrival: several of the counsellors of Elizabeth, at the moment, were inclined to wish that she should leave the kingdom, and for some weeks she had the opportunity to do so. But farther consideration still more plainly showed the difficulties in which the question was involved on every side. If she were allowed to remain in England free from restraint, it was obvious that this would afford many advantages for carrying into effect the papal conspiracy to place Mary on the English throne. The heavy charges against her moral character increased the difficulty. By treating Mary with regal honours as a fugitive queen, Elizabeth would declare herself convinced of Mary's innocence, or as countenancing her crimes if she were proved guilty. If Mary were compelled to return to Scotland, that would excite a civil warfare, and be considered as betraying her into the hands of her enemies. Should she be allowed to seek an asylum in France or Spain, it would

place in the control of the members of the papal conspiracy a powerful instrument for the furtherance of their designs, while it would subject Scotland to the horrors of foreign invasion, in addition to those of civil warfare, and open a way for the pope's confederates to attack England. Nor was Elizabeth in the situation of a private individual. Upon the decision of her government in this matter, rested the lives and fortunes not only of the great majority of her own subjects, but those of the Protestants of Europe in general. It was now plain that the life and power of Elizabeth were the great supports of Protestantism, and her duties and responsibility were increased thereby. There cannot be a greater mistake than to consider the differences between Mary Stuart and Elizabeth merely as a quarrel between two rival queens. They were rivals, but their quarrel was heightened and rendered deadly by the vast interests in which they were involved, from their political, and not from their personal situations.

Under these conflicting circumstances, what course was the government of Elizabeth to pursue? Had the case been reversed, there can be little doubt what the Papists would have done. The punishment of an illegitimate pretender to a crown would have been summary; such they considered the daughter of Henry VIII. to be. Philip did not scruple to seize the son of the prince of Orange, a mere student at the university of Louvain, and detained him a prisoner in Spain twenty-eight years, because his father pleaded for the rights of his Protestant countrymen. But Elizabeth chose to meet the inconveniences of her position, rather than to seek to remove a rival by unlawful means. Had she not felt compassion for Mary, she might have driven her back to Scotland; her fate there would have been certain.

The character of Mary Stuart also must be taken into consideration. She is thus described by sir Francis Knollys, one of the counsellors sent to her at Carlisle. "This lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour beside the acknowledging of her regal state. She showeth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, and to be very familiar. She showeth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies; she showeth a readiness to expose herself to all perils in hope of victory. The thing she most thirsteth after is victory, and it seemeth to be indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished, either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels raised among themselves; so that for victory's sake, pain and perils seem pleasant to her, and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seem to her contemptuous and vile." It is plain that by "victory," Knollys meant revenge, and well might he add, "Now what is to be done with such a lady and princess, or whether such a lady and princess be to be nourished in one's bosom; or whether it be good to halt and dissemble with such a lady; I refer to your judgment." We have seen her thirst after revenge when in Scotland; and on more than one occasion while there, she assumed the arms and clothing of a man, desiring to head her troops herself. The Mary Stuart of history was a very different being from the gentle, lovely, feminine character delineated by the authors of romance, and the apologists for her vices and crimes.

Cecil, to whom this appeal was made, saw the difficulty, but did not hesitate to meet it. His views on the subject were expressed in a paper dated June 20. That she ought to be helped, having come into England of her own accord, trusting to receive aid. That she had not been lawfully condemned, and that she had offered to clear herself of the crimes laid to her charge, if allowed access to Elizabeth, and that she brought charges against her subjects who had deposed her. But on the other hand, that she was, by the general voice of her subjects, charged with participating in the murder of her husband, and with protecting the murderer from the law. She had procured Bothwell to be divorced from his lawful wife, and had herself married him, and protected him from those who would have called him to account for his evil deeds. Surely this was not an unfair view of the subject; yet Cecil has been misrepresented as being an enemy of Mary from her childhood.

Mary demanded either to be reinstated in her power by assistance from England, or to be allowed to proceed to France. It was not right to do the first, till she had cleared herself from the strong

appearances of guilt, and had shown that she would not act treacherously in return for such service. It was not safe to permit her to engage France to aid an invasion of Scotland, which must lead to war with England, and be most injurious to both nations.

Mary's residence at Carlisle proved objectionable; her subjects being allowed freely to resort to her, so many came as to endanger that important border fortress. If she continued there, she must have been subjected to more personal restraint than Elizabeth desired; or than would be needful in a place further south. It was therefore proposed that she should remove to Tutbury, a large mansion in Staffordshire; but Mary being averse to proceed so far inland, Bolton castle, in Yorkshire, was fixed upon for her residence, to which she went about July 16. Here she could be detained, and yet enjoyed freedom from personal restraint; she hunted and amused herself as she pleased, under the care of those appointed to attend her.

Finding that Elizabeth would not engage in warfare with the Scots to replace her on the throne, as matters then stood, Mary desired that the Scottish nobles, her accusers, might be sent for to state before some of the English nobility, on what grounds they had deposed her. She sought at this time to gain Elizabeth to favour her cause, by attending the Protestant worship, and pretending to be inclined to favour that faith. Elizabeth consented to her request for an investigation, determining to take no active part in the inquiry, but to reserve any decision, or further proceedings, till she heard what was brought forward.

The duke of Norfolk, the earl of Sussex, and sir Ralph Sadler, were the commissioners appointed by Elizabeth. The earl of Murray, with other Scottish nobles, appeared before them early in October; but the proceedings were soon involved in difficulty by the treacherous conduct of the duke of Norfolk. He desired to marry the Scottish queen, therefore wished Mary should be freed from the charges against her; he privately advised Murray not to produce the documents substantiating his charges, unless Elizabeth agreed to pronounce a condemnatory sentence against Mary if the accusations were proved. He knew, from his confidential situation, that Elizabeth was not prepared to proceed so far. This stopped the inquiry; Norfolk then engaged Murray to withdraw his accusations, promising he should be confirmed in the regency of Scotland, and proposing that Norfolk and Murray should support each other in obtaining influence over their respective queens. Elizabeth had some intimation of the underhand proceedings of Norfolk; she caused the conference to be removed to Hampton Court; there Cecil and Bacon were added to the commission. Murray's agent then produced the accusatory papers, but declined to give them in, when they were snatched from him by the bishop of Orkney, who was not in the secret, and delivered to the commissioners. The proceedings then could not be stopped, the letters were examined with the depositions of some witnesses, and there appeared full proof that they were genuine. The agents of Mary refused to answer, but required that Elizabeth should admit Mary into her presence to defend herself. The English queen, with becoming spirit, refused to do this, till Mary had cleared herself from the charges of adultery, and the murder of her husband, who was a relative of Elizabeth. She wrote to Mary, expressing her regret that such documents had been produced, but that she wished to cover these matters, and had stayed any judgment upon them. As there appeared full reason to believe that Mary would be proved guilty, it was best to stay the inquiry. She had so misconducted herself, as to render it improper that she should be replaced on the throne of Scotland; this was clear without entering upon the accusation of murder; but as yet, nothing was established to exclude her or her son from being considered in the succession to the English throne. Murray returned home, but found it necessary to avail himself of the protection of Norfolk, by whose influence with Mary, orders were issued to the Nortons and others who were prepared to intercept and murder the Scottish regent in his return through Yorkshire, directing them to allow him to pass unmolested. Such influence did Mary at this time exercise in England, and so deeply was she enraged against Murray for being the cause of the production of her letters to Bothwell. The bishop of Ross was her agent in this affair.

In January, 1569, Mary was removed to Tutbury, where she remained under the care of the earl of Shrewsbury, with a retinue of fifty of her own attendants,

and ten horses. She was allowed to maintain the state of a queen, and to enjoy the sports and exercises of the field. A very different degree of restraint to that in which her own subjects held her at Loch-leven. There is reason to believe that all parties were inclined to let the whole affair rest as it was for a time; this also best suited the interests of England; thereby Elizabeth avoided being obliged to act with or against either party. The state papers and private correspondence of the queen and her ministers, are now so fully disclosed, that there is no ground for charging Elizabeth with unjust proceedings, or acting from trumpery motives of feminine displeasure. She told the French ambassador, that she could so justify her conduct towards Mary, that foreign princes would know she had no cause to blush; but that the same could not be said of the queen of Scots. It was necessary to prevent France from again obtaining control over Scotland, and to keep Mary from being made the tool of foreign powers or English Papists. None who have fairly and fully examined existing documents will say, that Mary deserved more aid or kinder treatment than Elizabeth expressed herself willing, at this time, to allow her. From the course then pursued by the English queen, followed important results; the Reformation was not crushed, and the two kingdoms became united, and have since continued independent of all other powers.

Norfolk went forward in his plan for marrying Mary Stuart, while deeper and still more injurious proceedings were plotted by the Popish powers. The French ambassador was instructed to promote Norfolk's marriage. Some of Elizabeth's counsellors encouraged this project, and were secretly in the interest of the French king; endeavouring to keep her from sending aid to the Huguenots, they counteracted Cecil, and prevailed so far, that the Protestant cause in France was irreparably injured. The Popish historian of this period states, that a great part of the English nobility were ready to aid the plans of the pope.

Elizabeth learned something of Norfolk's projects, and cautioned him to beware on what pillow he rested his head; he made a deceptive reply, speaking in disparagement of Mary. About the middle of 1569, it was painfully evident that a secret conspiracy was at work. When Norfolk was summoned to attend the court, he retired further from London, sending an excuse that he was not able to travel for some days. But the queen peremptorily required his attendance. Upon his arrival, the duke was committed to the Tower, which decisive step, though only intended as a measure of precaution for a time, put a stop to the proceedings of the conspirators; the earl of Arundel, lord Lumley, and lord Pembroke, with the bishop of Ross, were all interrogated, but answered with such craft and skill, that they baffled the suspicions entertained respecting their project.

Still it was evident that evil designs were in agitation in the northern counties, where Popery was most influential. The state of Lancashire in 1567 is thus noticed—Mass was commonly said, the common prayer discarded, many churches were shut up, those still open were mostly served by men known to be Papists in their hearts. Disaffection to Elizabeth, and adherence to Mary's claims, of course prevailed in those districts. In November, 1569, the earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland were sent for; they had gone far in their preparations, even making arrangements with the duke of Alva for the aid of a Spanish force; Vitelli, a Spanish general, was actually in London, ready to head the troops if any should be landed. But the queen's summons alarmed the earls; they took arms, and advanced to Durham, where they tore the English Bible to pieces, overthrew the communion table, and called upon all to join them in restoring the Romish religion. They proceeded to York, and openly declared that Norfolk, Arundel, and others of the ancient nobility, were confederate with them. The duke denied this, admitting only his desire to marry Mary Stuart.

The earl of Sussex advanced against the rebels, supported by Warwick and Clinton, at the head of forces from the southern counties, on whom alone the queen's leaders could rely. The movement of the northern earls was premature; they had neither arrangements ready, nor means adequate for the occasion, and it now appears that the Spanish court did not fulfil its written arrangements to Northumberland. The Spanish ambassador required as a condition, that Mary's proposed union with Norfolk should be set aside in favour of one

with a Spanish prince. This was contrary to the policy of France, and these differences caused delays fatal to the design. By the end of December, the forces of the earls had dispersed; the leaders fled into Scotland, where Northumberland was taken by the regent Murray, who refused to deliver him up, till he had consulted the other nobles. A few days afterwards, Murray was shot when entering Linlithgow, by an assassin who had been deeply injured by a follower of the regent, but whose escape was aided by the duke of Hamilton, to whom he fled for shelter on horses supplied by the duke's son. The conduct of the Hamiltons, and other partizans of Mary Stuart, showed that they were fully aware of the time the attempt to assassinate would be made, and were prepared to take advantage of the confusion which would follow its success: the murder was not the act of an individual; Mary's chief partizans knew and abetted the whole proceeding. The Papists evidently thought that the Reformation in Scotland would be shaken by this murder; but their expectations were disappointed.

The duke of Alva meanwhile was preparing for active measures. His treacherous agents were in London, without being detected; but the duke of Norfolk and other nobles being kept in custody, the measures of the conspirators were broken, the attempt was made prematurely, and failed. Yet the pope did not relax his efforts: he sent a large sum of money to be distributed in England, which encouraged his partizans. Mary declared that the pope's bull prevented them from obeying Elizabeth, while others sent by Ridolfi to the pope, declared their readiness to assist in restoring the Popish religion, and that they would help to place Mary on the throne upon her marrying the duke of Norfolk. As Englishmen they desired that their kingdom might not be subjected to a foreign power by her marriage with a Popish prince. They applied for the assistance of the Spanish force, which the pope urged Philip to afford; but a difference between the Spanish commanders delayed the effort, and, at this critical juncture, the English government was more fully informed of these designs. It is evident, from the statements of Popish writers, that Elizabeth had for some time unconsciously been in a state of great danger. A few hours might have brought a Spanish force from Flanders to the Thames, sufficient to afford a rallying point to those engaged in the conspiracy, which, at this period, included many about the court; men attached to the Romish faith, whom Elizabeth had attempted to conciliate, but all such efforts were, and ever must be, in vain. The principles of Popery wholly prevent the cordial exercise of any feelings of a friendly nature from bigoted Papists towards those whom their church designates as heretics.

The chief hinderance to the designs of the conspirators was the steady course pursued by Cecil. This was felt so strongly, that the first efforts of Ridolfi, and those whom he gained to his views, were to displace that minister. The correspondence of the French ambassador contains particulars of three or four efforts made, about this time, to procure his dismissal. Ridolfi, and the nobles of the Papal party, considered it was absolutely necessary as a preliminary step "to withdraw out of the hands of the secretary Cecil, and those of his party, the direction of the state—that they might manage the business of the Catholic religion with safety." They succeeded in getting Leicester and others to concur with them in this preliminary design. Leicester, relying on his influence with Elizabeth, openly attacked Cecil's administration, in a conference with the queen; but she at once silenced him by those decisive expressions she used when provoked. Leicester then saw that the attempt was vain, and with his usual fickleness, took an early opportunity to disclose the intrigue to the queen. So decidedly was Elizabeth satisfied respecting the integrity of Cecil, and his value as prime minister, that all the machinations against him were stopped by her interposition, without any open interference on his own part. We are here reminded of the plots against Cranmer, defeated by Henry VIII.

The lapse of time has made manifest a circumstance which powerfully aided these Popish machinations. This was an earnest desire, on the part of the leading nobility, to regain that power of which the house of Tudor had despoiled the aristocracy. This explains some proceedings which cannot otherwise be accounted for; it also shows how it was that some parties acted so as to counteract each other, being influenced by different motives; and why Leicester and others,

high in favour with the queen, at times assisted her foreign enemies, especially in their plots against Cecil. From what was stated at the trial of the duke of Norfolk, two years later, it appears that the plan for his marriage with Mary was first suggested by the earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite, and that it was urged and encouraged by many of the nobility. Such a marriage, by uniting the first of the nobles, with her who was heir to the crown, in the opinion of most Protestants, and best entitled to the present possession of the throne, in the opinion of all Papists, would enable them to limit the power of Elizabeth, or even to dethrone her. It is clear that ambition was the sole cause of Norfolk's proceedings. He had no personal regard for Mary, whom he had never seen, and he had not hesitated to express his conviction of her guilt. He also was one of those facile characters easily acted upon by others when plausible reasons are alleged. It is obvious that the English nobles and the papal powers, though combining against Elizabeth, were not thoroughly united. Mary, however, was the great means of promoting the schemes of both parties, and thus this unhappy queen, herself deeply faulty, was still more mischievous as an instrument for the schemes of others, which though differing in design, and as to the extent of their guilt, all aimed at the power, if not the life of Elizabeth, and at the destruction of civil and religious liberty. Elizabeth openly told the French ambassador, "I have tried to be a mother to the queen of Scots, and in return she has formed conspiracies against me even in my own kingdom; she who ill-uses a mother, deserves a step-dame." Norfolk was the victim of his own vanity; the prospect of a crown induced him to forget the claims of loyalty and religion. Although a privy counsellor of Elizabeth, he entered into secret communication with the deadly enemies of his queen and kingdom: we cannot then regard him as an injured sufferer.

These designs were the plans of men, who cared not for religious truth, or were openly banded against it; but He that sitteth on high had their devices in derision. God was pleased to protect the life and to support the power of Elizabeth, as a shelter for his people, and a means for promoting his glory. In such cases, the enemies themselves sometimes are made instrumental in defeating their own designs. Turner has shown that there can be little doubt that the first intimation to Elizabeth of her danger from the conspiracy in favour of Mary, proceeded from Catherine de Medicis, the bigoted queen-mother of France; who partly by the advice of the cardinal of Lorraine, and partly from personal dislike to Mary Stuart, caused secret information of the papal conspiracy to be given to sir Henry Norris shortly after Mary had taken refuge in England, with an intimation that Elizabeth then "held the wolf that would devour her." At that period, Cecil was unable fully to unravel the conspiracy, but it put him on his guard, and the measures taken in ignorance, were made effectual to arrest the designs when nearly completed, till by degrees, they were more fully developed. Various circumstances, connected with the northern insurrection, show that many of the aristocratical part of her subjects were unfriendly to Elizabeth. The two most powerful northern nobles took arms in open rebellion; that part of the country was most under the influence of the remains of feudal feelings as well as of Popery, and there the disaffection was so great that her commanders could do nothing against the rebels, till joined by forces from the south, then the chief seat of trade and commerce, where the nobles had far less influence. To such an extent had disaffection prevailed in the north, that the bishop of Durham transmitted to Cecil the declaration of the sheriff, that the number of offenders was so great, that few innocent remained to try the guilty. When the rebellion was put down, many suffered by martial law; but Elizabeth found it was most prudent, as well as most agreeable to her own feelings, to pardon the greater part of the guilty.

The result of this insurrection confirmed the view she had early taken, that the stability of her throne depended upon the affections of her people at large. To them Elizabeth had appealed at the first, and she now renewed this appeal in a public declaration or proclamation. She declared that it had been her desire and practice to rule with clemency, and any unprejudiced reader of history must admit that her government was distinguished for clemency when compared with the other governments of that day. She appealed to the people whether they

had not prospered under the peace she sedulously maintained, and declared her determination to support the Reformation; but engaged to allow toleration, provided there was outward conformity. In this latter point, she showed that as yet the principles of religious toleration were not fully understood, though her severe measures were far more lenient than those of the Papists.

It was now evident to Elizabeth and her counsellors, that a succession of plots was to be looked for, involving different interests. Cecil, in August 1570, wrote that he felt himself as in a maze. No dependence could be placed on many of the nobility; but the removal of Pembroke and Throckmorton by death, about this time, relieved the secretary from some anxiety. The northern counties became more tranquil, but the participation of Pembroke in the papal conspiracy became known after his death. Many of the rebels were supported by the Hamiltons and other partizans of Mary on the borders, upon which the earl of Sussex was sent, in April 1570, to ravage their estates. This measure is much to be deplored, as the sufferings fell chiefly upon the peasantry: how often has it been realized that when rulers contend, the people suffer!

Early in 1571, Cecil was created lord Burghley. From this time, he was at the head of Elizabeth's government, of which he had previously been the most efficient and active member. This appointment was a great means of the queen's safety and that of England. Burghley was now freed from the interference of Pembroke, and placed so manifestly above others in the favour of the queen, that he could apply full power to detect and counteract the designs against Elizabeth. During the year 1571, negotiations were carried on between England and France relative to the marriage of Elizabeth with the duke of Anjou. It is not probable that either party was sincere in wishing to carry this union into effect. But the French court thereby kept the Huguenot party quiet as to the designs against the reformed religion in France; while Elizabeth for a time stayed the importunities of her subjects who were anxious for her marriage. The project of an alliance between her and a French prince, also would counteract many proceedings in behalf of Mary, and prevent the court of France from rendering her any aid. The negotiations were protracted during several months; the chief counsellors of Elizabeth, Burghley, Leicester, and Walsingham were unable exactly to ascertain her mind upon the subject. At length the treaty was broken off by the English queen requiring more compliance on the subject of religion, than the French court was willing to grant. Hereby the queen placed her refusal of the marriage on a ground, which her subjects in general fully approved. Meanwhile, the probability of the alliance with France induced Mary Stuart to enter into the negotiations with Spain, which brought ruin upon the duke of Norfolk, and caused her own treatment to be more severe.

INSTRUCTIVE FACT.

In "The Life and Character of the Rev. Dr. M'All," prefixed to his discourses, lately published, there is the following instructive fact, communicated by the Rev. S. Thodey of Cambridge.

"One circumstance he related to me, connected with his own ministrations among the sick, which awakened considerable interest in the neighbourhood. A pious person, residing at some distance from Macclesfield, had suffered for many years under the influence of religious despondency, partially resembling the melancholy case of Cowper. As he was held in much esteem, his mental sufferings created much sympathy. Many Christian friends, and eminent ministers, of different religious persuasions, visited him, endeavouring to kindle anew the spark of life in his bosom, and restore to his mind those religious consolations which he formerly possessed. These efforts proved wholly in vain, as he possessed, like many others in similar circumstances, that kind of preternatural acuteness which led him to convert all the arguments and topics of consolation into the occasion of deeper discouragement and gloom. It was natural for me to inquire—Did you go?—'Yes,' he said, 'I did, though without any hope of a beneficial result; but I went to express my sympathy with a disciple of Christ under one of the severest afflictions which could befall a good man, and to deepen my own impressions of the importance of spiritual things. You may suppose,' he added, 'I was not very forward to speak; but I listened, with

unwearied attention, to the sad detail of his doubts, his difficulties, his gloomy temptations, and his utterly desponding forebodings and fears. Meantime, my eye was not silent, and I noticed every circumstance, however minute, which might assist me to place myself in his state of feeling, and to go along with the processes of his mind; and I was exceedingly anxious to detect any little discrepancy which might arise between the facts he advanced and the conclusions to which he came. At last, looking towards the head of the bed, I observed upon the curtains several pieces of paper carefully pinned here and there, and apparently written upon. Though I suspected what might be the nature of their contents, I said, with apparent surprise and abruptness, What are these papers? O sir, said the burdened man, they are texts of Scripture. But what texts? I quickly rejoined. Sir, he added, with a slow and faltering voice, they are promises. Promises! but what business have they here? You say you are a cast-away from God's favour, an utter alien from his friendship, that all your religion was a delusion, that you have no interest in one of the promises, and can look for nothing but to be an eternal monument of the Divine displeasure. Why, then, should you have these texts and promises of Scripture perpetually around you, when you have no sort of interest in the religion they represent, or in the Saviour they reveal? The two things do not agree together. Either your despondency is excessive and undue, or those promises have no business there. Let me take them away. No, sir, no, sir, said the sufferer, do not take them away. I love to see them. I had an interest in them once, and they are still precious; the memorial of them is sweet, though the enjoyment of them is wholly gone. Upon this,' said Mr. M'All, 'I altered my tone, and said, with the tenderness I really felt—But, my dear friend, are you not aware that the truths are the same as ever, and your mind clings as tenaciously as ever to those truths, and the Author of all those truths is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever?" All the difference, therefore, arises from your diseased apprehensions of things; and you are confounding the decay of consolation with the decay of piety. Recollect, that while these truths are precious to you, the emotions with which you still cherish the remembrance of them are precious in God's sight; and, whilst you have your memorials of the past, God has his memorials too! He says, "Yea, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me:"—"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my loving-kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee!"'

"It pleased God to bless this conversation (which has been too briefly and imperfectly sketched) to the afflicted man. His mind recovered its trust and consolation, and he shortly afterwards died in peace."

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

APRIL.

"A month of sunshine, and of showers,
Of balmy breezes, opening flowers."

April, or the opening month, brings with it a thousand proofs of "the wisdom of God in creation." Nature is now busy; the vegetable and the animal kingdoms are now awake; flowers greet us on every side; vernal scents fill the air with fragrance; innumerable insects are glancing by, on rapid wings; the birds are weaving their snug nests, their mingled notes resound in every wood, in every thicket; and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

"———Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, in sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
When freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges, I pursue my walk."

Thomson.

Come, nature invites; let us go forth into the fields, and rejoice in the works of the Almighty. How elegantly that green bank is enamelled with the lady-smock, all "silver white" in full blossom, while the blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*) displays its flowers in the hedgerow above; over all towers the beech tree, the ruddy buds of which are now about to burst out in leaf, and clothe the branches with renovated foliage. If Galileo, pointing to a straw on the floor of his dungeon, a lifeless, withered straw, could infer from that, the existence of an all-wise Creator, how much more positively and certainly may not the naturalist appeal for proof demon-

strative to the reviviscence of the vegetable world now taking place on the surface of the ground. Surely the disciple of Socialism never reflected on the phenomena of vegetable or animal life, never considered "the lilies of the field how they grow," arrayed more richly than Solomon in all his glory. To such persons, nature has no attractions, they cannot say—

> "I read my Maker's name exalted high
> In golden letters on the starry sky;
> Nor less the mystic characters I see,
> Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree."

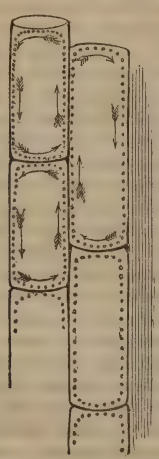
Therefore they are not led by nature up to Him without whom was nothing made that is made; thus they lose that pleasure in contemplating his works, which the wise and the good so keenly relish.

It was a beautiful idea of Linnæus, the great father of systematic botany, (one who like our own Ray saw God in creation,) to construct a natural clock of flowers, the respective opening of each of which indicated the hour; nor less so, his suggestion to the husbandmen of his country to watch the unfolding and growth of the leaves of various trees, in order that they might derive from them certain data, by which to be directed in their agricultural labours; a suggestion followed out by Harold Barch, whose application of this natural calendar to husbandry led to some useful information. The flowering of plants and the foliation of trees are proofs that the earth is prepared, that the atmospheric temperature is congenial, for certain operations. In Sweden, the leafing of the birch was found to indicate the best time for sowing barley; the flowering of the marsh gentian, the best time for mowing. Green-house plants should not be trusted to the open air till the leaves of the oak begin to be developed.

Plants, though not capable of sensation, are yet living bodies; and in their cells and tubes, are carried on operations analogous to those in the vessels and glandular cells of animal bodies. The cells of plants are, in fact, laboratories for various processes; in which, from the sap, are elaborated gum, sugar, starch, and woody matter; in some, volatile or fixed oily secretions are produced; in others, resin; in others, acids; in others, caustic alkalines. It cannot be doubted, the secretions in the various cells of plants are intended to answer some definite purpose, though such may elude our investigation; sometimes, however, the use of a particular secretion, or one use, at least, may be ascertained. Many lichens, for example, as Dr. Roget has observed, fix themselves on calcareous rocks, and, as the *patellaria immersa*, "are observed in process of time to sink deeper and deeper beneath the surface of the rock, as if they had some mode of penetrating into its substance, analogous to that which many marine worms are known to possess. The agent in both instances appears to be an acid, which is here probably the oxalic, acting upon the carbonate of lime, and producing the gradual excavation of the rock. This view of the subject is confirmed by the observation that the same species of lichen when attached to rocks, which are not calcareous, remains always at the surface and does not penetrate below it." We often, again, find buds covered with a resinous secretion, which appears to be spread over them for the purpose of repelling the entrance of water, which might injure the tender leaf, closed up within; it may also prevent the ravages of some peculiar insects, which, but for such a protection, would effectually destroy the yet unfolded germs. Many plants, as the *ceroxylon*, have their stems covered with a thick coating of wax, probably for the same intent. A bluish or white powder is often found as a close coating of fruit, and of leaves, as on the leaves of the *mesembryanthemum*, and the common cabbage. All must have remarked how readily the fresh leaves of the latter plant throw off the water; and how when immersed in water, they may be taken out, the surface remaining unwetted. In this respect, they remind us of the plumage of the duck and similar birds, which swim and dive, their feathers continuing dry and uninjured. Many aquatic plants have their leaves covered with an oleaginous or viscid secretion, rendering them slippery to the touch, and as in the *batrachospermum*, impermeable to water. In the nettle, the stinging properties of which are well known, the hair-like spines are analogous to the poison fangs of serpents; at the base of each, is a little vesicle, filled with a peculiar fluid, whence it is conducted through a fine tube to the point: when the naked hand comes in contact with these spines they inflict in the skin a very minute puncture, which

were it not for the secretion instilled into it, would not be felt; this secretion is of an alkaline nature, and is highly caustic; and it is to this that the redness and irritation of the skin, which the stinging of a nettle occasions, is owing.

It has been a matter of conjecture how far the circulation of the juices in the vessels of plants resembles that of the blood in the animal frame. In plants with white acrid opaque juice, as the poppy, the convolvulus, etc.; the vessels in which this fluid is contained exhibit ramifications and junctions resembling those of the blood vessels of animals; and the microscope shows that the fluids contained in these vessels are moving in currents with considerable velocity, as the motions of their globules sufficiently attests: this circulation no doubt arises from the vital contraction of the vessels; it is quicker when the temperature of the atmosphere is elevated, and ceases when the plant has received an injury: but the extent of the circuit traversed by a given portion of juice is limited. Though observed most commonly in plants with milky juices, a circulation of this kind is not limited to them; it is found in some plants with nearly transparent juices, as the *chara*, or *stonewort*, the *tradescantia virginica*, etc. In the *caulinia fragilis*, a jointed or knotted plant, (of which the engraving is a magnified representation,) a double current, one



stream ascending, the other descending, performs a circulation, confined to the interspace between every two joints.

But it is time to stop this lecture. If vegetation is busy, one of its destroyers is sure to be abroad; the common shelled snail (*Helix nemorosa*) is creeping over the dewy herbage. Gilbert White remarks thus:—"The shell-less snails, called slugs, are in motion all the winter in mild weather, and commit great depredations on garden plants, and much injure the green wheat, the loss of which is imputed to earth worms; while the shelled snail does not come forth till about the 10th of April." The shelled snail in fact hybernates; in autumn, it retires with others to holes in trees, or walls, or under the roots of hedges; and then closing up the orifice or door of its house, with a thick *operculum* or lid, formed of the viscid mucus, which it abundantly secretes, and which hardens into a firm semi-transparent membrane; it remains within, dormant, and secured from the inclemencies of the weather. The black slug also hybernates.

Hark! the cuckoo's call proclaims the advance of spring. This well-known bird is migratory, and leaves us in July, so that its stay is short; the familiar note is uttered by the male bird alone, the female making only a weak chattering noise. Its food consists of larvæ, especially those of moths and butterflies, but other insects are also eaten. White observed on one occasion, several of these birds skimming over a large pond, and found that they were chasing dragonflies or libellulæ, some of which they caught while settled on the weeds, some on the wing. That the cuckoo makes no nest, and that the female deposits her eggs in the nests of other birds is perfectly correct; the nests of the hedge-sparrow are usually selected; but those of the yellow hammer, the wagtail, and the titlark, or meadow pipit are not refused. One egg only is deposited in each nest; this is hatched, and the young one is fed by the foster parent, as though one of her own progeny, but to the destruction of her own brood. How this is effected is not quite clear; it is stated by Dr. Jenner that the young cuckoo contrives to get the nestlings, whose place it usurps, upon its back, which is depressed between the shoulders, and then shuffling back to the edge of the nest, to jerk them over in succession, itself remaining sole occupant. That the offspring of its foster parents are somehow disposed of, seems

very certain; as none grow up with it in the nest, though the eggs are all hatched together. White states that one day a countryman told him, he had found a young fernowl (*Caprimulgus*) in the nest of a small bird on the ground, and that it was fed by the little bird; he went to see this extraordinary phenomenon, and found that it was a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark; and that it was already vastly too big for its nest, which it more than filled, being also fierce and pugnacious, pursuing his finger for many feet from the nest, and sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game cock. The dupe of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in its mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude. Two things in this curious fact in natural history are very remarkable—First, that the cuckoo herself should know in what nest to deposit her eggs; as on this, the safety and nourishment of her young one on fit and proper food must depend; for if she deposited her egg in the nest of a turtle dove, which feeds its young, first, on a milky secretion from the crop, and then on grain softened in the same repository, it must inevitably perish —Secondly, that the foster parents should mistake the young cuckoo as their own, and though their real progeny be robbed of their rights, continue, blindly, to feed and nourish it, bearing as it does no similarity to them, or their actual nestlings. It is very probable, as was discovered by Le Vaillant in a species of cuckoo peculiar to South Africa, that our British species carries the egg in her mouth, and so drops it into the small delicate nests of the birds chosen as its guardians. The egg, be it observed, is very small for the size of the bird; it requires a fortnight's incubation, and the young bird is from five to six weeks old, before it is able to fly. Were the cuckoo to sit upon the nest of the titlark or hedge-sparrow for some hours before laying her egg, as those birds do, they would be scared from their nest, and most probably altogether forsake it.

Our migrating songsters are rapidly arriving. The sand martin (*Hirundo riparia*) is here; the common swallow (*H. rustica*) is dashing along, and the martin (*H. rustica*) is skimming over the pools and streams, in quest of insects; but the swift has not yet appeared: it arrives a month later than the others of its genus; namely, in May, and leaves again in August. The goatsucker or nightjar (*Caprimulgus Europæus*) yet lingers on the road: but hark! that strain could only be poured forth from the throat of one songster; the nightingale, the favourite of the poet, the king of British warblers. It is a mistake to suppose that the nightingale sings only at night: on its first appearance in our island, the male, choosing his station, a low damp spot, with close embowered foliage, commences his rich song, only interrupted during the midday hours: there may his notes be heard, till the duty of attending upon his partner, sitting patiently in her artfully concealed nest demands his care; it is then only during the quiet and repose of a warm night, that perched on some neighbouring bush, he cheers her with his melody. When the young are fledged, he is heard no more, till just before taking his departure; and in August and September, his notes may be again heard. At Southend, in Essex, the writer has heard the nightingale during the latter part of August in full song. This charming bird, though very common in some counties, is very rare in others. It is seldom heard in Cheshire, or Lancashire, or the counties to the north; it only visits South Wales occasionally; and in the western counties of Devonshire and Cornwall is never heard. The south-eastern counties of England constitute its range; yet on the continent it extends its visits to the north of Germany, and even to Sweden. Its winter places of refuge are Syria and Egypt; during this season, it is abundant in the thickets of the Delta of the Nile; but is never known to sing. The bulbul of the Persian poets is not our nightingale.

The blackcap, a bird almost, if not quite as shy as the nightingale, and with powers of song but little inferior, now makes its appearance. This bird is very generally spread during the summer, not only throughout England, but even Scotland, taking up its abode in woodland thickets, or old close orchards, where its clear song may be often heard. It generally sings concealed among the leaves, and in addition to its own notes, imitates those of other birds. In Madeira, this species is very common, and remains stationary; but it extends its visits on the continent even as far as Lapland. Another visitor and fine songster, is the garden fauvette, or

greater pettychaps, (*Curruca hortensis.*) This bird is generally spread through our island; but is seldom to be seen, being of very recluse habits. Early in the morning is the best time for observing it, as it remains in the thickets and among the deep foliage of the trees during the day; when it pours forth its rich and mellow notes, itself the while unseen. The lesser fauvette, and the wood wren, the yellow wren, the whitethroat, the lesser whitethroat, the babillard of the French, are also among our winged arrivals of this month.

The reed-wren, whose nest hung upon the stems of three or four reeds, artfully interlaced together, so as to form a firm though waving support, must not be forgotten. This elegant bird is common on the southern and eastern counties of England, where marshy grounds afford it a congenial asylum; but in the midland and more northern counties it is very rare. The depth of the nest of this species (*Salicaria arundinacea*, Selby) constitutes its safety; for Montagu says, that he has seen the bird sitting within it, when the wind blew hard, and every gust forced it almost to the surface of the water. The corn crake (*Crex pratensis*) may now be heard in the rich meadows and fields, especially near the vicinity of water; its harsh notes, *crake, crake*, suffice to give notice of its presence; but so rapid are its movements among the tall grass, that it is here, and at a distance, before its departure from the spot where you just heard, appears possible. Few birds are so difficult to find, or to pursue; and it requires a well-trained dog to force it from its cover to take to flight. In the southern counties, this bird is comparatively rare; in Cheshire, and Lancashire, and other midland counties, it is, on the contrary, very abundant; as also in Scotland, the Hebrides, the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and in Wales. It is common in Ireland. The winter refuge of this species is southern Europe, and the north of Africa. Their northward, or spring migration, is performed by short stages; but they are often much exhausted on gaining our shores. That birds of short wing, and comparatively feeble powers of flight, should undertake extensive migrations, is very remarkable; yet this is found to be the case, not only with this bird, but with the quail, (which arrives in May,) with the spotted rail, (*Crex porzana,*) and some others.

Listen to that loud, monotonous call note, *peep, peep, peep;* it is the note of the wryneck, (*Yunx torquilla,*) uttered among the branches of the elm tree. This elegantly coloured bird resembles the woodpecker very closely in its manners; its toes are formed in like manner, being placed two before, and two behind; and by these, the bird clings to the bark of trees, while in quest of ants, which constitute its favourite food. These it takes, by means of a long slender worm-like tongue, capable of being protruded to a great distance, and covered with a glutinous fluid. We have often seen this bird extend its tongue, giving at the same time a peculiar vibratory movement. The wryneck appears a day or two before the cuckoo; it breeds in the holes of trees, and when surprised on the nest, boldly raises up the feathers of its head, hisses like a snake, stretches itself out, and writhes its neck from side to side, from which action it derives its name. In the midland and northern counties, this bird is rare; but common in the south-eastern parts of our island.

There are two subjects connected with ornithology of great interest to the naturalist, who loves to contemplate nature in the fields and woods, rather than in cabinets and museums: one is the nidification of birds, which differs so much in almost every species, as to enable a person practically conversant with this branch of the history of the feathered race, to indicate the bird to which each respectively belongs. The other is the character or mannerism of the flight of birds, each having its own distinguishing mode of aerial progression. Gilbert White says that "a good ornithologist should be able to distinguish birds by their air (manners) as well as by their colours and shape, on the ground, as well as on the wing, and in the bush, as well as in the hand." This facility can only be acquired by practice in the fields and woodlands; and we recommend to our young readers to make notes of every occurrence connected with every species, which they meet with in their rambles; such a practice leads to habits of observation, and nature is worth observing. Describe a nest, how placed, of what constructed, the number and colour of the eggs, the manners and notes of the parent

birds; and then leave it unmolested. The flight, the habits, and the voices of the feathered race may be thus likewise noted; and it is astonishing in how short a time a mass of interesting information may be acquired. Nor should other departments of natural history be neglected. There is no phenomenon in vegetation, none in the animal world, too trifling to be overlooked, or passed over without consideration.

A very interesting and curious insect, the mole cricket (*Gryllus gryllotalpa*, Lin.) now begins to be active in its burrows, and to utter its low jarring note. This singular insect is constructed for excavating galleries in the earth, miniature copies of those of the mole; its fore feet are organized as implements of burrowing, and it raises ridges on the surface of the soil, as it proceeds. "As mole crickets," says White, "often infest gardens by the sides of canals, they are unwelcome guests to the gardener." "They occasion great damage among plants and roots by destroying whole beds of cabbages, young legumes, (as pease, beans, etc.,) and flowers. When dug out, they seem very slow and helpless, and make no use of their wings by day; but at night, they come abroad and make long excursions." "In fine weather, about the middle of April, just at the close of day, they begin to solace themselves (or rather to call the males to the females) with a low dull jarring note, continued for a long time without interruption, and not unlike the chattering of the fern owl, or goatsucker, (*Caprimulgus*,) but more inward." "About the beginning of May, they lay their eggs, as I was an eye witness; for a gardener, at a house where I was on a visit, happening to be mowing on the 6th of that month, by the side of a canal, his scythe struck too deep, pared off a large piece of turf, and laid open to view a curious scene of domestic economy." The dwelling consisted of "many caverns and winding passages leading to a kind of chamber neatly smoothed and rounded, and about the size of a moderate snuff box. Within this secret nursery, were deposited near a hundred eggs, of a dull yellow colour, and enveloped in a tough skin. They lay but shallow, and within the influence of the sun, just under a heap of fresh moved mould, like that which is raised by ants." The mole cricket is termed in different parts of the kingdom, fern cricket, churr worm, and eve churr—all appropriate names.

How beautiful yonder rainbow! did ever conqueror pass through so magnificent a triumphal arch!

"On morning or on evening cloud impress'd,
Bent in vast curve, the watery meteor shines,
Delightfully, to th' levelled sun opposed:
Lovely refraction! while the vivid brede
In listed colours glows, the unconscious swain
With vacant eye gazes on the divine
Phenomenon, gleaming o'er the illumined fields,
Or runs to catch the treasures which it sheds.
Not so the sage, inspired with pious awe,
He hails the federal arch, and looking up,
Adores that God, whose fingers formed this bow,
Magnificent, compassing heaven about
With a resplendent verge: 'Thou mad'st the cloud,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the bow;
And by that covenant graciously hast sworn
Never to drown the world again; henceforth
Till time shall be no more, in ceaseless round
Season shall follow season; day to night;
Summer to winter; harvest to seedtime;
Heat shall to cold, in regular array
Succeed.' Heaven-taught, so sang the Hebrew bard."—WHITE.

LONGEVITY OF THE YEW.

THE yew is one of our most interesting trees; of its wood was made the famous long-bow, a formidable weapon, by the good use of which, the English archer often humbled the pride of France: but to the naturalist, it is interesting from other circumstances. Of all European trees it is that of the slowest growth, and greatest durability. An able article on this subject, namely, "The longevity of the yew, as ascertained from actual sections of its trunk," by J. E. Bowman, Esq., F. L. S., may be found in the Magazine of Natural History, for 1837, p. 28, from which we beg to take a few extracts. He observes, that "a tree, during its life, is always, at least for a portion of every year, in a state of growth; the wood first deposited, soon ceases to minister to the purposes of vitality; but its fibre remains, and is surrounded and enveloped by other rings, composed of new fibres and vessels, elaborated through the medium of new leaves and spongioles, annually produced: so that, in an old tree, its earliest wood remains, though concealed within; and we see only the parts created within the last few years; these possessing the vigour of youth, a natural capacity exists of carrying on the process to

an indefinite period, so long as the exterior of the trunk, the leaves and rootlets, escape the accidents to which they are exposed."

The wood of the yew has long been known to be of slower growth, and greater durability, than that of any other European tree; but I am not aware that, except by Professor Henslow, any attempt has been made to ascertain the age of the venerable specimens scattered here and there, throughout our island, by an actual examination of their *annual* woody deposits. De Candolle says, that "measurements of the layers of three yews, one of seventy-one, another of one hundred and fifty, and a third of two hundred and eighty years old, agreed in proving that this tree grows a little more than one line annually in diameter in the first one hundred and fifty years, and a little less from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty years." He adds, "If we admit an average of a line annually, for very old yews, it is probably within the truth; and in reckoning the number of their years as equal to that of the lines of their diameter, we shall make them to be younger than they really are." I have a section taken near the base of a trunk, whose average annual increase of diameter, the first forty years, was two and a half lines. The average diameter of eighteen yews, now growing in the churchyard of Gresford, near Wrexham, North Wales, which it is on record in the parish register, were planted out in 1726, is twenty inches, or two hundred and forty lines, which gives a mean annual increase of two lines in the diameter, allowing the trees to be ten years old when planted out.

I shall now give the result of my own examinations of two yews of extraordinary dimensions; of whose age no other evidence exists beyond that supplied by their internal structure. The first stands in the churchyard of Gresford among the eighteen young ones already mentioned. It is a male tree, its trunk sound to the very core; its numerous gigantic boughs spreading widely full of foliage, and partially concealing the splintered bases of others which have yielded to the storms of past centuries. Its circumference at the base, is twenty-two feet; at two feet high, it is twenty-three feet; at four feet five inches, twenty-six feet six inches; and at five feet three inches, just below the main boughs, twenty-nine feet. The average circumference given by these measurements is, then, twenty-five feet six inches, or one thousand two hundred and twenty-four lines. By De Candolle's method, its age, therefore, is now one thousand two hundred and twenty-four years; and the mass of concentric zones of wood which compose its trunk, when taken in the aggregate, ought to have an average thickness of half a line or twenty-four in each inch, counting on a line drawn from the circumference to the centre, because, measuring the diameter of the trunk, we take in the two opposite sides of the same circle. The results, however, of Mr. Bowman's calculation, based upon previous experiments, and assuming that its early ratio of growth corresponded to that of the young trees examined, differ from those of M. De Candolle; "We find its age, by the nearest approximation at which we can arrive, to be one thousand one hundred and nineteen years." A magnificent female yew tree, in Darley in the Dale, Derbyshire, the mean circumference of whose trunk is twenty-eight feet four inches, he calculates at about two thousand and six years. At first the age assigned to these (and other) trees, examined by Mr. Bowman, astonishes; but a careful perusal of the paper, and of the experiments made, will eradicate our doubts, and our faith, as he justly observes, will be strengthened, when we bear in mind that the laws of vegetable life are totally different from those of the animal kingdom. The age of many of our ordinary yew trees, as ascertained by other means, as registers, etc., exceeds three hundred years. The average circumference of the trunk of the yew, at about seventy or eighty years of age, is twenty inches. Who, then, can contemplate a large yew tree, the ancient denizen of the soil on which it grows, and reflect upon the changes that have taken place around it, since it first raised its head, a slender sapling, and not experience that feeling, allied to reverence, which hoar antiquity inspires: generation after generation has passed away; era succeeded to era; thrones and empires have failed, yet still the tree lives on, and when we are no more, our descendants will behold it still wave its green branches, and bloom on the opening of a future year. M.

PEAT.

Peat is a substance of so much value, in many parts of our own and other countries, as a fuel, that a short description of its origin, varieties, and the situations in which it is found, may be interesting to our readers.

Peat is universally allowed to have had a vegetable origin, and is still produced by the united action of moisture and heat. In some situations it is found beneath a body of water, in others it can have been supplied with only a moderate quantity of that fluid. The heat also to which it has been subjected has varied, but the temperature most suited to its production has not been determined. In tropical countries, it is not found, or at least at common elevations, for the decomposition of vegetables is too rapid to permit its formation. In England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, and other temperate parts of the globe, peat beds are by no means uncommon.

There are several varieties of peat which in commerce are recognised by their relative weights, and have received the names of light, medium, and hard peat. The origin of these varieties may be traced to the nature of the vegetable substance by which the bed is formed,—the quantity of the water supplied, upon which the state of vegetable decomposition must, in a great measure, depend,—the thickness of the bed,—and the pressure of the alluvial deposits resting upon it. Peat has been otherwise distinguished, by some writers, according to the situations in which it is found; and we have therefore mountain, forest, marsh, lake, and marine peat. In these situations, the substance may have all the varieties distinguished in commerce.

The geological relation of peat, that is to say, its position in regard to other deposits, is not less uncertain than its composition or texture. At one place, we find it on a bare rock uncovered, at another, beneath a thick bed of alluvial soil; while in a third, it alternates with beds of sand, clay, or gravel. Dr. Mac Culloch says, "The alternations of peat, with sand and gravel, occur either on sea shores, at the estuaries of rivers, or their termination in lakes; or in other situations where large quantities of these materials are carried down by rivers, so as for a time to cover the plain, and destroy the process of vegetation. In those cases where large deltas are formed, or bays are filled up, the deposition of earth continues to proceed till the original peat is buried to a considerable depth, and as such plains are generally brought into cultivation, it is never again renewed. Alternations or deposits of marl are only found in those situations where the peat has been generated in a lake; and they offer a criterion, not only of the former existence of lakes which have long since disappeared, but are capable of determining, to a certain degree, the depth which these once possessed."

The evidence which guides the geologist in distinguishing the comparative ages of strata, is equally important in every effort to determine the relative ages of peat beds, and the deposits with which they are associated. When we find a bed of peat beneath a loose sand or mud, we know that at some period it was covered with water, and that the sand or mud was thus collected or deposited. There is not, however, the same facility in tracing the connexion between a bed of peat and the stratum on which it rests. We may imagine that in different places, but at the same time, beds may be forming upon clay, chalk, marble, and granite, or upon any other rocks attributed by geologists to different eras. The only certain means, therefore, of determining the age of peat, in all cases, is by an examination of the bed itself, and the substances it contains.

In our description of the several varieties of peat, as dependent on situation, we shall principally follow the account given of them by Dr. Mac Culloch, except in those cases where our own observation can guide us.

The term "mountain peat" is not confined to those deposits which are found on the sides of mountains, but includes all those produced in situations where the drainage is considerable. In the highlands and islands of Scotland, it covers an amazing extent of country, but is seldom more than one or two feet in thickness, and generally not exceeding a few inches. The moors are, for the most part, covered with it. As an article of fuel this variety is of little value, from its want of compactness and the thinness of the beds.

Forest peat is that supposed to have had its origin in forests, and is not, necessarily, as the term may, in the estimation of many readers, imply, peat found in forests. The term, "forest peat" is applied to all those kinds in

which timber is inclosed, or there may be reason to suppose the mass partly derived its origin from the decayed trunks, branches, and roots of timber trees. In some instances, these large masses of vegetable matter have been entirely decomposed, whilst in others they remain so well preserved that the species to which they belong may be readily distinguished. At Maldon, in Essex, we examined on the banks of a river a peat bed containing many large trunks of trees, which were chiefly oak, and of a black colour, but so hard that they were used in building by the lower classes. In other situations, the trees have undergone a chemical change which renders them quite unfit for the use of the carpenter, and yet retain all their external characters. The trees most commonly found in the forest peat of this country are oak, beach, and hazel, and in Scotland fir is abundant.

Marsh peat is that variety in which the plant, called by botanists the *sphagnum palustre*, is so abundant, that some writers have attributed all deposits, of the same character, to the successive growth and decomposition of this moss. When a bog is drained, this variety of peat is produced; but it is more generally presented to our notice as a stratum of vegetable roots, chiefly by those of the rushes and grasses, retaining much of the firmness by which they are distinguished when living. From this description, it will be evident that the marsh peat is produced by the annual growth and partial decomposition of plants, the bed constantly increasing in thickness as new matter is added.

Lake peat only differs from the variety just described, in the circumstance of its being produced in a lake, and being formed of a different species of plants. In the shallow parts of a lake, as every one knows, a number of aquatic plants flourish, many of them lifting their heads above the surface of the water, and presenting their gaudy petals to the breath of heaven. The annual growth and decay of these, form, in connexion with the mineral and animal matter collected around them, a constantly increasing bed; and so rapid is the accumulation, in some instances, that we may actually observe the gradual filling up of the lake; and we may sometimes tread with safety, or see, crowned with a luxuriant harvest, the spot which our grandsires remember to have been covered with water. We do not mean to state that the mere decomposition of grasses and rushes can effect this change in the course of a few years; but wherever these are growing, they arrest the progress of much earthy matter that would otherwise be carried into the deeper parts of the lake; but the mere decomposition of plants, without any adventitious matter, would produce a bed of considerable thickness in the course of a few years. There are certain plants, which botanists have called perennial, that, after yielding their blossoms, suffer a decay of the lower extremities of their roots, but the upper portions send forth new shoots, and at the appointed time, new flowers are produced, so that they may be not inappropriately called perpetual. Such plants, having an annual renovation, are peculiarly adapted for the formation of peat, whether in marshes, lakes, or upon the margin of the sea. But although the formation of peat is rapid in some places, it is exceedingly slow in others. The only method of ascertaining the time required is generally by an examination of the works of art, which they frequently contain. A few years since, the palings of a park, described by Camden, were found several feet beneath the surface of that moss, over which the Manchester and Liverpool railroad now runs. Roman coins and utensils are not unfrequently found in the English peat beds. In Italy similar records have been obtained at a depth of fifty feet from the surface; and the peat moss, near Lake Broom, is said to have been formed on a fallen forest, within a period of fifty years. This instance, however, gives us but little information as to the time required for the production of a peat bed. There are some situations where the circumstances are so favourable, that the gradual accumulation of vegetable matter may be observed year after year; and others in which generation after generation passes away with little or no perceptible change. We have already stated that peat beds are sometimes found resting upon solid rocks, and in such situations it may well be supposed that the accumulation has been very gradual, especially during that period when the lichens and mosses were, by their annual growth and decay, forming a soil for the more abundant production of their species.

Peat beds may, by an agricultural process, be brought into a proper state for cultivation. To effect this, nature must be studied, as well as the peculiar

character of the peat itself. Pulverization, or we shall perhaps more properly express ourselves by saying, a separation of parts, is in all cases necessary. By draining, the addition of sand or calcareous matter, or by burning, the peat is converted into a suitable vegetable soil.

H.

LETTER WRITING.

One of the most innocent and exquisite pleasures of this life is that of hearing from an absent friend. When we are suddenly reminded, by a letter, of one who is dear to us, and see our name in the well-known hand on the direction, a flash of delight pervades the whole frame; the heart beats with expectation, while the seal is being broken, and as the sheet is unfolded, goes forth in full benevolence to meet the heart of the writer in the perusal of its contents. An epistolary correspondence between intimate and endeared connexions is a spiritual communion, in which minds alone seem to mingle, and, unembarrassed by the bodily presence, converse with a freedom, a fervour, and an eloquence rarely excited, and perhaps never more felicitously indulged, in personal intercourse. Hence the chief charm of a letter, if the term may be so applied, is its individuality, as a message from one whom we love or esteem, according to the degree of kin or congeniality between us, sent expressly on an errand of kindness to ourselves. The consciousness that it was written to and for him, gives the receiver a paramount interest in its existence, as well as in its disclosures. To him, therefore, it becomes an object of affection; and none but himself, however some others may sympathize with the feelings, can enter into it with the same degree of ineffable emotion: that indeed is "a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

It follows, that by far the greater proportion of letters which are most welcomed and valued by those to whom they are addressed, would be read with comparative indifference by all beside; for the familiar epistles of very few, and that only from the peculiar circumstances of the parties, can be so lively, touching, and original as to afford universal entertainment or instruction. Of late years, it has become common to publish, rather voluminously, the private correspondence of persons distinguished in their day, and in their circle, though soon to be distinguished no longer amidst the crowds that have preceded, and the crowds that are following,

"Of names illustrious, born to be forgot."

In most of these instances, a tithe would have been more creditable to the author, and more acceptable to the public, than the whole harvest of "thoughts," which might well have been left in the quiet and beneficent course of nature to "perish" with those who conceived them, and those to whom they were uttered at the time, in the place, and on the occasions that called them forth, and made them precious. Of very few, then, among the few, whose relics of this kind are worth preserving, all that can be rescued from oblivion is permanently valuable; for, in the majority of cases, it is principally so because of its rarity; that which does remain, being so little in comparison with what is irrecoverably lost: for example, the single letter of the younger Cato to Cicero, admirable and characteristic as it is of that extraordinary man. Even of the mightiest and most gifted of mankind, the heroes or the writers of history and poetry, the private letters of not more than one or two in an age would bear publication in multitude and bulk, like Cowper's, any more than their sayings would bear repetition, without satiety through excess, like Johnson's.

Several British authors have been so indiscreet as to favour the world with their own confidential letters; but probably not one has advanced his reputation by the breach of faith which such a betrayal (from vain or mercenary motives) of personal and family concerns must involve. The case is widely different, when literary adepts have been in the practice of writing essays on set subjects to their correspondents, with the secret or avowed purpose of benefiting the world by their epistolary lucubrations, which might as well have been directed to one as to another of their acquaintance, or indeed to nobody, except every body; for the latter of whom, in fact, they were properly intended. Such compositions (many of them excellent in their kind) must therefore be regarded as regular treatises, not less skilfully devised, and elaborately executed, than the most stately of their literary works.

In letter-writing, when the heart is earnestly engaged, the first thoughts in the first words are usually the best; for it is thoughts, not words, that are to be

communicated; and meaning, not manner, which is mainly to be aimed at. The ideas that rise, and thicken as they rise, in a mind full and overflowing with its subject, voluntarily embody themselves in language the most easy and appropriate; yet are they so delicate and evanescent, that, unless caught in the first forms, they soon lose their character and distinctness, blend with each other, and from being strikingly simple in succession, become inextricably complex in association, on account of their multiplicity and affinity. The thoughts that occur in letter writing will not stay to be questioned; they must be taken at their word, or instantly dismissed. They are like odours from "a bank of violets"—a breath—and away. He that would revel on the fragrance, by scenting it hard and long, will feel that its deliciousness has eluded him; he may taste it again and again and for a moment, but he might as well attempt to catch the rainbow, and hold it, as longer to inhale and detain the subtle and volatile sweetness. He who once hesitates amidst the flow of fresh feelings and their spontaneous expression, becomes unawares bewildered; and must either resolutely disengage himself by darting right forward through the throng of materials, to recover the freedom of his pen, or he must patiently select, arrange, and array them, as in a premeditated exercise of his mind on a given theme.

As the sweetest sensation communicable by a letter can only be once enjoyed, and that in perfection by him alone to whom it was addressed—like a pleasure of hope suddenly realized, though it may be often renewed with less exalting, but more enduring delight as a pleasure of memory—so the gratification which may be experienced by strangers who peruse epistolary memorials of the distant or the dead, and of course, are but partially interested in their contents, must be peculiar in its kind, and greatly different from that of the writers and receivers. To the latter every thing included is important; the common-place passages, topics, and allusions, often being most so, because these come home to their bosoms and business; their hopes and their happiness; their possessions, prospects, relationships; all that they are, and all that they hold in connexion with their kindred, their friends, and their neighbours; and, at the same time, being more or less implicated with the ordinary course of things, especially those things that come to all men, in one form or another. But by strangers, the value of letters, never designed for themselves, is estimated according to the knowledge, which, from other sources than personal acquaintanceship, they have acquired of the parties, as distinguished in some way above the multitude among whom they lived; which knowledge has awakened the very natural and laudable desire to learn more about them individually, than can be obtained from report, tradition, or record, concerning their deeds or their studies, as those may have been performed, or these matured for public use, if not for the public good. What is real from the lips, the pens, or the hearts of the illustrious of past ages, is incomparably more attractive and affecting than all that can be put into their mouths in tragedy, romance, or even history, when history (as too often it has done) acts the part of tragedy, or utters the language of romance. The speeches, the brief, blunt speeches of generals to their armies, in ancient times, if they could have been transmitted to posterity, would have been far better (in the sense now under consideration) than the eloquent harangues which their chroniclers have made for them. No man can think another man's thoughts, except through that man's own words; much less express them as he himself would have done, from general and abstract knowledge, necessarily imperfect, of what they were, according to rumour or conjecture. How is it that the minutest incidents related by an eye and ear witness, especially concerning his own experience, his labours, privations, and sufferings, on foreign travel, in sickness, perils, difficulties of any kind, among barbarians, like the cannibals of New Zealand, or semi-civilized neutrals, like the Hindoos—how comes it that these are much more impressive and soul stirring to his audience, on missionary occasions, for example, from his own mouth, by the living voice, ranging through all its modulations, aided by his animated looks, and their momentary changes; his manner, emphasis, action, and even his dialect, being each personal, peculiar, and according with the influence of the subject on himself—how comes it that the minutest incidents thus told, are much more affecting and impressive upon his auditors, than finished, comprehensive, and symmetrical details

of greater matters, when read from an official report, or delivered, however vividly and glowingly, by a professional speaker, who may have derived them from hearsay, or digested them from original documents? The reason is a plain one: the first is reality, the second is representation—in its relative effect upon the mind of the hearer or the reader. The bodily presence of the agent makes more difference than can be easily explained; but every one has felt it, and it needs no explanation.

It is natural to covet acquaintance with one whom we admire for the splendour of his talents, his pre-eminence in virtue, or the strangeness of his fortunes; but, as we cannot have this with the dead of past generations, we may come nearest to them in the relics of their familiar correspondence with contemporaries,—distinct individuals, among whom they lived and moved, and with them formed the members of a certain limited society. Now, it is little circumstances, on little occasions, which exhibit us to each other as we identically are. Men of eminence live, it may be said, in glass-houses,—under the eyes, within the hearing, and subject to the judgment of all the world; surrounded, as it were, with a human omnipresence, which often influences them more than even the acknowledged, but too little regarded omnipresence of Deity, connected as the latter is with omniscience. We would not dare to do, in the sight of a child, what we fear not to do before God our Creator, our Sovereign, and our Judge. Yet others are like *our*-selves, too much occupied with *them*-selves to think a twentieth part so much about us as we are apt to imagine, either for good or evil; but God never for a moment suspends his inspection, or overlooks the smallest of our actions, as amenable to his eternal and righteous laws. Oh! what manner of men would we be, if we rightly apprehended the fact, that we live more in the presence of the Almighty than our own. We forget our very existence during one-third of our time in sleep; during another large portion, though broad awake, too many of us forget ourselves strangely, in the moral sense of that phrase; and through most of the remainder, the best among us do so virtually in the mechanical routine of daily occupations. How few and brief, then, are the intervals in which we remember either ourselves or our Creator, as living, moving, and having our being in Him, who never takes his eye from us, for one moment, from that which gave us birth, to that which brings us death! —*Montgomery.*

EARLY BLOSSOMS.

WERE you ever engaged in watching over and in training up young plants? Have you seen them bud and blossom, and then beheld those blossoms fall away? the leaves droop and change, and the plants die before your eyes? The flowerets of one summer are of little consequence, for another summer is coming, and that will replace them; but there are blossoms the withering of which agonize the heart.

I knew a little boy, dearly did I love him; ay! and dearly do I love him still. The loveliest flower that opens to the summer's sun, is not lovelier than he was. The colour came and left his cheek as the quick gay thoughts flashed through his simple, childish heart, and in that guileless bosom you might have deemed, had not the word of God declared the heart to be deceitful and desperately wicked, that no evil thought had lodgment. The blossoms of that infant mind, were a tender conscience shrinking from wrong, and love, and peace, and joy, and a reverence for God's word, and for holy things. Where are those blossoms now?

That little boy grew up; he passed into the world; the blighting breezes blew around him; the damps and frosts of worldly intercourse chilled his heart. Where are those blossoms now? Scattered, and withered, and blasted for ever? Ah no! I cannot and will not think so! Though rivers of water run down mine eyes, yet have I hope, for my thought and my prayer are unto Him who said, "Tabitha, arise!" and "Lazarus, come forth!" The blossoms I mourn may be dead, but God can yet say unto them, "Live!" He, of whom I write, may be a leper, but God is able to say unto him, "Go wash in Jordan seven times," and his flesh shall be restored unto him as the flesh of a little child. G.M.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

I SHALL first describe the Indians of the plains. These live in the upper country from the Falls of the Columbia to the Rocky Mountains, and are called

the Indians of the plains, because a large proportion of their country is prairie land. The principal tribes are the Nez Percés, Cayuses, Walla Wallas, Banax, Shoshones, Spokeins, Flatheads, Cœur De Lions, Ponderas, Cootanies, Kettle-falls, Okanagans, and Carriers. These do not include probably more than one half of those east of the falls; but of others I have obtained but little definite knowledge. These all resemble each other in general characteristics. In their persons the men are tall, the women are of common stature, and both men and women are well formed. While there is a strong natural, as well as moral resemblance among all Indians, the complexion of these is much the same as other Indians, excepting a little fairer. Their hair and eyes are black, their cheek bones high, and very frequently they have aquiline noses. Their hands, feet, and ancles, are small and well formed; and their movements are easy, if not graceful. They wear their hair long, part it upon their forehead, and let it hang in tresses on each side, or down behind.

There is a great resemblance in their dress, which generally consists of a shirt, worn over long, close leggins, with moccasins for their feet. These are of dressed leather made of the skins of deer, antelope, mountain goats, and sheep; and over these they wear a blanket or buffalo robe. The borders of their garments are ornamented with long fringes, after the manner of the ancient Jews. They are fond of ornaments, and according to their means, their heads and garments are decorated with feathers, beads, buttons, and porcupine quills; the last of which are coloured red, yellow, blue, and black, and worked with great skill and variety of design. They appear to have less of the propensity to adorn themselves with painting, than the Indians east of the mountains; but still at their toilet, vermilion, mixed with red clay, is used not only upon their faces, but also upon their hair. The dress of the women does not vary much from the men, excepting, that instead of the shirt, they have what may be called a frock coming down to the ancles. Many of them wear a large cape made of the same material, and often highly ornamented with large oblong beads of blue, red, purple, and white, arranged in curved lines covering the whole. Some of the daughters of the chiefs, when clothed in their clean white dresses made of antelope skins, with their fully ornamented capes coming down to the waist, and mounted upon spirited steeds, going at full speed, their ornaments glittering in the sunbeams, make an appearance that would not lose in comparison with equestrian ladies of the east.

Their horses are not less finely caparisoned with blue and scarlet trimmings about their heads, breasts, and loins, hung with little brass bells.

While a want of cleanliness is a characteristic of all heathen, the Indians of the plains are less reprehensible than others, and far more neat than those of the lower country toward the Pacific. It is not to be understood that there are not those who are poor, suffering from the want of food and clothing.

Their wealth consists in their horses, and, in a great degree, their consequence upon the number they possess; some owning several hundreds; and that family is poor whose numbers are not sufficient for every man, woman, and child to be mounted, when they are travelling from place to place; and also to carry all their effects. In these respects they are far better supplied than any tribes I saw east of the mountains. While their horses are their wealth, they derive but little from them for the support of themselves and families; for they do not employ them to cultivate the earth; and the market for them is so low, that they command but a small price. A good horse will not sell for more than enough to purchase a blanket, or a few small articles of merchandize. For subsistence, they, of necessity, depend upon hunting and fishing, and gathering roots and berries. Their mode of cooking is plain and simple. Most of their food is roasted, and they excel in roasting fish. The process is to build in the centre of their lodge a small fire, to fix the fish upon a stick two feet long, and to place one end in the ground, so as to bring the fish partly over the fire, and then, by a slow process, it is most thoroughly roasted without any scorching, or scarcely changing the colour. The principal art consists in taking time, and our best cooks might improve by following their mode.

Their habits. The habits of Indians are said to be indolent. As a general remark it may be true, but I saw but very little to confirm its truth among the Indians of the plains; for I rarely saw

any of these Indians without their being engaged in some object of pursuit; not the most productive, perhaps, but such as enlisted their attention. While I believe in the striking resemblance, both physical and moral, of all the different nations and tribes of Indians spread over large portions of the continent of America, more so than is seen in any people of any other country of equal extent; yet, if it is true, that as a general fact, they are morose and gloomy in their countenances; sullen, or bacchanalian in their dispositions; that they are rarely so joyful as to laugh, unless excited by ardent spirits; that they are taciturn and never indulge in mirth; that they are obtuse in sympathy, and destitute of social affections; that in proud disdain they turn away from whatever would excite curiosity; that no common motives or endearments excite them to action;—if these things are true, then the Indians in the Oregon Territory are an exception to the general fact. In all the above-named particulars, I saw no special difference between them and other nations. As a part of the human family, they have the same natural propensities, and the same social affections. They are cheerful and often gay, sociable, kind, and affectionate; and anxious to receive instruction in whatever may conduce to their happiness here and hereafter. It is worse than idle to speak of "physical insensibility inwrought into the animal nature of the Indians, so that their bodies approximate to the insensibility of horses' hoofs." The influence of this kind of remarks is to produce, in the bosoms of all who read them, the same insensibility which is charged upon the native character of the Indians. To represent their characters and their restoration to the common feelings of humanity so hopeless, is to steel the heart of even Christianity itself, if it were possible, against all sympathy, and to paralyze all exertions and efforts to save them from the two-fold destruction to which they doom them, temporal and eternal. Is this the reason that Christians are sitting in such supineness over their condition, and the heart-thrilling appeals from them for teachers to enlighten them? Is this the reason, that while the philanthropy of the United States' citizens towards them is so widely blazoned, that those, who are sent to teach them the arts of civilized life, are sitting quiet on the borders in governmental pay, while the Indians are roaming still over the prairies in search of uncertain and precarious game? I forbear to tell the story.

They have but a few manufactures, and those few are the most plain and simple, not extending much beyond dressing the skins of animals, and making them into clothing; making bows and arrows, and some few articles of furniture. In dressing their skins, they never make any use of bark, or tanning in any way. Their process is to remove the hair and flesh from the skins, by scraping them with a hard stone or wood, or, when it can be obtained, a piece of iron hoop, and then besmearing them with the brains of some animal, they smoke them thoroughly, and rub them until they are soft; and after this bleach them with pure white clay. Their mode of smoking, is to dig or excavate a small place in the ground, about a foot deep, and over this to construct a small fixture in the form of a lodge, a few feet wide at the base, and brought to a point at the top. Then they build a small fire in the centre, and place the skins around upon the frame work, so as to make the enclosure almost smoke tight. The process occupies about one day. Their mode of dressing buffalo robes is different. It is by stretching the skin upon the ground, flesh side up, fastening it down with pins around the border. Then with an instrument formed somewhat like a cooper's adz, made of stone, or wood overlaid with a piece of iron, brought to a blunt edge, like a currier's knife, they clear from it all remaining flesh, and let it thoroughly dry. After this, with the same instrument, they work upon it with a pounding, hewing stroke, until they have brought it to a suitable thickness, and rendered it soft and white, in the same condition as our buffalo robes are, when brought into market. It is a work of great labour performed by women. We little think how much toil it costs a woman to prepare one of these robes, and then how little is paid for it by the purchaser; a pound of tobacco, or a bunch of beads, is as much as the Indian generally receives.

Their bows are made of the most elastic wood, strengthened with the tendons of animals, glued upon the back side, and a string made of the same substance. Their arrows are made of heavy wood, with one end tipped with a sharp stone or pointed iron, and the other end pinnated with a feather. While the first is

to pierce, the latter is to govern the direction. Their bows and arrows perform astonishing execution, and they manage them with great dexterity.

Most of their cooking utensils, which they now use, are obtained from traders. These do not often extend beyond a brass kettle, tin pail, and a very few knives. They have bowls which they manufacture very ingeniously from the horns of buffalo; and sometimes, those that are larger and more solid, from the horn of the big horned mountain sheep. They have spoons of very good structure, made of buffalo horns; also, they have various kinds of baskets of rude workmanship. Their saddles are rude, somewhat resembling the Spanish saddle, having a high knob forward, and rising high on the back part, generally sitting uneasy upon the horse's back. Their bridles are only a rope, well made of hair, or the shag of the buffalo, fastened to the under jaw of the horse, very long, so as to form the lasso; this is so coiled in the hand as to form a noose when thrown over the horse's head, which is done very dexterously; and when they are mounted, the rope, or leather thong, which is often used in its place, trails along upon the ground. This is often left upon the horse's neck, when he is turned out for a short time to feed, for the convenience of more easily catching him.

Their canoes, before they obtained iron hatchets of the traders, were, with great labour and patience, made with hatchets of stone; and even now, it is with no small effort. A canoe of good construction is valued as high as one or two good horses. Their fishing nets are another article which is well constructed, formed of wild flax; and in every particular like our scoop nets.—*Parker.*

IMPORTANT RESULTS FROM TRIFLING CAUSES.

A DRACHM of poison diffuseth itself to all parts, till it strangles the vital spirits, and separates the soul from the body. A little coal of fire hath turned many a stately fabric into ashes. A little prick with a thorn may as well kill a man as a cut with a drawn sword. A little fly may spoil all the alabaster box of ointment. General Norris, having received a slight wound in his arm in the wars of Ireland, made light of it, but his arm gangrened, and so he lost both arm and life together. Fabius, a Roman senator, was strangled by swallowing a small hair in a draught of milk. Three fits of an ague carried off Tamerlane, who was the terror of his time. Anacreon, the poet, was choked with the kernel of a grape. One of the emperors died in consequence of the scratch of a comb. A king of France died miserably by the chock of a hog; and his brother, by the blow of a tennis-ball, was sent to the grave. Thus we may see that little things have brought upon many great miseries. And so little sins may expose and make persons liable to great punishments; and, therefore, it is no wonder if the heart of a holy man rises against them. Those sins, which are seemingly but small, are very provoking to the great God, and very hurtful to the immortal soul—consequently, cannot but be the object of a Christian's hatred.—*Brooks's Beauty of Holiness.*

EASTERN HOSPITALITY.

I WAS beginning to make my meal upon the food we had with us, when in came nine people each bearing a dish. A large tray was raised on the rim of a corn-sieve placed on the ground, in the centre of which was put a tureen of soup, with pieces of bread around it. The stranger, my servant, and a person who seemed to be the head man of the village, sat round the tray, dipping their wooden spoons or fingers into each dish as it was placed in succession before them. Of the nine dishes I observed three were of soups. I asked why this was, and who was to pay for the repast; and was informed that it is the custom of the people, strictly enjoined by their religion, that, as soon as a stranger appears, each peasant should bring his dish; he himself remaining to partake of it after the stranger—a sort of picnic, of which the stranger partakes without contributing. The hospitality extends to every thing he requires; his horse is fed, and wood is brought for his fire, each inhabitant feeling honoured by offering something. This custom accounts for the frequent recurrence of the same dish, as no one knows what his neighbour will contribute. Towards a Turkish guest this practice is perfectly disinterested, but from an European they may possibly have been led to expect some kind of return, although to offer payment would be an insult. The whole of the contributors afterwards sit down and eat in another part of the room.—*Fellows.*

Elizabeth at Tilbury.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Continued from page 137.)

ELIZABETH never really designed to marry. Whether this proceeded from her firm resolve to be independent of any one who might interfere with her sovereign power, or from any other cause, has never been clearly ascertained; but she declared her intention to lead a single life, even before her accession to the throne. Certainly the state of affairs rendered this a wise decision. At times the urgency of her subjects was so great as apparently to shake her resolution, and to make it expedient for her to allow various matrimonial negociations; but she always managed them so as to find pretexts for breaking off the treaties, though more than once she may have gone further in them than was at first intended. There is no ground for the insinuation of Popish writers, that she continued unmarried from dishonourable motives. Amidst all the gaieties of court, we cannot but mark her conduct as very different to that of Mary Stuart when on the throne of Scotland. Even in an age coarse and unrefined, compared with that of the last century, her conduct strongly contrasts with that of other female sovereigns, whose annals are generally known.

In the parliament, A.D. 1571, an act was passed, enacting severe measures against any one who should call in question Elizabeth's title to the throne, or support the claim of any one to be her successor. This, and other measures of precaution, resulted from the designs in which Mary was concerned; but they also included the claims in behalf of the family of Suffolk. At the commencement of this parliament, the lord keeper, in his address, dwelt upon the benefits the people enjoyed under their present monarch. He said, "The first and chief is, restoring and setting at liberty God's holy word amongst us, the greatest and most precious treasure that can be in this world; for that either doth or should benefit us in the greatest degree; to wit, our minds and souls: and look how much our souls excel our bodies, so much must needs the benefits of our souls excel the benefits of our bodies; whereby also, as by a necessary consequent, we are delivered and made free from the bondage of the Roman tyranny; therefore, this is to be thought of as the most principal benefit." He spoke of the benefits of peace which had then been enjoyed for ten years. Elizabeth's refusal to form any union with the princes of other lands, doubtless was one cause of the long continuance of peace. He well observed, that "a man who would sufficiently consider all the commodities of

peace, ought to call to remembrance all the miseries of war." Would that, in our day, men thought more of the blessings of peace, and were more thankful for them.—It is not foreign to our subject to remark, that the greatest modern English general of his day, in his private and confidential dispatches, when commanding a victorious army, regretted, continually, that the inhabitants of Britain were not sufficiently alive to the miseries of warfare.—In the third place, the lord keeper spoke of the great benefits of clemency and mercy, and appealed to his auditors, whether "it had ever been seen or read, that any prince of this realm, during ten whole years and more, hath had his hands so clear of blood." This, undoubtedly, was the fact, and if the later years of Elizabeth were less free from such executions for crimes of state, it may be said, Was there not a cause? The Christian historian may not say, There was an adequate cause; but if the matter be viewed impartially, Elizabeth has a right to stand on superior grounds to other sovereigns.

In this year, also, an instance of equity, rare in the annals of our early monarchs, was shown. The amounts borrowed by compulsory loans, at the beginning of this reign, were repaid. These are undoubted facts as to the fruits of the national profession of the true religion. But Cecil was aware that a storm was at hand. Early in 1571, he ascertained that Ridolfi, the pope's agent, was in secret communication with the bishop of Ross, Mary's ambassador in London, and that there was a plan in agitation, among some of the nobility, for another rebellion and an invasion that summer. The bishop admitted the correspondence of Mary with the duke of Alva and the pope; but denied his knowledge of any attempt to be made on England. Letters from Mary had been intercepted in March, 1571, which showed her participation in the schemes of Ridolfi and Alva. We cannot blame her for desiring to regain her liberty and power; but it requires more than common credulity to suppose, that she could be ignorant that these designs involved the death of Elizabeth, by secret murder or open violence. The extent of the plot remained unknown for some months longer, when the discovery of a sum of money, and some letters in cypher, in course of transmission, from the duke of Norfolk to Mary's friends in Scotland, led to the knowledge that he was implicated in an underplot with France, and to proofs that he was also in correspondence with the papal conspirators. The key to his cypher and other papers were found; the extent of the conspiracy became more and more fully developed.

Norfolk was again arrested in September, 1571. His power and popularity rendered any proceedings against him dangerous to the queen. The nobles were ready to support him; a plan was devised, at the instigation of the Spanish ambassador, to murder lord Burghley; this was disclosed by some of the agents, and proved to be a branch of the great conspiracy to place Mary on the throne of England. It was evident that upon the result of the proceedings against the duke of Norfolk, the stability of Elizabeth's government would mainly depend. He was brought to trial, January 16, 1572. Trials for treason, in those days, were conducted in a manner very different from the course now pursued; the prisoner was placed under many disadvantages. But Norfolk's trial was not unfair according to the usages of the times, though only one witness was openly examined, and written documents were produced in a manner which now would not be allowed in such cases. The trial lasted twelve hours; Norfolk was allowed to state all that he wished to say. We need not dwell on the technicalities of the evidence; as it is clear, from the duke's own admissions, that he had fully participated in Mary's projects, and was implicated in the designs of the pope to an extent which he knew was then considered treasonable. The peers, who seem to have been fairly selected, unanimously pronounced him guilty. He acknowledged the justice of the sentence, but supplicated, most earnestly, for mercy. His communications show that he had been wrought upon by others, but that he was guilty of treasonable designs; and there is proof that he had continued these even after he was imprisoned. The queen was unwilling that Norfolk should suffer; she repeatedly caused the execution to be stayed; at length, on the urgent desire of the House of Commons, he was ordered to be beheaded on June 2, 1572. He was the first nobleman executed in this reign: the long interval of thirteen years passing without such a tragedy, favourably contrasts the reign of Elizabeth with those of her father, brother, and sister.

It was now clearly proved that Mary Stuart was personally concerned in the great conspiracy against Elizabeth. Many of the best counsellors of the latter, urged that she should be brought to account for her proceedings, that this perpetual source of disquiet to Elizabeth, and her Protestant subjects, should be closed; but Elizabeth would not consent to any such proceedings against Mary. She refused to allow a bill of attainder to be passed by the parliament, which would have sent Mary to the scaffold; but she did not hesitate to call upon the king of France when pleading for her liberation, to say, whether she ought to be required to give up the means which the detention of Mary afforded for the safety of the state. The particulars of the designs in which Norfolk and the queen of Scots were engaged, having been communicated to the French monarch, he said, that it was too probable she would not cease her plots till she lost her head, which would be from her own fault and folly, and that he saw it was in vain to think to help her. When her conduct drew these remarks from a main supporter of her cause, we cannot be surprised that orders should be given to reduce her attendants to sixteen persons, and that the earl of Shrewsbury should be directed to question Mary upon the points already discovered, with a view to ascertain some further matters from her own mouth. But Mary was on her guard, and refused to utter any thing she knew, unless allowed access personally to Elizabeth.

The murderous nature of the plots then in progress, was evinced from the design, above mentioned, for the murder of lord Burghley, by whose steady counsels the designs against Elizabeth were chiefly disappointed. The secretary of the Spanish ambassador had some concern in this affair which was disclosed by an accomplice; but all participation was denied by the ambassador. Walsingham also succeeded in obtaining the avowal of a Jesuit at Paris, to the existence of designs for the murder of Elizabeth, that Mary might be placed on the throne, whereby alone, it was considered, all Christendom could be brought to what Papists called the Catholic faith. An effort was made by a numerous body in the parliament, to induce the queen to consent to criminal proceedings against Mary. Had Elizabeth desired to get rid of her rival by such measures, here was a fair pretext; but after thanking them for their care, she declined such a course, as then inexpedient. This should have made Mary more cautious as to future proceedings; however, as the king of France had said, "she was not to be warned."

The queen farther showed her value for Burghley by appointing him lord high treasurer, on the death of the marquis of Winchester, another of those time-serving nobles, who accommodated himself to the changes of religion during the last four reigns. The order of the garter was also given to that great statesman, who now had the heavy pressure of public affairs almost exclusively upon himself. The number of papers existing in the public offices and repositories, which bear indisputable marks of having passed under the hands of lord Burghley, fully prove the vast extent of his labours, with the manner in which his personal attention was required by a variety of affairs, from the most trifling, such as regulations for fashionable clothing, to matters of peace or war, with many others of the deepest interest in church and state.

The extent of the designs for the destruction of the Protestants throughout Europe, was manifested by the massacre at Paris, and in other principal towns of France, on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572, in which, by a moderate calculation, more than thirty thousand unoffending and peaceable subjects were murdered in cold blood, at the command of their king, who had just given them strong reasons to feel secure, and confident of his protection. The particulars belong to the history of France; but when the news was received in England, the horror excited was very great. A striking account is given by the French ambassador, who proceeded to court to deliver the official account sent by his monarch to palliate the atrocity; "a gloomly sorrow," he says, "sat on every face. Silence, as in the dead of the night, reigned through all the chambers of the royal apartments: the ladies and courtiers were ranged on each side, all clad in deep mourning; and as I passed through, not one bestowed on me a civil look, or made the least return to my salutes." Sensible of the national disgrace, the ambassador declared himself ashamed to bear the name of Frenchman, and when commanded by Charles IX. to explain matters to Elizabeth, remonstrated, saying, it would be to make

himself an accomplice; "those who had advised it, should be sent on such an errand." Elizabeth was obliged to listen to the French king's excuses; but she did not hesitate to tell the ambassador that appearances were against his master, adding, that "if the king shall not use his power to make some amends for so much blood so horribly shed, God, who seeth the hearts of all, as well princes as others, will show his justice in time and place, when his honour shall therein be glorified, as the author of all justice, and the revenger of all blood-shedding of the innocents."

Burghley wrote to Walsingham, the ambassador at Paris, in strong terms, adding, "We have great cause, in these times, to doubt all fair speeches." Though Charles IX. at first desired to be thought innocent of this atrocity, in a short time his approval was avowed by a medal being struck, commemorative of the event, which the inscription spoke of as an act of justice, excited by piety! The pope, also, in express terms, lauded the deed, which was enumerated as the first and principal cause for a jubilee and public thanksgiving ordered by the pontiff; a medal struck at Rome undeniably fixes him with guilt as an accessory to the horrid massacre. Popish historians in vain represent it as a sudden and unpremeditated act, and even would ascribe it to the proceedings of the French Protestants! There is undoubted evidence, in written documents, to prove that it was a regularly laid design, an act of premeditated treachery; a branch of the general plot against the Protestants throughout Europe, and that it was intended to have been still more murderous than it was possible for the perpetrators to make it.

One beneficial result, however, ensued from this deed of blood. The Protestants, in every country in Europe, were awakened to a sense of their danger. The English statesmen were convinced that there was no safety for their government, but in being prepared for defence; and that it was useless to listen to any professions of amity from those who were leagued for the destruction of the true faith. The extent of danger likely to result from Mary Stuart, was also more than ever manifest; the French court made several professions of amity, but Elizabeth repelled them, though she continued at peace with France, and reluctantly acceded to the personal request of the French queen, that she would be godmother to an infant daughter. She gave shelter to many fugitive Protestants, and refused to compel them to depart when urged to do so.

The news of the massacre also excited much horror in Scotland. There the direful effects of popish intrigue had been recently shown in bloodshed. Lennox, the new regent, the grandfather of the infant king, was slain in a tumult about a year after the murder of his predecessor. The earl of Mar, next chosen regent, sunk under the painful state of affairs. Knox also departed from this life, but it was in peace: though the Papists had often planned his death, they never were able to carry their designs into execution. Of him, it is sufficient here to say, that he was one of the most pious and excellent men of his day, unblemished in moral character. He regretted the hard measure of duties he was called to discharge, yet he shrunk not from what Providence willed him to go forward to perform. On such a subject it is needful to speak decidedly: surely no real Christian, who has fairly examined the history of this great and pious man, can be deceived by the manner in which the literary partizans of Mary Stuart have endeavoured to sacrifice his memory in their vain attempts to exculpate the goddess of their idolatry. If one or the other must be condemned, let the evidence of those who knew both be fairly weighed, and the result is not doubtful.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew rendered it more important than ever to prevent the preponderance of the French party in Scotland, for the English Papists were eagerly looking out for what they termed, "their golden day." Under the immediate pressure of alarm, well knowing that Mary Stuart was the instrument best suited for the purposes of the conspiracy against the Protestants, and that it was daily found that the continuance of the queen of Scots, in England, was more and more dangerous, both for the person of the queen's majesty and her state, "secret instructions were given (by Elizabeth's council) to Killigrew, sent as an especial envoy to Scotland, to endeavour to negociate for her being received there, meaning as a criminal or prisoner liable to judgment." We cannot wonder at this, though we do not defend it, and we must not forget that no such proceeding was adopted. Mary was retained in

England with daily danger to Elizabeth, and although, at that time, "all men cried out" respecting her, no measures against her were carried on, though such a course would have been a very popular one with the English nation in general; and certainly the late massacre at Paris gave plausible grounds for such proceedings. Bills of attainder, against Mary, were actually brought forward in the House of Commons; but Elizabeth interposed her authority, commanding that they should be withdrawn. It is evident, to all unprejudiced persons, that Elizabeth did not seek occasions to put her rival to death. The public attention was further drawn to Mary about this time, by the publication and circulation of the writings of bishop Lesley in her favour, and those of Buchanan against her. Both may be considered as the writings of partizans, rather than dispassionate statements of the truth. Far from any measures being adopted against Mary, in the following year she was allowed to go to Buxton, for the use of the medicinal waters. Lord Burghley happening to be in that neighbourhood, on account of his sufferings from the gout, at the same time, insinuations were conveyed to Elizabeth that her minister was inclined to befriend Mary. On this account, he found it necessary to leave the place; so unfounded are the ideas that he was, on all occasions, a persecutor of the unhappy Mary. In writing to lord Shrewsbury, he said, that the queen had reproved him sharply as a favourer of the queen of Scots; but he declared, that though he had no evil meaning towards her, if she should plot any evil against Elizabeth, he must and would impeach her. The steadiness with which Elizabeth continued her favour, during forty years to lord Burghley, against whom many efforts were made by the older nobility, is one proof, amongst many others, that the queen was not a capricious ungovernable character.

In the autumn of 1572, apprehensions were excited by the illness of Elizabeth. It appears to have been the small-pox, but she passed through the disease favourably.

In 1573, another negociation with France was entered upon, for the marriage of Elizabeth to a French prince, the duke of Alençon. This union was very unsuitable from disparity of years, even had there been no other objection. But the treaty was continued for some time; it gave Elizabeth an opportunity of interfering in behalf of the French Protestants; and even the discerning Walsingham wrote from the French court, "Whether this marriage be sincerely meant or no, it is a hard point to judge, where dissimulation taketh so deep root." This remark is important: however blamable Elizabeth and her counsellors may have been for dissimulation, it is evident that they had to do with those who practised the arts of deceit still more. Walsingham was shortly after recalled and made secretary of state; the increasing dangers which threatened England, requiring the direction of the ablest statesmen. He was fully equal to meet the crafty expedients of that age, and succeeded in obtaining intelligence of the most secret proceedings of the pope and his confederate princes.

It is with reluctance that we refer to the dissensions which increasingly prevailed in matters of religion. In 1571, when a member of the House of Commons, named Strickland, urged further reformation in the church, the queen interfered and prevented it. The endeavour to comprehend the Papists, and the harsh measures against the puritans, had done much to bring the public profession of religion into a state deeply to be deplored. Strype says, "The state of the church and religion, at this time, was but low and sadly neglected, occasioned, in a great measure, by these unhappy controversies about the church's government, and other external matters in religion, which so employed the thoughts and zeal of both clergy and laity, that the better and more substantial parts of it were very little regarded. The churchmen heaped up many benefices upon themselves, and resided upon none, neglecting their cures; many of them alienated their lands, made unreasonable leases and wastes of their woods, granted reversions and advowsons to their wives and children, or to others for their use. Churches ran greatly into dilapidations and decays; and were kept nasty, and filthy, and indecent for God's worship. Among the laity there was but little devotion. The Lord's day greatly profaned and little observed. The common prayers not frequented. Some lived without any service of God at all. Many were mere heathens and atheists."

In such a state of things, it was a very sad error to think to improve matters by stopping the labours of many of the most

indefatigable and useful ministers. This, however, was the course pursued; then and subsequently, conventicles, or places of private resort for puritan worship were regularly suppressed; and Burghley, as unwise, on this subject, as he was wise upon others, recommended proceedings even more strict than those adopted. The examinations of many of the puritans, both clergy and laymen, before the high commission court and other authorities, remind us of some points of the examinations before the popish bishops in the preceding reign, though the judges were not so violent and abusive in their language, neither did imprisonment end in burning alive. It must, however, be allowed, that very many were persecuted for conscience' sake, suffering in health, property, and even life; while angry and bitter discussions and controversies were carried on, into which we need not here enter. Cartwright and others retired to the isles of Guernsey and Jersey, where the inhabitants, being chiefly French, were allowed to retain the forms of worship usual among foreign Protestants. These harsh proceedings were assuredly the remains of Popery; but they must also be considered as fruits of that spirit of antichrist, which, even in our own day, shows itself too plainly among professed Protestants of various denominations, as well as among Papists. These severe measures against the puritans were the more unpopular from their contrasting with the relaxation of some penal proceedings against the Papists at this time. We must observe that the right extent of toleration was as little understood in one case as in the other; both were denied the liberty they had a right to claim, provided they gave due security of freedom from designs against the state. The discussions and expositions of Scripture, among the clergy for mutual instruction, then called prophesyings, were forbidden. Many who had been exiles for religion in queen Mary's days, had, by this time, departed in peace; but some survived, who, for the most part lamented these proceedings, which were urged forward by the government. Elizabeth inherited too much of the spirit of her father: like him, she sought to make her own views on religion the rule for all her subjects. In 1575, two Dutch anabaptists were condemned as heretics, for their tenets as to the nature of Christ, baptism, and oaths, and respecting obedience to magistrates: they were burned in Smithfield. Foxe and many others pleaded hard for them, but in vain; the persecuting law against heresy which had slept during seventeen years, was put in force. Nine others were banished.

We may now turn to more pleasing matters. The persecuting course pursued by Philip, with respect to his Flemish Protestant subjects, from the commencement of his reign, caused much suffering among them. Thousands left their country, becoming exiles for conscience' sake, many of whom took refuge in England, where Elizabeth caused these persecuted Protestants to be protected and encouraged, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Spanish monarch. Most of the refugees settled in the eastern counties, where they introduced several branches of the woollen manufacture, which largely promoted the welfare of the country; one instance, among many, that there is a reward for acting in the fear of God, even in this life. Especially is this verified in the history of nations. Wherever subjects have been persecuted for conscience' sake, there the national prosperity has declined, while the countries that received and sheltered the sufferers, have prospered. It will ever be found that "righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people," Prov. xiv. 34. The history of Elizabeth fully shows this. Recognizing the Divine Providence as she did, and protecting true religion, she was protected and prosperous. Her reign was not without clouds, or blots, and blemishes; but they may, for the most part, be traced to matters wherein she departed from the fear of God, and the promotion of his glory; and in her foreign policy she protected the followers of the truth. It is plain that she saw how much the welfare of Europe depended upon a firm stand being made for the professors of the reformed faith, and this was the leading principle of her government. Some writers have censured her for interfering with the subjects of other monarchs; that Papists should blame her is not surprising, but an answer may at once be made—The monarchs had previously interfered with her. A list was at this time procured of the English Papists concerned in the late rebellion in the north, who were sheltered by Philip, and mostly resident in Flanders, ready to join Alva in any expedition against England. The sum charged

in Flanders for their yearly pensions, was two hundred and thirty-one thousand ducats, equal to more than half a million of our present money! It is unnecessary to say, that such a disbursement was from political designs, not from charity.

The attention of the English government had been directed towards Scotland, with increased anxiety, since the massacre of the Protestants in France. That atrocity rendered the Scottish nation more resolute against Popish influence, consequently less disposed to promote the cause of Mary. Many who had ranked as her partizans, now made common cause with their countrymen. The castle of Edinburgh still held out, and assistance from France was promised; but Elizabeth sent forces, with whose aid the fortress was taken in June, 1573. The result of these active measures was, that Scotland enjoyed a respite from civil and foreign warfare for a considerable time. The efforts of Elizabeth, and her counsellors, assuredly tended to promote peace, especially during the early part of her reign.

The changes in France now engaged attention. Charles IX. died, May 30, 1574, not quite two years after the massacre of the Protestants. In his last illness, blood issued from several parts of his body, while his mind was painfully affected by the remembrance of that day of guilt. He was succeeded by his brother, Henry III., who was recalled from Poland, of which country he had been elected king a year before. He concluded a treaty of peace with Elizabeth, whose hand he sought when duke of Anjou; but he continued an adherent of the pope, therefore a persecutor of his own Protestant subjects.

Elizabeth took every favourable opportunity of making herself popular, in her annual progresses through the different parts of England. Full details of these journeys are on record. One of the most remarkable was her visit to Kenilworth, in 1575. The earl of Leicester took every means in his power to please Elizabeth, who continued to favour him in a manner which savoured rather of the partiality of the woman, than the judgment of the queen. In these progresses, for short distances, or in very bad roads, she was sometimes carried in a chair, as represented in the engraving at page 81.

In the close of this year, the state of affairs in Holland called for the interference of England. Having thrown off the persecuting yoke of Spain, the prince of Orange, and the Protestants of Flanders, were anxious to secure the protection of Elizabeth. They offered to recognize her for their sovereign, founding her title on her descent from Philippa of Hainault, consort of Edward III. There were many difficulties in the affair. If Elizabeth took up their cause, it would make a breach with Philip; if she refused aid, they would resort to France. Under all circumstances, the middle course of rendering aid to the Dutch, as an independent nation, was the safest, and was pursued. In preparation for this, a subsidy was readily granted: the pecuniary demands of Elizabeth upon the parliament were never very considerable. Her interference with the House of Commons, as a deliberative body, was less commendable. An instance occurred during the session of 1576. Wentworth, in a debate, reflected on the queen for not agreeing to prosecute the queen of Scots, for checking the freedom of debate, and for not encouraging them to enter upon the reformation of abuses. This led to his committal to the Tower, from whence he was released on making his peace with the queen. It was an arbitrary proceeding on her part; but we must recollect, that neither then, nor at any previous time, were the members of parliament accustomed to exercise the privileges for which Wentworth contended. We cannot judge of such a proceeding at this period, by modern rules. The queen decidedly repressed the proceedings of parliament, by not allowing it to meet from 1576 till January, 1581.

The affairs of Holland now claim further attention. The Spanish prince Don John, who had lately been appointed governor, acted with great severity; he expected that he should speedily subdue the Protestants, and he then thought of procuring the liberation of Mary Stuart, marrying her, and asserting her claims to the English throne.

The confederates earnestly sought aid from Elizabeth; as she was now personally threatened, she formed an alliance with the states of Holland, supplying them with money and a body of troops; but she urged them to submit, if possible, to Philip, towards whom she excused her interference as occasioned by the ambitious projects of Don John, whose

plans were soon broken by his death in 1578. He was succeeded in the government by the prince of Parma. United attempts, against England, by the pope and the princes confederate with him, were so far advanced, that Sebastian, the king of Portugal, was fixed upon to be the leader of an invading army; but he was killed this year in Africa, whither he had unwisely gone upon an expedition to restore the dethroned emperor of Morocco. Stukely, an English subject, had been commissioned, by the pope, to direct these forces first to Ireland; but he joined in the African expedition, where he also fell in battle. Philip then formed designs for the subjugation of Portugal, which caused him to suspend the attempt to invade England, and also to neglect the Netherlands, so that the Dutch, under the prince of Orange, succeeded in freeing the United Provinces from the Spanish yoke. Here was another remarkable instance of the interposition of God, causing the enemies of his people to defeat their own designs by their own acts. The records of every century present numerous instances which show how "the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things;" but "the Lord has them in derision, and vexes them in his sore displeasure." The body of Sebastian was not found after the battle, which gave occasion for several pretenders to assume the name.

The state of Ireland was very unquiet during the whole of Elizabeth's reign. At her accession, the earl of Sussex was governor of the districts under the English rule; the Reformation was established there as in England, but no suitable measures were devised for instructing the people, and really interesting them in the truths of the gospel. The most powerful leader of the native Irish was Shan O'Neil, who claimed the earldom of Tyrone, and visited the English court in 1562, attended by a band of followers in the native garb. After various changes, during which he sometimes was on friendly terms with the English governor, and sometimes in arms against him, he was slain by an English officer, and his territory, comprehending a large portion of Ulster, was vested in the crown.

The proceedings with the native chieftains, in the other parts of Ireland, were very similar to those in the north. The mistaken policy of the English government had always been to treat Ireland as a conquered country, while the rude habits, and turbulent dispositions of the natives, also tended to keep them in hostilities with their rulers. These troubles were fomented by the emissaries of the pope. As early as 1570, Stukely, an English Papist, who was slain with Sebastian in Africa, created marquis of Leicester by the pope, went to Spain to form plans for invading Ireland, in order to expel heresy. Philip's ambition and bigotry made him listen willingly to the project, but only some partial insurrections ensued. To colonize the country with more peaceable inhabitants, lands were granted to English adventurers, who would settle upon them. The earl of Essex made the experiment in 1572; but his proceedings were too much like those of conquest. His schemes were also thwarted by Sir William Fitz-William, the governor, and he died in 1576, not without suspicions of being poisoned, which was by some charged upon the earl of Leicester, who formed an unlawful connexion with the countess of Essex during the earl's absence.

The disturbed state of Ireland gave much satisfaction to the popes. In 1577, Gregory XIII. declared that Elizabeth had forfeited that crown, as well as the crown of England. The English papist, Stukely, offered to conduct an expedition thither. Being furnished with some soldiers and warlike stores from the pope, he sailed from Italy to join the expedition of Sebastian, with whom he perished, as already related. But another adventurer, Fitz-Maurice, brother to an Irish nobleman, the earl of Desmond, an inveterate enemy to the English, carried on the design. Aided by the pope's envoy, he procured a few Spanish soldiers, with whom, accompanied by some English and Irish exiles, he landed in Kerry, attended by two priests, Allen and Sanders; the latter was the notorious writer of those atrocious falsehoods against Elizabeth and the Reformation, which have been repeated, without hesitation, by modern writers, though often refuted. Few joined them; but among these was Sir John Desmond, brother to the earl. This man, to do away some suspicions that he might reconcile himself to the governor, went to the abode of an aged English gentleman, named Davers, who had often befriended him, and murdered him in his bed. Having thus established his reputation with his

countrymen, he was appointed general by a bull from the pope, which promised forgiveness of sins to all who would join this murderer! Desmond was declared a traitor by the English government; the affair appeared desperate, but the governor, lord Grey de Wilton, was defeated, and an Italian officer arrived with several hundred men, and other aid from the pope. They fortified themselves, but were besieged, and having joined the Irish without any commission from a foreign prince, they were considered as traitors, and put to death. Sir John fell in battle, the earl of Desmond secreted himself, and he was at last discovered in a secluded hut and slain. Sanders died, worn out by fatigue and hunger. In these proceedings, the Jesuits acted a conspicuous part. It was a war of religion: the earl of Desmond, and Fitz-Maurice, though obliged to seek concealment, did not hesitate to signify to the English governors that they acted as protectors of the Romish faith in Ireland, by the authority of the bishop of Rome.

In 1579, negociations were resumed for the queen's marriage with the duke of Anjou, who had formerly addressed her when duke of Alençon. The marriage was, in itself, very unsuitable, although the French prince had, in some respects, favoured the Protestants; but the state of public affairs, at that time, rendered such an alliance desirable on many accounts; while the idea of being addressed by a young prince, though an ill-favoured man, was, in many respects, flattering to the vanity of Elizabeth; at one time she appeared really inclined to accept his offers, but, at first, political matters were the inducements to the treaty. The young prince was anxious to obtain a splendid settlement for himself out of France. The negociation, on the part of the French, was conducted by Simier, a man of consummate address, possessing talents particularly well fitted for the affair.

The queen's counsellors were divided in opinion respecting the marriage. Some, most anxious to exclude the queen of Scots from the succession, promoted it; but others, among whom the earl of Leicester was secretly included, opposed a union likely to be injurious to Protestantism, as well as involving their private interests. The duke visited England for a short time, in September, 1579; the queen appeared pleased with him: she, however, referred the consideration of the affair to the council, and they, after long debate, referred it back to the queen. The difficulties did not diminish upon full consideration, while every personal circumstance told against the marriage. In January, 1580, the treaty was broken off for a time, and preparations were made to meet the increased danger of foreign hostilities.

EFFECTS OF THE FALL.

One of the most fearful consequences of our fall is—the obliteration from the mind of all things which belong to those intelligent and active beings of a nature similar though superior to our own, with which we are everywhere surrounded, and that man is now familiar only with those that attach to this material and perishable world. At his first formation, he held intimate and frequent converse with the spirits of light; was conscious of his fellowship with all the family of God; rose, naturally and easily, from the inferior scenes around him, to the contemplation and study of such as awaited him in the realms of final glory. He was not bounded as now he is, by the little circle of mortality and time. His whole sum of being did not then seem limited to a point of space and a moment of duration. He lived for immortality. He occupied, sensibly and with habitual delight, an honourable place amidst the wide creation. And there was nothing to shut him in within himself, or within the narrow boundaries of his material abode. What might be the mode of his communication with angelic visitants, or how he became conscious of their presence, we are wholly unable to determine. Whether they, on the other hand, were gifted with the power of employing the modulations of sound, and the forms of human speech, and so conferring with him by an approximation of their ethereal nature to his own; or whether he, on the other, without the intervention of such external means, could apprehend by purely spiritual processes, conformed to those they may employ in heaven, the thoughts and feelings of those celestial companions—we know not, and it is in vain to conjecture. But this we assuredly know, that he was not only accessible to the communications of angels, but acquainted also with the voice of God. He saw, perhaps, some

outward manifestation, like that beheld at intervals, in after ages, whether by the prophets of the old economy, or at the descent of the sacred Spirit in the new. He felt, perhaps, at the approach of his Maker, a peculiar influence diffused over all his frame, such as, while it awed, yet delighted him,—similar to that we may suppose the glorified body of the saints to experience hereafter, when it shall come to dwell in his immediate residence; and answering to the effect which, in some of the most solemn discoveries of his presence, the very elements of nature around, though brute and unconscious in themselves, have so strangely and mysteriously displayed. He heard, we have reason to believe, the utterance of awful sounds,—yet not such as, while he was uncontaminated by sin, to appal or agitate his mind,—directly conveying, even to his external senses, the will and law of the Almighty. There were a thousand channels, through which the Father of spirits could impart his gracious intimations to this favoured and happy being, whom he now numbered among his children. We can hardly doubt, that he was as fully aware of the reality of invisible as of visible objects; of the existence of the celestial world and its inhabitants, as of the sun, or moon, or stars. He walked abroad, undoubtedly, with the same perpetual sense of their existence, and the varieties of their operation, both on his own feelings, and on the material things with which he was encompassed, as of those material things themselves. And since consciousness and mental perception are in no degree dependent on this corporeal frame, there is no reason for which an incorporeal and active spirit should not be equally sensible of the presence and the properties of spiritual as of bodily objects; of those which are most assimilated to its essence, as of those which are most incongruous and dissimilar. If the souls of the departed can behold what is yet transacted on the earth, (that is, if disembodied spirits can discern the form and action of material beings,) there is no reason to doubt, that before the fall of man, while this fair world, designed for his appropriate and blissful habitation, had not as yet become his prison and his living sepulchre, he could with equal powers, discern their form and lineaments, and catch every varied indication of their feelings.

But now—how changed is the sad aspect of our temporal abode! We are acquainted only with the few and perishing objects that environ us in a world of matter and of sense. We have a most imperfect knowledge of the being, properties, and destiny of our own spirits. We are closed in on every hand, above, and around, and beneath; from the view of the spiritual creation, and from all access to its objects and its inhabitants. To the greater part of men, no perceptible alteration would be made in the condition of the universe, were the vast whole of being beyond the visible heavens and the earth on which they tread, absorbed and swallowed up in utter nothingness. Nay more, it would occasion them no regret, nor affect them with any sensible or present influence, were their own endless futurity to be cut off for ever by the mandate of the Creator; and if, when they died, they were to cease from being, and sink into oblivion,—like a spark quenched in midnight—a cloud vanishing from the sky—a phantom fleeting from remembrance to return no more. They would eat, and drink, and sleep, as securely and as much at ease, after this dread and unspeakable catastrophe. The sun would seem to shine as pleasantly, and the seasons to return as gratefully as before. The business of life would go on without interruption or disorder. Their relationships would be felt as dear, as interesting, and as permanent, as now they are. Their whole inheritance of being, though shrivelled into inconceivable minuteness, would seem to have sustained no diminution. They would be, in every respect, the same in their own consciousness,—and, to all practical purposes, the same in their condition. To them, in truth, so far as we contemplate any realizing sense of their existence, or any direct and adequate effect of their operation, there are no spiritual objects, nor any thing beyond the sphere to which the eye can stretch its vision, the ear its hearing, and the hand its touch:—there is no God—no heaven—no Mediator, clothed in light and glory, pleading our cause on high—no choir of angels, worshipping, with songs and harps of more than mortal sweetness, before the celestial throne—no general assembly and church of the first-born—no holy fellowship of prophets and apostles—no triumphant army of the martyrs—no eternal city,

glittering with pearls and gold, and radiant with uncreated splendour—no tree of life—no river of bliss—no land of rest and purity beyond the dark vale of death—no mansions of repose—no paradise of God. To them, on the other hand, there is no abode of misery beneath—no adamantine fetters—no doleful shade—no lake of fiery woe—no region of sad exile from the habitations of blessedness and the presence of the Creator.—There are no tempting spirits—no snares spread out through all our path while advancing onwards to eternity—no tribunal of judgment—no irrevocable doom. The whole world of spiritual being is a blank; the whole reversion of their own is but annihilation; all on which their highest welfare must for ever depend is as if it were not. They live; they die; alike unconscious of the present, and ignorant of the future. They are "like the beasts that perish."—*M'All.*

"OF COURSE."

I WELL recollect the first time that I particularly noticed this very common phrase. It proceeded from the lips of a person, who came to offer herself at my uncle's to fill the place of cook, which it was understood was about to be vacated by Sally, who had held it for several years much to her own credit, and the satisfaction of her employer.

No sooner did the banns of marriage between William Dobson and Sarah Day, announce to the listening village maidens the vacancy that would soon occur in the establishment at the hall, than Mrs. Rogers was beset with applications and recommendations from all quarters. One morning, she had given me permission to occupy her room for the purpose of making some plaster casts, in the art and mystery of doing which I had been recently instructed by Frank, and longed for an opportunity of trying my own skill. The bright mahogany table was carefully secured from injury by a large cloth, surmounted with a deal board. On this, I had just spread my oiled moulds, and was preparing the plaster with which to fill them, when it was announced to Mrs. Rogers, that a person wished to speak with her. "Another cook after the place, no doubt!" she exclaimed; "there is no end to the applications; people look upon a footing in this family as good as free land; and, fit or unfit, they are all for trying after it. Well, show her in." With a feeling, and no doubt, a countenance of disappointment, I was preparing to suspend my operations, and withdraw. "Stop, master Samuel," said the good-natured housekeeper, "you need not go away; there is nothing to be said that will do you any harm to hear. I said you should have the use of my room all the morning, and you shall not be disappointed. You can go on with what you are about, just as if nobody was here." I endeavoured to avail myself of the permission, and scarcely raised my eyes at the entrance of the applicant: half a glance, however, served to satisfy me that she was very unlike in appearance to the neat, respectable-looking Sally. Equally dissimilar were the tone and manners of the new aspirant to kitchen authority, and those to which we had been long accustomed. There was in Sally's manner of speaking something so straightforward, and civil, and unassuming, as could hardly fail to give a favourable impression of her general character: but in the stranger's manners, there was something that could hardly fail to excite disgust—such a mixture of affectation and assumption, craftiness and cringing! "Of course, Ma'am, in such a house as this," said the candidate for kitchen honours, "there will be a great deal to do in confectionary and made dishes; and with every thing of that kind I am perfectly well acquainted. Of course, or else I should not have thought of offering myself to take the situation."

Mrs. Rogers replied, that the cooking was generally rather of a plain kind, that my uncle was not fond of much variety or luxury at his table, but that every thing must be well dressed and served hot and clean. "Of course, Ma'am," replied the cook, seemingly half offended that such common things should be mentioned, or even thought of; and hastened back to the more agreeable subject of her skill in fancy dishes and ornamental pastry, on which she proceeded to ground a claim to exorbitant wages; and added that "of course" she should expect certain perquisites and privileges, which she said were always allowed as matters "of course" in houses of respectability. On the same ground, she expected "of

course" to be exempted from certain duties of the humbler order, which it was not to be supposed a professed cook would demean herself to undertake. Mrs. Rogers permitted her to run down her string of self-commendations and extensive requirements; and then told her that she did not consider the place at all likely to suit her; "for," said she, "though my master is both rich and liberal, every thing in the house is conducted with regard to economy. Master would think it a sin to waste, and so do I too; or to let a cook take as her perquisite, and sell for a shilling that which, if properly managed, would afford five shillings' worth of comfort to the poor. This is practised in many great houses; but not in ours. Besides, all the servants are expected to conform to the rules of a quiet, orderly, and pious family; and these rules would not at all agree with the liberty to which you have been accustomed." Thinking, I suppose, that the situation, despite of all its disadvantages, was too good to be relinquished without a farther effort she turned round and agreed to all that Mrs. Rogers stated, and said that "of course" she should comply with the wishes of her employer; and "of course" the gentleman had a right, if he pleased, to give away all the surplus provisions to the poor, provided the cook was considered accordingly in her wages. However, Mrs. Rogers was not to be won upon, and the applicant was dismissed without an engagement.

"Of course, and of course, and of course," said Mrs. Rogers, as the door closed after the applicant, "it is plain enough that in offering herself to take a service, she thinks only of getting a good opportunity to enrich herself; but while it is my place to hire the servants, I will take the best care in my power that no such fawning mercenaries shall be admitted into this house."

I went on with my casts; and in due time turned them out much to my own satisfaction, and the admiration of kind Mrs. Rogers; and amidst my own little engagements, the conversation at which I had been present passed from my recollection.

It was not long afterwards, when my cousin Ellen's marriage was talked of, that the captain, who was always fond of obtruding his opinion and laying it down as law, said to my uncle that "of course" Mortimer would change his residence to a more fashionable part of the town, before he thought of taking home a wife; and "of course" he would sport at least a phaeton, to drive her out for air and amusement.

My uncle replied that he was not aware that either of these things followed as matters of course. Mortimer's present residence was airy, commodious, and genteel, as well as conveniently situated in reference to his professional engagements. Ellen, he believed, was well contented in the prospect of taking up her abode there; and it was not worth while, for the mere sake of a fashionable name, to remove to a less convenient house at perhaps a double rent. And as to a carriage of any kind, he commended the young people for their prudent determination at least to begin without. It would be easy, he said, if circumstances should require the accommodation, and justify the expense, at any time to take it up; but it would not be so gratifying to find that prudence required that such an indulgence, having been possessed, should be relinquished. Ellen's active habits would secure to her a due portion of air and exercise; and the frequent absence of her husband on his professional duties, would leave her at liberty at least twice in the year to spend a few weeks with her relatives in the country. It was not often that my uncle reasoned thus with the captain. I rather think he did so, not so much with a view to the captain himself, as to convey to the minds of some young people present, an idea of his own preference of prudence and moderation, to vain and costly display.

On a subsequent occasion, when Mrs. Mortimer was visiting at my uncle's, a short time before the birth of her first child, a lady in the neighbourhood called on her to recommend to her as wet nurse, a person who had been her own favourit ewaiting maid. "A clever creature!" exclaimed the lady, "I never knew her equal for taste in dress, and so cheerful and obliging! she always kept me in a good humour with myself and my appearance. I am not half so well suited now. But, my dear, 'of course' you will require a wet nurse; and let me advise you by all means to secure poor Finch: she will exactly suit you."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied my cousin; "but I cannot look upon it as a matter 'of course' that I should require a wet nurse at all. I hope I shall

be permitted to enjoy the privilege of nursing my little one myself; but should that pleasure be denied me, I know not how I could commit my child to the care of one who, for the sake of gain, had abandoned her own. Besides, as the attention of Finch has always been confined to the affairs of dress and personal decoration, I should imagine that in the concerns of the nursery, she would be found as inexperienced as myself."

The visitor rallied my cousin on her antiquated prejudices, and the preposterous infringement on the laws of rank which she meditated in her absurd intention to devote herself to her offspring. Ellen politely rebutted the banter; but she was not to be moved from her purpose. She became a devoted mother, and never have I seen a more lovely group of children, than those who rewarded her maternal care; and it is well, that since the time to which I refer, many mothers, even of higher ranks, do not think it a matter "of course" to commit their children to "wet nurses."

It was in reference to this conversation, the substance of which was related by my cousin, that my uncle and others expressed their just reprehension of the senseless phrase "of course."

"Whenever," said Mr. Mortimer, "a person makes use of the phrase in conversation, it always puts me upon my guard; I directly imagine that he is proposing something very foolish, or laying claim to something very unreasonable. The very phrase seems designed to put an end to all investigation."

"Yes," said my uncle, "it almost always implies a consciousness that the proposition so flippantly assumed will not bear investigation; and that the only way to attain the end, is by taking for granted what may be true and just, or what may be quite the reverse. I have often been amused to see persons, who are in the habit of saying things are 'of course,' thrown into utter perplexity by the simple question, 'But is it so?' or, 'But why is it so?' Taking a matter of course is an easy way of cutting off all such troublesome inquiries."

Frank asked what really was the meaning of the phrase. My uncle replied that he supposed it to mean, something following, as the natural or necessary consequence, of an incontrovertible truth, or a well-established claim: for example, "The sun has risen; of course it is light"—"I have purchased a horse; of course it is mine."

"As Mrs. Harrington used it," said my cousin Ellen, "it seemed to express an unmeaning compliance with custom or fashion. People in a certain line of life usually do so; therefore, be the thing right or wrong, agreeable or disagreeable, wise or foolish, as a matter of course we must do it.

"Yes," observed my uncle, "the laws of custom are very arbitrary, and leave little room for free agency in the exercise of our own judgment or inclinations. 'Of course' we must live, and dress, and spend, as other people in our line of life do, or we are branded as transgressors against the laws of fashion; and must expect, if we maintain our own preferences, to be banished from the circle to which we should otherwise of right belong. I believe the happiness of many families is sacrificed to a mean compliance with the expectations of others who have no right to form any expectations about them."

"Yes," said Mr. Mortimer, "I often hear persons sigh for a retreat from the turmoil and gaiety of fashionable life, and the enjoyment of domestic repose, who are withheld from it solely because they cannot brave the considerations, 'But how will it appear?' 'What will people say?' 'Is it not expected, as a matter of course, that we should meet in the circles of fashionable society, however uncongenial with our taste and inclination?'"

"I do not know any thing," said my uncle, "that has a more direct tendency to hoodwink the mind as to the distinction between right and wrong, than a blind subjection to the arbitrary laws of fashion. Many people satisfy themselves that 'of course' they must have this, and 'of course' they must do that, which they have in fact no right whatever to have or do, and which they cannot have or do without sin. Oh it would be a fearful list if we could see the names of all who are led into sin and ruin, simply for want of daring to think and act for themselves. They begin by some little concession, which they admit to be wrong, or in gentler terms, not quite right: but they must do as other people do, and they go on till conscience becomes so blinded and hardened, that it can no longer discern between good and evil. It is a dangerous thing once to admit the hackneyed claim, 'of course

you will do so and so,' in a matter on which we have any hesitancy. The moment that hesitancy is felt, nothing should induce us to take the step suggested as a matter of course. The very assumption should lead us to exercise double caution in scrutinizing whatever is proposed, and in adopting it, if at all, not as a matter of course, but a matter of conviction."

"The phrase," observed Mr. Mortimer, "is often employed by selfish people to enforce their arbitrary and unjust requirements, and to take advantage of the simplicity of those with whom they have to do, by making it appear that their proposal is too self-evident to need a question, as if that alone could be right and fair, which a little consideration would detect as altogether one-sided and unjust. Such crafty persons are not unfrequently known to exult in the success of their schemes, and to laugh at the credulity of those who had suffered themselves to be imposed upon by them. I have also known instances, in which the phrase has been employed by persons of the same dishonourable character as a loose kind of assent to a claim which they never intended to discharge, an engagement which they had no intention to fulfil. I recollect being amused and pleased at the shrewd bluntness with which an honest countryman answered a person of the description to which I have just alluded, of whom he was making a purchase. 'Of course, you will do so and so,' said the wily seller, 'that is a matter regularly expected.' 'Stop!' replied the rustic, 'none of your matters of course for me; that is what you have no right to expect, and what I have no intention to grant: so it shall not be set down in the agreement.' Some stipulation was proposed by the other party. 'Oh, of course, of course,' replied the seller, 'there will be no difficulty on that score.' 'Then,' rejoined the purchaser, 'if there is no difficulty about it, we will have it set down in the deed. It will make no odds to you; and for my part, I had much rather have it under your hand and seal, than merely understand it as a matter of course.'"

"Very proper;" observed my uncle, "the general exercise of such firmness and straightforwardness would not only repel unjust encroachments at the time of making arrangements, but would tend much to prevent quarrels afterwards, which are perpetually resulting from want of a clear understanding between the parties at first, which it is made a matter of false delicacy to forbear to press for, or rather to affect to despise. Those, who are most ready to say 'Of course; it is all right;' 'It is unnecessary to look into it,' are by no means the least apt to detect and complain of injury. The way to walk safely, peacefully, and honourably, is to take nothing for granted; but to know well the ground on which we tread, and then to step forward with decision and vigour."

"But is there no sense," asked Frank, "in which it is proper to take things as matters of course?"

"Yes," replied my uncle; "but they are too generally overlooked, especially by persons in the habit of using the phrase in the unmeaning or improper manner of which we have been speaking. We should habitually expect the natural consequences of things: thus, if I squander my property, 'of course' I shall be poor; if I indulge in excess, 'of course' I shall be unhealthy; if I commit sin, 'of course' I shall suffer for it; if I neglect to discharge my duty in any relation, 'of course' I cannot enjoy the comforts arising from that relation; if I live at variance with my conscience, 'of course' I must be a stranger to inward satisfaction and peace. If we thus habitually connected in our minds cause and consequence, it would have a powerful tendency to guard us against temptation, to deter us from the first step in a forbidden path. It is one grand device of Satan in working upon the children of men, to dissever, in imagination, those things which are inseparably connected in reality; and lead the sinner, when he hears the curses of God against sin to 'bless himself in his heart, and to say, I shall have peace though I walk in the imagination of mine heart,'" Deut. xxix. 19.

"The habitual discharge of every known duty ought to be with the Christian a matter of course; a matter which admits no sort of question, or hesitation, or evasion. When once the path of duty is clearly ascertained as marked in the unerring law of God, it cannot be necessary that we should be perpetually recurring to the question, 'Ought those directions to be obeyed? ought that path to be pursued?' 'Of course' they ought; the only question is, How may we best lay aside every weight,

and most vigorously, efficiently, and patiently run the race set before us?

"The practical influence of the principles we have embraced should be a matter of course. If we believe the value of the soul and the vanity of the world, of course we shall no longer set them in doubtful competition, Mark viii. 36, 37. If it is with us a settled point, that we cannot serve God and Mammon, Matt. vi. 24; of course there will be decision in our practice; we shall not seem to be halting between two opinions, 1 Kings xviii. 21; but our steady course will unhesitatingly proclaim the fixed determination, "I will serve the Lord,' Josh. xxiv. 15. If we discern the value and superiority of heaven above earth, of course we shall set our affections on things above, and not on things of the earth, Col. iii. 2. If the love of Christ be shed abroad in our hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost, the love of Christ will constrain us to judge and act upon the principle, that we are not our own, but His who died for us, and rose again. O, my friends, if such are our principles, what manner of persons ought we to be! and if those principles do not produce in us their natural and proper results, have we not reason to question whether indeed we be Christians? Christian consistency ought to be a matter of course with Christian professors. Fashion sets up a false standard, and we are at liberty to disregard it; but religion sets up a fair and just standard, and we are bound to conform to it. We have a high vocation and a high destination; and we ought constantly to feel that we *cannot* degrade ourselves by acting unworthily of them. To say that a man is a Christian ought to be tantamount with saying that he is a man of truth, uprightness, fidelity, honour, benevolence, generosity, purity, holy superiority to the world, having his conversation in heaven. 'I fear God,' said Joseph, with dignified simplicity; and those to whom he spoke justly considered it a sufficient pledge that he would not act unjustly or oppressively to them, Gen. xlii. 18. 'Should such a man as I flee?' said holy Nehemiah, and strengthened himself to face all the opposers of the work of God, Neh. vi. 11. Oh that as professors of religion, we might all take the same high and honourable standing, and lodge a testimony in the consciences of all who observe us that, because we are Christians, as a matter of course, we may be depended on for the habitual practice of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report! It ought to be so; for 'whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God,'" 1 John iii. 9. C.

ON THE FORMATION OF A HORTUS SICCUS.

"The Magazine of Domestic Economy," which is well entitled to the name it bears, has recently offered the following general observations, resulting from the experience of last year. As the season for operation is now arrived, we copy them for the information and stimulus of our young readers.

"A taste for scientific botany induced us, last summer, to commence collecting English plants, and we applied to one of the most eminent of our native botanists for instructions as to our proceedings. However, experience has been our best teacher as to the details. Some collectors dry the plants in the same form in which they have been gathered, by merely putting them into the papers in which they are to remain; and certainly, by this method, the habit of growth is generally preserved; but the minor peculiarities are unavoidably lost. We have seen a fine collection of Alpine plants thus preserved; but it was not quite satisfactory to us, especially as regarded the small specimens. Our method is as follows.

"First, as to the size of the specimens.—Each should have at least two open blossoms, and a few buds; the quantity of foliage must be regulated by the habit of the plant; in some cases, it is necessary to exhibit the radical leaves, and even the root; this should always be done in creeping plants, as the buck-bean, (*Menyanthes trifoliata,*) and in some others, as the *Campanula rotundifolia*, which has received its specific name from the form of its radical leaves. Coloured blotting paper must be used to dry the plants in, as the acid employed to bleach the white injures the colour of the flowers. Take your specimen, and having laid it in its natural form upon the blotting paper, proceed to lay out the parts, beginning at the top of the plant; penny pieces, or halfpence, are the most convenient assistants in this operation, as

they occupy so little room. Lay some of the leaves, with the upper side to the view, some so as to show the under side; and the same as to the flowers. Be careful not to destroy the character of the plant when laying it out, by distorting the stalks; although neatly placed, the original manner of growth may be preserved. Upon the specimens lay two leaves of blotting paper, and upon them a plate of zinc, which should be slightly warmed. Our plates of zinc are the size of a quarter of a sheet of blotting paper, and cost threepence each: zinc is preferable to tin, as being thicker and cheaper. Proceed in this manner with as many specimens as your sheets of zinc will allow; then, placing a sheet of the metal under the pile, load it with weights, or apply any other pressure that may be convenient; the common screw press, used for table linen, is very effectual. Let the plants remain thus for a fortnight or three weeks, at the end of which time most of them will be sufficiently dried and pressed. Bog and water plants require even a longer time.

"Next, as to the size of the paper upon which the specimens are to be fastened. The very large paper gives room for splendid specimens; but unless they be crowded together it is rather extravagant, and upon the whole, we prefer the foolscap size; it is easy, even with the grasses, so to arrange the specimens as to exhibit each part to advantage. We have classed our plants according to the Linnean system, adding the Jussieuan order to the name of each plant; we would therefore recommend that the name and number of the Linnean class be written on the head of each page. Having carefully taken the plants out of the blotting paper, lay each upon the page where it is to remain; and with a little gum, fasten the tip of the leaves, the end of the stalk or roots, and such parts of the flowers as may require it, to the paper. We strongly recommend gum tragacanth for this operation; it is more expensive than gum acacia, but it is neater, stronger, and less troublesome to prepare. Care must be taken not to dissolve too much at one time; as, when not occasionally warmed, it becomes mouldy; it should never be boiled, but dissolved gradually in an earthen or a glass jar.

"Having gummed the specimens to the paper, it remains to affix the names, which ought to be done thus, upon a slip of paper to be placed across the lower part of the stalk.

Parnassiæ palustris
Grass of Parnassus
Order 4. Linn.
Nat. Ord. Hypericineæ
Where gathered
Day of the month.

"Thus the habitat and the time of the year at which the plant flowers, are easily remembered or referred to.

"We suppose it is unnecessary to say any thing respecting the manner in which the young collector should ascertain the class and order to which each specimen belongs; Hooker's British Flora is a necessary and invaluable assistant; although it may be thought an expensive book, no other can supply its place, except indeed the still more expensive, but infinitely more valuable work of Sir J. E. Smith, from which Sir W. J. Hooker's is compiled.

"It is necessary to dry the blotting paper thoroughly after it has been used, both in the air and by the fire; if the least dampness remain in it, the next specimens for which it is used will become mouldy. The zinc also should be wiped and well dried; and if the same can be done about once in a week, while the plants are drying, without disturbing their arrangement, the process will be expedited. Of course, the plants must be placed upon the paper, on one side of the leaf only.

"We assure those of our young readers who are inclined to follow our example in forming a Hortus Siccus of English plants, that they will find it an extremely interesting amusement; and, however limited may be their opportunities of gathering specimens, it is well worth while to make the attempt. Young persons are always prone to form collections; and surely flowers are more instructive and more interesting than the baubles which generally fill a young lady's cabinet."

ELECTRICAL INSECT.

A LARGE and very hairy caterpillar of South America, has lately been exhibited to the Entomological Society of London, by Mr. Yarrell, which has been observed to possess the power of communicating a very powerful electric shock.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

MAY.

Poets and prose writers have alike celebrated this month; and indeed May in our latitudes presents so much to delight the lover of nature, so much to interest and instruct, that he also may join in the tribute they have offered to the season, when

> "————every copse
> Deep tangled; tree irregular, and bush,
> Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
> Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
> Are prodigal of harmony."—Thomson.

Varied and beautiful are the tints which now adorn the robe of nature; the meadows are golden yellow, with the countless flowers of the buttercup; the hedges are white with the richly scented blossoms of the hawthorn; the pink petals of the dog rose are unfolding on stems so long and slender, that they seem as if expressly designed for garlands of rejoicing; and festoons of the climbing honeysuckle, fill the air with fragrance. The trees look green, but not all green alike; the tints of this colour are different in every species, but always fresh and beautiful. The delicacy and variety of the hues of the foliage in May, form a contrast to its mingled reds, browns, and yellows in October; and are even more pleasing, though less rich, for they bring with them a promise of warmth and sunshine, of bright days, of summer's fulness, with its calm warm evenings, and the early dawn of its mornings; of life, and animation, and activity throughout the animal creation. But the rich hues of October, warn us to prepare for the cold dark days and long nights of winter, when the vegetable kingdom lies dead, when the tuneful are mute, and the active have ceased to be busy. May is then the joyous time of the year; the season when the works of the Creator are most attractive, and speak in a concord of multitudinous voices, most loudly of his preserving care, his wisdom, and his goodness. Let us wander forth, to see and adore Him in his works of power and benevolence.

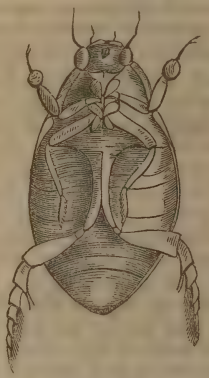
How beautifully enamelled with flowers is the bank of the river: and see! what myriads of insects load the air; all are of the same species, the ephemera, or mayfly, (*Ephemera caudâ bisetâ;*) borne on light pinions, those flies hover in hosts over the water, arising and descending, as if enjoying their fleeting moments of existence, and pleased with the new powers, which they have unconsciously assumed. The numbers, in which the mayfly sometimes appears, are almost incredible; we remember to have once seen in the meadows of the Wye, near Bakewell, a phenomenon of this kind: the air was crowded with these insects; the banks, the gates, the stones jutting out above the surface of the river, were absolutely covered with them, "thick as autumnal leaves in Valombrosa;" myriads were struggling on the surface of the water; and the trout and the grayling were snapping them up every moment.

The mayfly, during its larva state, is aquatic; and like many other insects of the same family, enwraps itself in an artificial case, composed of bits of sand and wood, or straw, agglutinated together by a matter insoluble in water; this case looks so inartificial, that when the larva protruding its limbs begins to creep along, the motion excites surprise. In clear, shal-

low streamlets with a sandy bottom, these larvæ, looking, in their case of gravel, like little rough bits of stick, may be watched crawling about in quest

of food. On one occasion, when a crushed snail was thrown into the water, it was surrounded by great numbers of the larvæ of this or an allied species, which, half emerging from their envelopes, commenced devouring it. The sketches on page 177 represent the forms of the envelopes of the larvæ, as prepared by a few of the species of this group of insects. One is composed of various materials; another of bits of stick and stems; and another of gravel and small fresh water shells. By what instinct is it, that when about to become winged tenants of the air, respire a new element, and acquire new powers, that these larvæ should, in the anticipation, as it were, of their transformation, creep out of the water, and fix themselves on some dry stone or stick, and there remain during the casting off of their slough, and the development of their filmy wings? Here they leave their artificial case, their armour of defence; and with it bid farewell to their native element. How multiform, how wonderful are the operations of that energetic principle, implanted by the Almighty in all creatures, for their preservation, and for their guidance in the performance of all their allotted tasks! that principle which by way of distinguishing it from reason, we term instinct! and how forcibly do its manifestations speak of design and of a designer!

See again, what numbers of aquatic beetles are wheeling and sporting on the surface of the still water. How rapidly the gyrinus skims along, rejoicing in the warm sunbeams, which glance on the liquid element. How admirably that large beetle ploughs his sub-aquatic course! it is the water beetle, (*Dyticus,*) a species in all respects expressly adapted for the medium in which it passes the greater part of its existence. Observe that it is of a flattened form, with a boat-like outline, broader behind than before, and presenting no projecting parts; its wing cases, and the horny integuments of its body are apparently lubricated by some subtle oleaginous matter, which repels the water, for when taken out, it is perfectly dry. The centre of gravity is placed on its under surface, and the posterior limbs are developed as oars. The action of these oars is in a line parallel to the axis of the body; and as their movements are limited to this action only, the haunches, (or large basal portion,) are not free as in other beetles, but firmly attached to the thorax; and are moreover of great volume, for the purpose of containing the powerful muscles required to work the oars. Their fixedness adds to the strength and precision of the movements of the free joints, and to the regularity of their oar-like action. (The following sketch represents the under surface of this curious beetle, showing the structure of the posterior limbs, and their fitness for propelling the body in the water.)



There is another beetle, the water-boatman (*Notonecta.*) Observe, that this insect swims upon its back. The abdominal surface is flat, the dorsal surface convex, and the heaviest, so that it floats with the back downwards; the abdominal surface thus represents the deck of a small vessel; and the two posterior limbs which are very long, and formed for rowing, extend at right angles with the body, like the sweeps, or long oars of a galley.

The water of stagnant pools may now be examined by the microscope with advantage; and will be found to teem with various species of animalcules, many of which present the most singular forms and appearances. Of these, one is termed the proteus, from its curious changes of figure, a figure which seldom remains many minutes the same. It is indeed impossible to say what its true shape is; nor is the reason of its mutations at all understood. The animal looks like a speck of jelly, but is highly irritable and contractile in every part; sometimes, it elongates itself like a worm; sometimes, it assumes a ball-like form; at another, it shoots out

arms, from a common centre, so as to resemble a star-fish (*Asterias.*) Again it exhibits an irregular and grotesque figure; and thus it seems to be perpetually engaged in altering itself; for some purpose, no doubt, of importance in its economy, but which has yet to be discovered.

An animalcule, termed *volvox globator*, in allusion to its spherical figure and rapid whirling motion on its own axis, is very common; there is also another species of volvox, termed *volvox conflictor*, which moves, by first whirling to the right, then to the left, and so on alternately. Jelly-like, as these animalcules are, it appears from Professor Ehrenberg, that their composition is not destitute of muscular fibres, which in some of the rotifera, or wheel animalcules, have been distinctly recognized in the form of bands between the two layers of delicate transparent membrane, by which the body is enveloped. These bands have been seen to contract in various parts; and to increase in breadth and thickness, according to the motions performed, so that there can be no doubt as to their nature, and the part they take as agents in the animalcule's movements. Another interesting and very common animalcule is the vibrio; met with in great numbers in sour fluid paste, or spoiled vinegar; in which last, it attains so large a size, as to be seen in a good light with the naked eye. In shape, the vibrio resembles an eel, and it swims with the same undulatory sort of movement.

That the motions of animalcules are voluntary; and that they are themselves gifted with feeling, and perhaps other senses, to us inexplicable, is very palpable. Swimming, as they do, by shoals in a single drop of water, they avoid with the utmost address, any obstacles in their way; they alter their mode of proceeding, increase its rapidity, darting along like an arrow, or wander through their mimic ocean, with an easy, gentle gliding, as if in the enjoyment of existence. How forcibly do the perfection and complication of structure, exhibited in these beings, of which many thousands tenant a single drop of water, appeal to us in proof of consummate skill and wisdom! and how plainly do we learn, that in the eyes of the Creator, nothing is great or small! It is by reference to a standard, established only by our imperfect senses, in our limited minds, that objects are either the one or the other. But with reference to Him from whom nothing is hid—who in the formation of creatures, which even the most powerful microscope only partially exhibits, (show enough indeed to prove an elaborate organization, and there failing us,) who in the construction of these minutest beings manifests unutterable skill and power—all distinctions of great and little vanish. In his eyes, the colossal whale and the to us invisible animalcule are alike; the globe on which we are called to exist, and the ultimate atoms of matter.

Mark that little animal swimming on the water; see it has dived, but the clear element permits its track to be seen, and it appears as if invested with a coat of silver. It is the water shrew (*Sorex fodiens.*) The little animal lives in burrows, excavated in the bank-side; but it seems to be rather in the water than on the land that its food is sought for and attained: this consists of aquatic insects and the larvæ of various species of ephemera. The runs or roads, worn bare of herbage, by the continual travel of several of these animals along the same route, from their burrow to the same point on the margin of the pond or rivulet, where they take the water, are easily discernible. During their excursions, they continually utter a shrill cry; this cry is always repeated, when two shrews pass each other in their runs on the bank, and frequently also as they cross each others' course in the water: they swim and dive with great facility; the silvery lustre they exhibit beneath the water, is owing to the air contained in the close fur of their coat, which resembles that of a mole. On emerging from the water, this coat appears to be perfectly dry; but on landing, they have been observed to give themselves a sudden shake, in order to throw off any drops that may be adhering to it. The water shrew does not devour its prey in the stream; but having secured an insect, it comes ashore, and sitting on a stone or clod, there steadies its prize between its fore-paws, and so commences the feast. The beetle, termed the water-boatman, or boat-fly, (*Notonecta,*) is often pursued and caught by this active little animal; it also gives chase to shoals of minnows or stickle-backs, but can seldom succeed in making

a capture, owing to the extreme rapidity of these fishes, and the sudden evolutions they make. The water shrew is in its turn preyed upon by the weasel.

Another semi-aquatic animal may now be seen very busy, namely, the water rat, (*Arvicola amphibia,*) which must not be confounded with the destructive rat, so well known to the farmer, and which also often frequents the banks of ditches, rivulets, and canals, but which does not belong to the same genus as the water rat. The water rat, except in the structure of its tail, is a miniature representation of the beaver; it swims and dives with great adroitness, and excavates deep burrows in the bank. Its food is exclusively vegetable, consisting of roots and aquatic plants; the female breeds this month, producing a progeny of five or six in number; her nest is at a considerable depth, in a burrow, near the water. Evening is the time in which this cautious animal steals forth to enjoy the delights of active existence; and it continues alert during the night. It would appear that the water rat hybernates during some portion of the winter, or perhaps lays up a store of food for winter consumption.

Gilbert White relates a very remarkable circumstance, bearing upon this point, which deserves to be noticed. "As a neighbour," he writes, "was lately ploughing in a dry, chalky field, far removed from any water, he turned out a water rat, that was curiously laid up, in a hybernaculum, artificially formed of grass and leaves. At one end of the burrow, lay above a gallon of potatoes, regularly stowed, on which it was to have supported itself for the winter. But the difficulty with me is how this *amphibius mus* came to fix its winter station at such a distance from the water. Was it determined in its choice of that place by the mere accident of finding the potatoes which were planted there; or is it the constant practice of the aquatic rat, to forsake the neighbourhood of the water in the colder months?" Well known as is this animal, there are many particulars, relative to its economy, which remain to be ascertained.

The great bat, (*Vespertilio noctula,*) first described by Daubenton, the fellow-labourer with Buffon, and noticed as a British species originally by White, in his Natural History of Selbourne, now makes its appearance, as the evening draws on. "The great large bat," says the writer just referred to, "which is at present a non-descript in England, retires or migrates very early in the summer; it also ranges very high for its food, feeding in a different region of the air (to that occupied by the common bat,) and this is the reason I never could procure one. Now this is exactly the case with swifts; for they take their food in a more exalted region than the other species; and are very seldom seen hawking for flies near the ground, or over the surface of water. From thence, I would conclude that these *hirundines,* and the larger bats, are supported by some sorts of flying gnats, beetles or moths, that are of short continuance; and that the short stay of these strangers is regulated by the defect of their food."

With respect to the great bat, there is abundant reason to believe that like all the rest of the British species, it hybernates in our island. According to Pennant, one hundred and eighty-five were taken in one night from under the eaves of Queen's College, Cambridge; and on a following night, sixty-three. We have observed this species to be partial to the neighbourhood of large sycamore trees, round the tops of which, and among the branches, we have on many occasions, observed several dashing along with great rapidity, as if in earnest chase; perhaps the chaffer (*melolontha vulgaris,*) which feeds in great numbers on the leaves of the sycamore, were the objects of its pursuit. The female produces a single offspring in June.

The hare breeds in May; the number of leverets varies from two to four or five. When taken young, the leveret may be easily domesticated, and will become bold and familiar: a lady of the writer's acquaintance brought up two; one of which was very docile and gentle, delighting to lie in her lap, or on the hearthrug by the fire; the other was morose in temper, and a determined foe to the cat, and a small spaniel, over both of which he had the complete mastery. White relates an instance, in which a leveret brought home to a gentleman's house, was nursed and suckled by a cat, which happened at the time to have kittens, all of which were destroyed. At this juncture, the leveret was missing, and could not be found: it was therefore supposed that some strange cat or dog had seized it.

However, in about a fortnight after this event, as the gentleman was sitting one evening in his garden, he observed the cat with tail erect, and purring in a tone expressive of great complacency, advancing towards him, and something gambolling after her; this proved to be the lost leveret, which she had adopted in the place of her destroyed progeny, and which she continued to support with great affection.

Among our winged summer visitors, the lingerers on the passage have at length made their appearance. The swift is now seen whirling around the old church tower, uttering ever and anon its shrill, loud scream, as it dashes along with astonishing velocity. Except while sitting on their eggs, or reposing during a few hours at night, (for the swift retires to roost late in the evening, and is alert with the first dawn of day,) the whole existence of this bird is passed on the wing; on the wing it eats, drinks, bathes, and collects materials for its nest. It breeds in the dark crevices between the stonework of towers and steeples, and in similar situations, making an inartificial nest of dried grasses and feathers. Unlike the swallow or the martin, it only lays two eggs, of a milk-white colour, and breeds only once during its sojourn here. The female sits closely and patiently all day; but just before the close of evening, she rushes forth, sweeps around for a few minutes as if to stretch her pinions; snatches a hasty meal, and returns to her duty of incubation. Swifts, when cruelly and wantonly shot, while they are rearing their young, are found to have a lump composed of insects, under their tongue, distending the gullet into the form of a sac, or pouch; the bird, instead of swallowing the insects, collects them, and holds them in that receptacle, until a sufficient meal for its nestlings is obtained. In the structure of its foot, the swift exhibits a remarkable peculiarity; the tarsus is very short and stout; and the toes, which are strong and armed, with hook-like claws, are all turned forwards, so that there is no back toe, in this sense. Its feet are indeed expressly organized for the purpose of enabling the bird to cling firmly to the rough surfaces of the stones of the buildings, or sides of the rocks, (as we have seen in Derbyshire,) the crevices of which afford it a retreat.

That elegant little bird, the flycatcher, (*Muscicapa grisola,*) may now be seen; it waits till the trees are in complete foliage, and the insects are swarming, before it ventures to pay us its annual visit. Observe its actions; how light and easy its flight! Selecting some twig as a post of observation, it gives a short, but rapid chase to such insects (chiefly of the dipterous order) as pass by, returning after each excursion to the same place. The flycatcher is a mute, familiar bird, frequenting gardens, orchards, and plantations; it frequently builds upon the branches of fruit trees nailed against walls, or the sides of houses. When its young leave the nest, they remain for a considerable period under the care of the parent birds, who feed them very assiduously. In their first plumage, the young are prettily mottled with white.

Among the most remarkable of our winged arrivals of this month, is the

The Goatsucker

goatsucker, night-jar, or fernowl (*Caprimulgus Europæus.*) The borders of woods, narrow woody valleys, and extensive fern beds, clothing the slopes

of upland pasture grounds, are its favourite haunts, and we have seen and heard it among clumps of sycamore trees, near farm houses. White's description of the habits of this beautiful bird is celebrated for correctness; and is the more valuable, as it is the result of personal observation. There is no bird, he informs us, whose manners he has studied more than those of the goatsucker. "Though it may sometimes chatter as it flies, yet in general it utters its jarring note sitting on a bough; and I have watched it for many a half-hour as it sat with its under mandible quivering. It usually perches on a bare twig, with its head lower than its tail. This bird is most punctual in beginning its note (a note like the jarring hum of a spinning wheel) exactly at the close of day; so exactly that I have known it strike up more than once or twice, just at the report of the Portsmouth evening gun. It appears to me, past all doubt, that its notes are formed by organic impulse, by the parts of its windpipe formed for sound, just a cat's pur. You will credit me when I assure you, that as my neighbours were assembled in a hermitage on the side of a steep hill, where we drink tea, one of these churn owls came and settled on the cross of that little straw edifice, and began to chatter, and continue his note for many minutes; and we were all struck with wonder to find the organs of that little animal, when put in motion, give a sensible vibration to the whole building." When the male is gambolling in the air with his mate, he frequently utters a shrill squeak. In its powers of wing, the goatsucker scarcely yields to the swallow, especially when giving chase to chaffers and moths, which constitute its food. The inner edge of the claw of the middle toe is deeply serrated, or furnished with a comb-like apparatus, by means of which the bird cleans the long stiff bristles which fringe the margin of its wide mouth. The eyes are full, dark, and large. It breeds on the ground, making no nest, generally among fern; but often in more exposed situations. Its eggs are two in number, and of a white colour, marbled with yellowish brown and grey. It need not be said, that the old account of this bird, with respect to its draining the udders of goats, is fabulous; the goatsucker attends cattle, goats, and sheep, attracted by the flies which are their tormentors, and which it is busy in catching. Alas! how ready is man to defame even an innocent and useful bird!

But hark! the jar of the goatsucker warns us to return; we must conclude our discursive remarks; when we meet in June, we shall renew our theme, the wisdom and the power of God as seen in these his lower works, often neglected by man; but in the contemplation of which, the highest angelic intelligence might wonder and adore.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. III.

Some presumption that the last four books of the Pentateuch were really composed by an eye-witness, at the time of the transactions, arises from their describing the nation and the lawgiver, in circumstances totally different from any which ever existed before or after that peculiar period; from their adapting every incident, however unimportant, every turn of expression, however minute, to these peculiar circumstances.

The Jews are supposed to have left the land of Egypt, and not yet possessed themselves of the land of Canaan: in this interval, the nation was all collected together, never before or after; it then dwelt in tents, never before or after; no one possessed any landed property or houses; no local distinctions, no local tribunal could then exist: these, and a variety of other circumstances of the same nature, necessarily attended this peculiar situation. Now such is the nature of the human mind, that though it may be easy to imagine a peculiar situation of fictitious characters, and describe their conduct in this situation with sufficient consistency, as in a poem or a fiction entirely unconnected with reality; yet when characters that have really existed, are described in circumstances entirely, or even partly fictitious; when it is necessary to combine a considerable degree of truth with a certain portion of fiction; when it is necessary to describe this unprecedented and fictitious situation, not merely in general terms, but in a very minute detail of facts and regulations; to connect it with particular times and places, and persons, to combine it with subsequent events, which were real, and with the laws and customs which the writer himself lives under, and which prevail through an

extensive nation,—then, indeed, it requires no ordinary ingenuity, and no common caution, to preserve a perfect consistency; never once to suffer the constant and familiar associations, which perpetually obtrude themselves upon the mind from present experience, to creep into our language or sentiments, when we wish to describe or relate facts suitably only to past experience. Nay, admit that all this may possibly be done, it certainly can be done only by great care and art; and it is, I should conceive, next to impossible, but that this care and art should somewhere or other betray itself in the turn of the narrative or the expression.

Now an attentive perusal of the Pentateuch will, I doubt not, prove that it is written without the least appearance of art or caution; and it is certain beyond all doubt, that its facts, sentiments, and language, are adapted to the peculiarities of the situation which have been noticed. The present tense is constantly used in speaking of the facts in the wilderness: "I am the Lord that bringeth you up out of the land of Egypt:" the future, in speaking of any thing to be done in the land of Canaan, Exod. xxxiv. 11—13, 23. "I drive out before thee the Amorite and the Canaanite:—take heed to thyself lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land whither thou goest, lest it be for a snare in the midst of thee: but ye shall destroy their altars: thrice in the year shall all your men children appear before the Lord God of Israel. For I will cast out the nations before thee, and enlarge thy borders."

Thus also it is perpetually supposed in every direction as to public matters, that the whole congregation could be collected together at the shortest warning. (See Lev. first nine chapters, also x. 5.) We are told of dead bodies "carried out of the camp," of victims on particular occasions being (Lev. iv. 21; viii. 17. Numb. xix. 9) burned without the camp: this peculiarity of situation mixes itself with every circumstance of the narrative, directly and indirectly, in express terms, and by incidental allusions, and always without any appearance of art or design.

But to proceed to compare the direct narrative with the recapitulation. We may observe, that a variety of circumstances which it was natural and necessary to notice, on the entrance of the Jews into the land of their inheritance, occur for the first time, in the last address which Moses delivered to the people on the borders of Canaan: then, and not before, does the legislator speak of the place which the Lord should "choose to put his name therein," Deut. xii. Then, and not before, does he add to the precepts concerning the observance of the three great feasts, that they were to be celebrated at that holy place: then, and not before, does he enjoin the Jews to bring their offerings, their sacrifices, their tithes, and the firstlings of their flocks, and of their herds, to the same holy place, and not to eat them in the gates of their own cities; and (Deut. xiv. 24) if that house of the Lord should be too far from them, to turn their offerings into money, and employ that for the celebration of the religious festivals, at the place which the Lord should choose. Now also does the legislator add to the rules relating to the Levites, that which gave them a right of migrating from any other city, and joining with those who were employed in the service of God, at the place which he should choose, Deut. xviii. 6.

Thus also, in recapitulating the regulations of the civil law, the legislator now, for the first time, introduces the appointment of judges and officers in the different cities which they should inhabit, Deut. xvi. 18; xix. 11; xxi. 18, and fixes the right of appealing, in difficult cases, from these judges to the high priest and his assessors at the place which the Lord should choose; and determines what the elders of each city may finally decide on, and the manner in which they should examine the cause; as in the instances of an uncertain murder, Deut. xxi.; of the rebellious son; and in the ceremony of taking or refusing the widow of a brother who had died childless. The city, the gate of the city, the elders of the city are now frequently introduced, never before.

We may also observe, that in this last address, when the people were going to attack the great body of their enemies, and as they conquered them were to inhabit their land; different circumstances are mentioned, suited to this new situation. The causes which were to excuse men's going to war, are now first stated, Deut. xx. 5, "having built a new house, planted a new vine-

yard, or betrothed himself to a wife;" all of which supposed a separation of the people from the common camp of the whole congregation, in consequence of their possessing the promised land. Now also the rules about besieging cities, about not destroying such trees around them as were good for food, are specified much more minutely than before, because now sieges would be frequent, Deut. xx. 10, 19. Now also Moses enlarges more frequently and more fully than he ever did before, on the (Deut. vi. 3, 10; viii. 7; xi. 10; xv. 4) fertility and excellence of the promised land: this was natural; such a topic at an earlier period, would have increased the murmurings and the impatience of the people at being detained in the wilderness; whereas, now it encouraged them to encounter with more cheerfulness, the opposition they must meet with from the inhabitants of Canaan.

These general and obvious features of difference, which distinguish the last book of Moses from the preceding ones, when compared with the evident artlessness and simplicity of the narrative, seem to result from truth and reality alone. Such differences were natural, nay unavoidable, if these books were really composed by Moses, who was the witness of the facts, and the author of the laws which these books contain; they would be much less likely to occur, if any other man were the author, even if he were an eye-witness; and they are totally unlike the general detail of a remote compiler, or the laboured artifice of fiction and forgery.—*Graves.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE SKIES.

I will not inquire if you have ever been moved by the appearance of the heavens above you, for that would be almost like asking if you have eyes to see, or hearts to feel. Rather will I take it for granted at once, that you are among those who, now and then, look up to the beautiful clouds, with emotions of interest, thankfulness, and delight, fully convinced, that, even when neither sun, moon, nor stars, are visible, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork," Psa. xix. 1.

The little attention that is paid to the sky by country people, who rarely regard it, except for the purpose of ascertaining the weather, has often puzzled me. Never yet did I witness a ploughboy standing still to admire the rising sun, nor his master gazing with delight on the setting beam. And yet, for all this apparent inattention to the beauties of creation, on the part of country people, I am well persuaded that, without knowing it, they do feel to some extent the beauty of the earth and the heaven; for, if you remove them from their rural neighbourhood, they manifest an unsettled state of mind, and a yearning after their accustomed scenes.

As for myself, from a very child, the heavens above me have appeared an unequalled exhibition of varied beauty that I gaze on with the liveliest emotion. At this moment I could describe ten or a dozen skyey scenes that are impressed on my memory, so vividly, that I seem to get young while I think of my sky-gazing moments. Come, you shall judge whether or not my descriptions are faithfully drawn. You must allow me a little latitude in my fancy and language; our phrases must be expected to be somewhat glowing when we speak of sunbeams.

There is a clear blue sky, when the cloudless firmament imparts a tranquil cheerfulness, a peaceful gladness to the gazer. The wide-spread azure canopy, from the zenith to the horizon, presents the same unwearied, yet lightsome character: lovely is the blue expanse, and lovely the light that mingles with it so harmoniously. Beneath such a sky as this the Christian walking abroad, lifts up his admiring eye, with confiding thankfulness. "The Lord," says he, "is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident," Psa. xxvii. 1, 4. When it pleases the Father of mercies to give confidence and cheerfulness to the hearts of his people, he can do it if he pleases as effectually by the aspect of the heavens, as by employing the angel Gabriel for his messenger.

There is a mountainous sky, where, from a sea of ether, rise eminences of all kinds, hill, and cliff, and craggy steep; pile above pile they recede, and fade away in the dimly-descried distance. The eye and the heart may revel in such a scene as

this, till a voluntary tribute, to such unequalled beauty, rolls down the cheek, and the words break forth from the tongue, "O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise," Psa. li. 15. The winds hurry on the pointed hills, and the sun comes and goes, giving a fitful variety to the goodly group of moving mountains, till a giant eminence is seen advancing.

"Vast, huge, and high, the mountain mass is given
To lift from earth its awful height to heaven;
Wrapt round with gloom it sails along, and now
A sunny glory gilds its burning brow."

There is a peaceful sky, so delightfully calm and quiet, that you cannot look upon it without thinking of angels, and happiness, and heaven. The blue expanse is not vivid; the motionless clouds are not silvery-white; neither is the sunbeam seen upon them; but all is sweetness and repose. The heart is made soft, and the eye inclined to be tearful, when such a canopy is above us. It may be, that the days of our childhood come gently stealing over us, and the soft voice of our mother teaching us to lisp our evening prayer; or, perhaps, we hold communion with the spirits of those we love, who are gone to glory, imagining their peaceful joys and uninterrupted repose. An hour spent thus, is more profitable to the heart, and grateful to the affections, than a day of feverish impulse, and thoughtless joy.

There is a fleecy sky, where the feathery flakes of one part of heaven lie lightly on the blue beyond them, while another part of the firmament exhibits "the beauteous semblance of a flock at rest." The musing mind is led on by such a scene to quiet and consolatory thoughts. The thorny cares of the day are unconsciously extracted, oil and balm are poured into the heart, and rural associations embody themselves in the words, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," Psa. xxiii. 1. When we turn our eyes heavenward, our hearts often follow in the same direction.

There is a threatening sky, whose fearful and overwhelming aspect imparts, even to the thoughtless, a sense of danger, and oppresses, with a sort of horror, the moody and desponding. A sultry stillness prevails, and a gathering of dun, dusky, and dark masses is fearfully visible. There is a rolling onwards of the burdened heavens, as of a thick cloud of black dust raised by the approach of a turbulent and hostile multitude. Onwards it comes, and yet onward, till suspense becomes painful. The firmament seems, even by its portentous stillness, to proclaim that the tempest, in his strength, is about to walk abroad.

There is an iceberg sky, whose mountainous masses, lit up by the sunbeam, for purity, whiteness, and brightness, would shame the very snow on the head of Mount Blanc. This kind of sky wonderously affects me, filling my mind with exalted conceptions of the unsullied purity, and immeasurable power of the Eternal. There is every conceivable degree of repose and excitement in such a sky, varying as it does, from the calm and lustreless vales of snow at the base of the pointed crags, to the unbearable blaze that rests on the summits of their sunny peaks. A Christian man may indulge his imagination among these icebergs of the sky: he may fancy that he will kneel in abasement at their feet, to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner," Luke xviii. 13. Or, that he will climb the highest height, and, stretching his arms towards heaven, cry out like Thomas, in the glowing language of faith, and joy, and ecstacy, "My Lord and my God!" John xx. 28.

There is a stormy sky, when the gathered artillery of heaven is at length ready to pour forth its thunders. The huge black clouds can no longer bear each other's weight; the lurid glare in the south gives a deeper gloom to the frowning sky; the wind rises, and, in fitful sweeps, whirls round and round, bending the giant trees, while the big drop falls heavily, here and there, on the thick foliage. Thus, for a moment, the tempest withholds his rage, toying with the things of earth, till, all at once, the lightning launches itself from the ebon clouds; crash comes the thunder clap, as if it would rend in twain the heavens, and down comes the drenching deluge from above! Fearful is this by land, but unutterably fearful where the tormented waves of mighty ocean, lashed into fury by the winds, rise in resistance to the storm.

There is a glorious sky, when the "king of day" advances from the east, "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," Psa. xix. 5, right royally arrayed in glittering robes of purple and gold. The kindling light shoots far and wide, and hues of all kinds beautify the glowing heavens. At last, burning his

way from the horizon upwards, comes the sun, blazing with intense and concentrated effulgency. The sky, at the close of the day, too, is often like this; and I have seen, on some occasions, such streams of brightness pouring down through the openings in the clouds, as to suggest, to my fancy, the thought that angels were letting out a flood of glory from the reservoirs of heaven! I have noticed, also, not unfrequently, the setting sun looking out from a line of light, with a dark cloud just above and below him, so that the declining orb has appeared to my fancy, like the pupil of a seraph's eye, to give a parting glance at the world. If you are a lover of the works of creation, these things may be familiar to you.

There is a wild and fitful sky when the shadowy masses in the heavens appear in confusion, and the light comes and goes suddenly. The moon is seen gliding swiftly through the sky, as on an urgent errand, ever and anon hidden by the shadowy hills through which she journies; and the changing clouds hurry on in an opposite direction, as though time pressed, or scared by the impelling blast. The accustomed peaceful aspect of the vault above is gone. The agitated heavens appear alarmed, and the imaginative mind grows enthusiastic. There is much of beauty, but more of sublimity in such a sky; I love to gaze upon it.

There is a burning sky, so red, and bright, and glowing, that one might almost suppose the clouds had caught fire, and the wide-spread firmament was in a blaze. I have stood picturing, in the vault above me, villages, and towns, and cities, seemingly in a conflagration; and then another fanciful thought has struck me, that heaven was specially illumined, and angels holding a jubilee on the entrance of a pardoned sinner. If mortal men have such glowing scenes spread before them, what must angels and glorified spirits have to gaze on!

Though in these skyey descriptions I have given free course to my thoughts and words, you must not complain that I am an aged visionary, so long as my visions make me love heaven and heavenly things better and better. Most of us get up, as it were, into the clouds now and then; you must, therefore, be forbearing towards me; at another time I may be found low enough in my spirit and in the subject of my remarks. I know, as well as you know, that the fairest sun-lit clouds that deck the fairest skies, are but vapour; but when regarded as His almighty workmanship, who created the heavens and the earth, and found a ransom for his people, they cannot be looked upon without advantage. Creation in the Christian mind is connected with revelation, and while we clearly discern the glorious sun of nature in the one, we should behold, as clearly, the more glorious Sun of Righteousness in the other.

THE TIMES OF JOB.

The manners and customs of that day, in which Job lived, so far as they can be gleaned from the narrative and colloquies of the book which bears his name, are evidently those of the most remote antiquity; yet they are such as plainly to show, that the arts and sciences had made greater progress, in that age, than we of modern times are apt to allow. Claiming to ourselves many improvements,—the fruits of labour and ingenuity in our own day; and puffed up with the supposed superiority of our discoveries over any that have been heretofore made,—we are in the habit of imagining that our forefathers lagged far behind us in the march of science; and that their day was the infancy of all the arts. No decision can be more unjust. How is it to be accounted for, that the gold coins of the early Roman emperors are distinguished for the delicacy of their execution, as well as for the purity of the metal; and those of the later for their coarseness and alloy? Yet such is the fact. There are seasons when the arts thrive, and when they decay, although independently of the lapse of time; nor is it the particular century or age of the world that affects their prosperity, but the condition of mankind, and the character of the times. Arts and sciences are not dependent on the growth of years; nor is it likely, in the last age of the world, they will excel all their former excellence; and if this be allowed, it need excite no wonder that in Job's day, which might comparatively be called the morning of the world's existence, they might be found to have arrived at a perfection and extent which we are in general backward to attribute to them. "The book," as Leon de Laborde observes, (Journey through Arabia, page 8,) "displays a state of society, in which a

gradation of classes was acknowledged, the sciences were cultivated, the fine arts were not unknown, luxury prevailed to a very considerable extent, the operations of war had been reduced to order; commerce, by sea and land, had been carried on with foreign countries; and almost all the ordinary mechanical trades, with which we are now acquainted, afforded occupation to numerous families. Fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, one thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses, not only bespoke the princely rank of Job, but also indicated his extensive territorial possessions; oxen being principally employed in the east in ploughing the soil, and treading out the corn.

"They were acquainted with the use of scales, chap. vi. 2, and the weaver's shuttle, chap vii. 6; they made cheese from milk, chap. x. 10; their gardens were protected by ground traps and snares, chap. xviii. 9, 10; they were accustomed to cut inscriptions on tablets, chap. xix. 24; they had their steel bows for their archers, chap. xx. 24; their arrows were kept in quivers, and they bore in battle the spear and the shield, as well as the sword, chap. xxxix. 22, 23. The combat was animated by the sound of the trumpet, chap. xxxix. 24; the war horse of Idumea, in those days, is finely described, as having his neck clothed with thunder, chap. xxxix. 19. They had already turned their attention to astronomy; and the regions of the sky, below their latitude, they mystically described as "the chambers of the south," chap. ix. 9. In natural history they were acquainted with the habits of a variety of animals; they were conversant with the arts of mining; they also manufactured brass, and set a high value on precious stones, as well as on the gold of Ophir. They manufactured oil, and wine. The soil was deemed to be of sufficient value to be divided by landmarks. They were acquainted with extremes of wealth and poverty, and amused themselves with dancing to the sound of the timbrel, harp, and pipe. They had regular tribunals for the trial and punishment of offences. They were acquainted with the use of money; they wore gold earrings; they used ointment, and possessed looking glasses of polished metal. In short, it is plain, that the Edomites, or Idumeans, were the most intellectual, and in every respect the most civilized nations then in existence upon the earth." It was to explore that country, and its singular capital, Petra, that Monsieur de Laborde directed his steps from Egypt through the desert, to Mount Sinai and the country beyond, till he came to the City of Rocks, the most singular monument of ancient times, and the most remarkable fulfilment of Scripture prophecy.—*Wemyss.*

VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY

ADAPTED TO ENGRAVING, ETC.

No. I.

THE present age has been distinguished by a succession of inventions. Many of these also are singularly characterized by their utility, their application to the wants and convenience of civilized society, and the relief which they give to mankind from much bodily toil, as well as by their further development of the laws and phenomena of nature. One of these, the Daguerreotype, we have already attempted to illustrate; but scarcely has that task been completed, before a new invention is presented to our notice, and invites our examination. Having carefully investigated the application of voltaic electricity in producing copies in metal of engraved surfaces, we shall endeavour to communicate to our readers in as simple a form as possible, the information which has been already given to the world, and then explain a method by which the experiments may be easily performed. In doing this we shall endeavour to state the facts upon which the art itself depends; so that a person altogether ignorant of voltaic electricity, may be able to follow our explanations, and even to perform the experiments to which we may refer.

The question of priority of invention is likely to be as warmly discussed in this, as in the case of other discoveries recently made known to the world. There are already two claimants before the public, Professor Jacobi and Mr. Spencer. The latter has, without doubt, been most successful in his experiments, and has obtained results, of which Dr. Jacobi has not the slightest idea. Our object, therefore, will be to give a general view of Mr. Spencer's experiments with such suggestions as have been prompted by a repetition of them.

THE APPLICATION OF THE INVENTION.

But before we proceed to the immediate object before us, it will be desirable to answer a question, which will, no doubt, be proposed by many of our readers. "To what purposes can the invention be applied?" Mr. Spencer has given a cautious, and we believe, a correct reply to this interrogation.

"I entertain no very sanguine notions as to the future general application of this method of operating upon the metals, more especially copper. This must be entirely left to the practical engraver and printer.

"The question will then be—Is it cheaper and better than the methods in common use? It may now be answered, Give it a fair trial: the way is pointed out, practice will no doubt enable you to improve upon the methods which suggested themselves during the experimental investigation detailed in the following pages; and most probably may realize an extended field of practical utility for the peculiar mode of operation which has been the result.

"I feel assured, however, that in the arcana of many trades and branches of art, this process will be found an important addition; supplying, as it does, a means of producing a cast or a die in hard metal, without the agency of heat or pressure, and in extreme perfection and well defined sharpness. Nor, I need hardly observe, is its application confined to copper only.

"In addition to the applicability of this process, in procuring fac-similes of coins or medals, with all the lineal sharpness of the original; perfect copies may be obtained of bronzed figures, nor do they require chasing when taken out, nor do I apprehend inconvenient limitation as regards their size.

"Assuming it to be advantageous to publishers of music to have their plates in relief; by this process they will be enabled, in the original engraving, to have them so.

"I have seen nothing in wood engraving that might not be produced in copper, in relief, by this means; the chemical plates might possibly require retouching to a small extent: but, with careful manipulation, twenty or thirty plates might be taken from one mould.

"I may mention that the advantage of being able to produce a given effect from a plate in relief would be very considerable, as ten printed impressions may frequently be taken in the time occupied by producing one by the ordinary method from a copper-plate. Plates in relief might also frequently be printed off in the body of the work, which, in point of economy, would be a very considerable advantage.

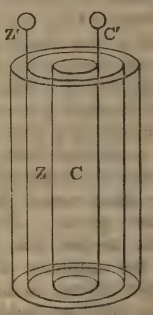
"In the formation of that important implement in the manufacture of printing types, the matrix or mould, advantages in the adoption of this operation appear to present themselves. And I am assured by the printers of this pamphlet, that it gives fair promise to supply several important desiderata in the art of printing, and in its attendant operations, more particularly in the stereotype process.

"In general, I feel convinced that it exhibits many promising indications of utility, should no obstacles in a pecuniary point of view present themselves, on occasion of attempts to extend the application of the discovery."

Such are the prospects entertained of the advantages to be derived from the use of voltaic electricity in taking metallic impressions, forming moulds and in other ways working upon metals.

HISTORY OF THE INVENTION.

With the voltaic, or as it is sometimes called, the galvanic battery, many of our readers must be acquainted, either from having seen or used it. It consists of plates of the two metals copper and zinc, acted upon by some liquid. The form commonly employed in the present day is that represented in the accompanying diagram. c is a cylin-



der of copper and z of zinc contained in an earthenware jar. The copper is inserted in a bladder, and is acted upon by a solution of the sulphate of that metal. The zinc which is thus shut out from any immediate contact or communi-

cation with the copper, is surrounded by a solution of salt in water. Now by this instrument, a species of electricity, called voltaic, from Volta, its discoverer, is developed; and thus many very curious and interesting experiments may be made. For instance; if wires proceeding from the binding screws z', c', which are connected with the metallic plates, be brought into a particular position near a magnet, the electricity conveyed by them will cause it to deviate from its magnetic position, chemical substances may be decomposed, and light and heat be given out.

Among the various experiments which have been performed, that of producing crystallized mineral substances is not the least interesting. To accomplish this, Mr. Cross, the gentleman who first made the experiments, and all other observers, had found it necessary to begin with a metallic nucleus; to provide in fact a base, upon which the crystallization could be effected. But at the Liverpool meeting of the British Association, in September, 1837, Dr. Golding Bird ventured an assertion, which has not yet been proved, that crystals of pure copper could be produced without any nucleus for their formation. Mr. Spencer seems to have made some careful experiments to ascertain if this could be done, and came to a conclusion which all other scientific men have arrived at—"that no metallic crystallization will take place, unless a metallic or metalliferous nucleus be present." These experiments, however, were the means of leading him to the happy discovery which we are about to explain; and it may therefore be necessary to give an account of the apparatus that was employed. The instrument consisted of a small piece of zinc and copper connected by a wire of the latter metal, but separated from each other by a thick disc of plaster of Paris, which divided the glass vessel that contained them into two parts. The cell which contained the copper was filled with a solution of the sulphate of that metal, perhaps better known to our readers as green vitriol, and that holding the zinc with a solution of common salt. To prevent any action taking place on the wire which united the copper and zinc, it was covered with sealing-wax varnish; but when applying this resinous compound, Mr. Spencer accidentally dropped a small quantity on the copper. No notice was taken of this at the time; but some days after, when examining the copper plate, he found that crystals were formed upon all parts of it excepting where the varnish had fallen. "I at once saw," he says, "that I had it in my power to guide the metallic deposition in any shape or form I chose, by a corresponding application of varnish or other non-metallic substance." Experiments were then immediately commenced, and have led to important results.

The first attempt was made in the following manner:—A piece of thin copper was covered with a cement of bees wax, resin, and a red earth while hot; and the experimenter scratched the initials of his name upon it, when cold, taking care to clear away all the varnish, and leave the copper exposed. To this plate, a piece of zinc was attached by a copper wire, the former being immersed in a solution of sulphate of copper, the latter in a solution of salt. The vessel in which the experiment was performed, was a cylindrical glass, within which was placed a gas glass closed at one end by plaster of Paris, of a thickness of about three quarter of an inch. The solution of salt was thus prevented from mixing with the solution of sulphate of copper; and yet the substance was sufficiently porous to allow the electro-chemical action to go on. In a few hours, the action commenced, and Mr. Spencer was delighted to see that a bright metal was being deposited on the parts made bare by the scratches, and that no other portions of the plate were in any way acted upon. It may easily be imagined that the mind of the discoverer was agitated by many hopes and fears, expecting on the one hand to add a new and invaluable invention to the arts, and fearing on the other that his results might be rendered altogether useless by some unexpected difficulty. The two questions which seemed to demand immediate reply were—Whether the deposition would retain its hold on the plate, and whether it would be of sufficient strength to bear working if applied to a useful purpose. Beside these, there was another point to be decided—the possibility of producing lines in sufficient relief to be printed from.

In the course of experiments, made with a view to determine these important principles, a serious difficulty arose, which was accidentally overcome.

"There was one important, and to me discouraging circumstance," says Mr. Spencer, "attending these experiments, which was, that when I heated the plates to get off the covering of cement, the meshes of copper net work" (for it was in the form of net work that he was depositing the metal) "invariably came off with it. I at one time imagined this difficulty insuperable, as it appeared to me that I had cleared the cement entirely from the surface of the copper I meant to have exposed; but that there was a difference in the molecular arrangement of copper prepared by heat, and that prepared by voltaic action, which prevented their chemical combination. However, I then determined, should this prove so, to turn it to account in another manner."

It happened, however, that upon the examination of the results of one experiment, a part of the copper deposition formed upon a coin adhered so tenaciously that it could not be removed; "indeed a chemical combination had apparently taken place. This," says the discoverer, "was only in one or two spots, on the prominent parts of the coin. I immediately recollected that on the day I put the experiment in action, I had been using nitric acid for another purpose, on the table I was operating on; and that in all probability the coin might have been laid down, where a few drops of the acid had accidentally fallen. I then took a piece of copper, coated it with cement, made a few scratches on its surface until the copper appeared, and immersed it for a short time in dilute nitric acid, until I perceived by an elimination of nitrous gas, that the exposed portions were acted upon sufficiently to be slightly corroded. I then washed the copper in water, and put it in action as before described. In forty-eight hours I examined it, and found the lines were entirely filled with copper. I applied heat, and then spirits of turpentine, to get off the cement; and to my satisfaction I found, that the voltaic copper had completely combined itself with the sheet on which it was deposited."

One other quotation from Mr. Spencer's paper, read before the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, we must be allowed to extract, as it will be found to contain a valuable hint to those who may attempt a certain class of the experiments we shall have occasion hereafter to describe. "I then gave a plate a coating of cement, to a considerable thickness, and sent it to an engraver; but when it was returned, I found the lines were cleared out so as to be wedge-shaped, leaving a hair line of the copper exposed at the bottom, and a broad space near the surface; and where the turn of the letters took place, the top edges of the lines were galled, and rendered rugged by the action of the graver. This, of course, was an important objection, which I have since been able to remedy, in some respects, by an alteration in the shape of the graver, which should be made of a shape more resembling a narrow parallelogram than those in common use: some engravers have many of their tools so made. I did not put this plate in action, as I saw that the lines, when in relief, would have been broad at the top and narrow at the bottom. I took another plate, gave it a coating of the wax, and had it written on with a mere point. I deposited copper on the lines, and afterwards had it printed from."

We have already mentioned an experiment in which a piece of copper (on which had been drawn lines in the form of net work) was used. Much difficulty was experienced in forming this design upon the copper, so as to expose the metal; for when the cement was soft, the lines were pushed into each other, and when of a harder texture, the intervening squares broke away from the surface of the plate. One difficulty, therefore, still remained, and it was the discovery of a proper cement or etching ground, one "which should be capable of being cut to the required depth, without raising what is technically called a burr, and at the same time of sufficient toughness to adhere to the plate, when reduced to a small isolated point, which would necessarily occur in the operation, which wood engravers term cross hatching."

Mr. Spencer, in his endeavour to obtain a suitable compound, tried a variety of experiments upon different compositions formed of wax, resins, varnishes and earth, and also with metallic oxides. At last he obtained one which for all his purposes seemed to be admirably suited; it was formed of virgin wax, resin, and carbonate of lead. With this cement, two plates, five inches by seven, were covered, and portions of maps engraven on them. This being done, they

were dipped in dilute nitric acid, a process found in other instances so beneficial, and then introduced into the voltaic arrangement. The intention was to have formed metallic casts fit for printing, more especially with the view of presenting them and the printed sheets to the British Association. When the process had been continued sufficiently long, heat was applied to the plate to remove the cement: but to the amazement of the experimenter the voltaic copper pealed off with the etching ground. The cause of this it was at first difficult to determine; but on cleaning the plate, a delicate tracing of lead was found on the line drawn on the cement previous to the immersion in the dilute acid. "The cause of this failure," says Mr. Spencer, "was at once obvious; the carbonate of lead I had used to compound the etching ground, had been decomposed by the dilute nitric acid, and the metallic lead, thus set free, had deposited itself on the exposed portions of the copper plates, preventing the voltaic copper from chemically combining with the sheet copper. I was now obliged with regret to give up this compound; although, under other circumstances, I have no doubt it may be rendered available."

The cement which was ultimately adopted by Mr. Spencer, was formed of bees' wax, common whiting, resin, a small portion of gum, and plaster of Paris. This compound, he speaks of as answering the purpose tolerably, though he anticipates a better may be found.

We cannot close this examination of the labours of Mr. Spencer, without an allusion to the results of his experiments in an attempt to obtain impressions in cameo and intaglio, although we intend in another number to explain the method in which the various experiments may be performed. From what has been already stated, the reader must be aware that no metallic deposition can be obtained by the action of voltaic electricity, without a metallic body, or we might more properly say a metallic surface, as a nucleus. Bearing this fact in mind, the following observations, by the discoverer of the process, must be read with interest.

"I placed a very prominent copper medal in a voltaic circuit (as already described) and deposited a surface of copper on one of its sides to about the thickness of a shilling. I then proceeded to get the deposition off. In this I experienced some difficulty, but ultimately succeeded. On examination, with a magnifying glass, I found every line was as perfect as the coin from which it was taken. I was then induced to use the same piece again, and let it remain a much longer time in action, that I might have a thicker and more substantial mould. I accordingly put it again in action, and let it remain until it had acquired a much thicker coating of the metallic deposition; but when I attempted to remove it from the medal, I found I was unable. It had apparently completely adhered to it.

"I had often practised, with some degree of success, a method of preventing the oxidation of polished steel, by slightly heating it until it would melt virgin wax; it was then wiped, apparently completely off, but the pores of the metal became impregnated with the wax—I thought of this method, and applied it to a copper coin.

"I first heated the piece, applied wax, and then wiped it so completely off, that the sharpness of the coin was not at all interfered with. I proceeded as before, and deposited a thick coating of copper on its surface. After the lapse of a few days, when I wished to take it off, I applied the heat of a spirit lamp to the back, when a sharp crackling noise took place; and I had the satisfaction of seeing that the coin was completely loosened. In short, I had a most complete and perfect copper mould of a half-penny.

"I have since taken some impressions from the mould thus formed; and by adopting the above method with the wax, I get them out with the greatest ease.

"I was now of opinion that this latter method might be applied to engraving, much better than the method described in the first portion of this paper. Being aware that copper in a voltaic circuit deposited itself on lead with as much rapidity as on copper, I took a silver coin, and put it between two pieces of clean sheet lead, and placed them under a common screw press. From the softness of the lead, I had a complete and sharp mould of both sides of the coin. I then took a piece of copper wire, soldered the lead to one end, and a piece of zinc to the other, and put them into

the same voltaic arrangement I have already described. I did not, in this instance, wax the mould, as I felt assured that the deposited copper would easily separate from the lead, by the application of heat, from the different expansibility of the two metals.

"In this result, I was not disappointed. When the heat of a spirit lamp was applied for a few seconds to the lead, the copper impression fell easily off. So complete do I think this latter portion of the subject, that I have no hesitation in asserting that fac-similes of any coin or medal, no matter of what size, may be readily taken, and as sharp as the original. To further test the capabilities of this method, I took a piece of lead plate, and stamped some letters on its surface to a depth sufficient to print from when in relief. I deposited copper on it, and found it came easily off.

"I now come to the conclusion of my experiments on this subject. As I stated at first, my object was to deposit a metallic surface on a model of clay, or other non-metallic body; as, otherwise, I imagined the application of this principle would be extremely limited. I made many experiments to achieve this result which I shall not detail, but content myself with describing that which was ultimately the most successful.

"I took two models of an ornament, one made of clay, and the other of plaster of Paris; soaked them for some time in linseed oil, took them out, and suffered them to dry, first getting the oil clean off the surface. When dry, I gave them a thin coat of mastic varnish. When the varnish was as nearly dry as possible, but not thoroughly so, I sprinkled some bronze powder on that portion I wished to make a mould of. This powder is principally composed of mercury and sulphur; I had however a complete metallic coating on the surface of my model, by which I was enabled to deposit a surface of copper on it, by the voltaic method I have already described. I have also gilt the surface of a clay model with gold leaf, and have been successful in depositing the copper on its surface." H.

GOD'S CHIEF GIFT.

When we reflect on the personal dignity of Jesus Christ, as the Son of God; on the unchangeable interest he had in his Father's love; and on the Father delivering him up to an execrable death for mere sinners, we cease to wonder that, with him, he freely bestows all spiritual blessings, without any regard to worthiness in them on whom they are conferred. Because the gift of Christ himself is the grand evidence of God's love to sinners, incomparably greater than that of authorizing the ungodly to believe in Jesus, or than that of his giving heaven to saints.—*Booth.*

SALVATION.

Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, having substituted himself in the place of sinners, suffered in his own person the punishment of sin, conformably to that declaration, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." He came forth from among the dead in testimony that the threatening of God was accomplished, and as a pledge of the acceptance of his sacrifice, and that by his obedience unto death Divine justice was satisfied, the law honoured and magnified; and that eternal life was awarded to those for whom he died, whose sins he had borne in his own body on the tree, 1 Peter ii. 24. He was quickened by the Spirit, by whom he was also justified, 1 Tim. iii. 16, from every charge that could be alleged against him as the surety of them whose iniquities he bore. The justification, therefore, of his people, which includes not only the pardon of their sins, but also their title to the eternal inheritance, was begun in his death, and was perfected in his resurrection. He wrought their justification by his death; but its efficacy depended on his resurrection. By his death he paid their debt, in his resurrection he received their acquittance. He rose to assure to them the right to eternal life, fully to discover it, and to establish it in his own person, for all those who are the members of his body.—*R. Haldane.*

WEAKNESS OF HUMAN RESOLUTIONS.

To attempt to resist temptation, to abandon our bad habits, and to control our dominant passions, in our own unaided strength, is like attempting to check by a spider's thread, the progress of a ship of the first rate borne along before wind and tide.—*Waugh.*

THE BEECH.

Beech (*Fagus sylvatica.*) *a*, catkin of male flowers. *b*, male flower. *c*, female flower. *d*, germen. *e*, capsule, or nut.

NATURAL ORDER. Corylaceæ.

LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Monœcia Polyandria. *Fagus Sylvatica.*

Barren Flowers in a roundish elongated catkin. Calyx of one leaf divided into five or six segments. Corolla none. Filaments from five to twenty, hair-like, longer than the calyx. Anthers, roundish or oblong, two-lobed. *Fertile Flowers.* Calyx double; the outer inferior, leathery, externally covered with simple prickles, divided into four, five, or six deep segments, and containing two or three inner calyxes or flowers, each superior of one leaf, with five or six deep segments, internally woolly. Corolla none. Germens, two or three below the inner calyx, egg shaped, three or six celled with rudiments of two seeds in each. Styles three. Stigmas undivided, permanent. Nuts two or three, egg shaped, more or less angular, attached to the base of the outer calyx, and crowned by the upper. A large tree with smooth bark and spreading branches. Leaves, egg shaped, indistinctly serrate. Flowers in April and May.

"————The beech delights the glade,
With boughs extended and a rounder shade."
PRIOR.

"The beech—of oily nuts prolific."—COWPER.

"MAN wants but little here below;" food and water, raiment for his body, and shelter from the inclemencies of the weather; such are all his necessities, and if these alone were supplied, he would have no cause to murmur. Yet with what benevolent bounty has the Lord, whose "tender mercies are over all his works," provided not only for his wants, but for his pleasures; and caused the means by which the cravings of nature are satisfied to gratify the eye, the taste, the fancy, the love for variety, and all the other dispositions of the mind, by which this favoured object of creation is distinguished from the brutes that perish. "The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea," with "every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth," are placed under his dominion. "Every herb bearing seed, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed," is given him for meat, either directly or through the medium of the cattle and feathered fowl on which he is permitted to feed. Nor are the treasures of the earth secured from his grasp; to him the mine yields her invaluable stores, and the forests of the antediluvian world their fossilized timber.

"All are for health, or food, or pleasure given,
And speak in various ways the bounteous hand
of Heaven,"

though the products of a single tree would have sufficed to furnish him, not only with the necessaries, but even the luxuries of life. Witness that noble tree the cocoa palm, which, while it adorns their scenery, supplies the simple wants of the inhabitants of the tropics; and is capable, as Strabo tells us, of being applied to three hundred and sixty different purposes.

"————The Indian's nut alone
Is clothing, food, and trencher, drink, and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one."

Hence he derives timber for the walls, and thatch for the roof of his hut, fuel for his fire, and weapons for defence; the exhilarating spirit, the luscious sugar, the cooling milk, and the enlightening oil: in a word, nutriment, beverage, and clothing. "With lavish kindness," this gift of God is placed in every soil and variety of situation within those regions it so greatly benefits. In the fertile valley, on the arid plain, waving in tufted groves, or beetling the craggy precipice, beside the rippling rill, or on the coral reef, washed by the spray of ocean,—in equal luxuriance its taper column and plumy foliage afford a pillared shade impervious to the vertical sun. But shall we envy the enervated inhabitant of the torrid zone his inestimable tree? Is the goodness of God limited to one particular clime, or confined to the natives of a single land? "Through the whole earth his bounty shines;" and the productions of every country attest his unwearied beneficence and never-failing care, though too often disregarded and unacknowledged by those whom he thus benefits. Hundreds doubtless can recount the varied products of the cocoa-nut tree, and enumerate the many purposes to which they can be applied, who are ignorant that among the forests of Europe is to

be found a tree, scarcely less useful and picturesque, than that which is at once the ornament and blessing of the sultry plains of India, the spicy groves of Ceylon, or the verdant islands of the Pacific Ocean? Such a tree is the beech, no less distinguished for classical associations, beauty of appearance, and density of shade, than for general utility, and the variety of purposes to which they can be applied. And although the progress of refinement, and the introduction of foreign luxuries, may have superseded and caused us to overlook many of the products, for which in days of yore it was so highly esteemed, it will not prove an uninteresting or unprofitable employment to trace in "the branching beech," no less than the cocoa palm, the provision made by the God of nature to satisfy the desires, and provide for the wants of every living thing.

"Hence, in the world's best years, the humble shed
Was happily and fully furnished;
Beech made their chests, their beds, and their joined stools,
Beech made the board, the platters, and the bowls:"

while, as another writer tells us, they derived from

"The wood, a house; the leaves, a bed."

Pliny relates that beechen vessels were employed in religious ceremonies, though in general they were considered as the furniture of the meanest people.

"No wars did men molest,
When only beechen bowls were in request."

These were sometimes curiously carved, and were then considered of great value: such were those two which Menalcus, when contending with Damætus for the prize of song, offered to stake against the "brindled heifer" of his adversary,

"The pawn I proffer shall be full as good;
Two bowls I have, well turned, of beechen wood,
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The ivy's stem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various shapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the side embossed appear,
Conon, and, what's his name who made the year?"

Damætus in reply, describes those he already possessed:—

"And I have two, to match your pair at home;
The wood the same, from the same hand they come;
The kimbo handles seem with bearsfoot carved,
And never yet to table have been served:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove."

But it was as "the mastful beech" that the tree was particularly esteemed by the untutored savage of ancient Europe, or the rural peasant of classic days. Its fibrous shell enclosed a white oleaginous nut, described by Pliny as "the sweetest of all mast," and as used both for food and medicine. On this, we are told, the people of Chios subsisted during a siege, and beechen mast formed in those days, as in the present time, the main support of their herds of swine, on which they in a great measure depended for food. These animals devour greedily, and soon fatten on this mast; hence we may infer the importance of this tree when forests were valued by the number of swine they would support, from the abundance of the crop it affords, both from the ease with which the beech is propagated, and the rapidity of its growth.

It has been questioned, whether the beech is indigenous to this island, as Cesar, in his Commentaries, expressly states that he found no *fagi* in Britain. Some writers have considered that he here alludes to the *quercus esculus*, which very nearly resembles the beech; and from the fact of its producing edible nuts, may have been aptly included under the name of *fagus*, which is derived from the Greek word *phego*, to eat. But from the great identity which exists between our tree and that so frequently described by Virgil, others have been inclined to believe with Evelyn that this assertion of the Roman general proceeded "from a grand mistake, or rather for that he had not travelled much up into the country." Thus much is certain, that if not an aboriginal inhabitant, the beech must have been introduced into this country by the Romans at a very early period, as all the earliest writers upon such subjects enumerate it among our native timber trees. Additional confirmation has been given to this supposition by many beech trunks having been found in draining bogs and marshes at a considerable depth below the surface, in company only with such other trees as are undisputed natives of our island.

The beech is one of the largest and handsomest of our forest trees. Its usual height is from sixty to eighty feet, though when drawn up by being planted among other trees, it frequently exceeds one hundred feet. "They make spreading trees and noble shades," says Evelyn, "with their well furnished and glittering leaves, being set at forty feet distance; but they grow taller and

more upright in the forests. In the valleys, where they stand nearest in consort, they will grow to a stupendous procerity, though the soil be stony and very barren; also upon the declivities, sides, and tops of hills." But although it will thrive in any dry situation, it attains the greatest perfection in a sandy loam or calcareous soil. Some of the finest specimens this island produces are found upon the chalk ridge, which intersects the southern counties. The Hanger, a wood immortalized by the historian of Selbourne, forms a part of this ridge, and, to use the words of Mr. White, "the covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage or graceful pendulous boughs." We have the more pleasure in quoting the naturalist's animated eulogium on his favourite tree, as another writer, an acknowledged oracle on forest scenery, has severely censured its peculiar characteristics. "The massy, full grown, luxuriant beech," says he, "is rather a displeasing tree. It is made up of littlenesses, seldom exhibiting those tufted cups or hollow dark recesses, which disport in the several grand branches of the beautiful kind of trees. The branches are fantastically wreathed and disproportioned, twining awkwardly among each other, and running often into long unwearied lines; in short, we rarely see a beech well ramified. The whole tree gives us something of the idea of an entangled head of bushy hair, from which here and there hangs a disorderly lock. In full leaf, it is equally unpleasing: it has the appearance of an overgrown bush. This bushiness gives a great heaviness to the tree, which is always a deformity." Such is the testimony of Gilpin, and many succeeding writers have blindly adopted his opinions. However, even he is constrained to admit, that in some situations and periods, "the heavy luxuriant beech" is not without picturesque beauty, and these very exceptions to his censures form no inconsiderable encomium. In fact, there is no season of the year, and no stage of its existence, in which this tree is devoid of interest. From the moment when its pale fungus-looking cotyledons first appear above the ground, as it progresses to maturity, its light and elegant branches bending beneath an airy veil of soft and sunny green, till in full perfection it stands "the Hercules and Adonis of our sylva," it is perhaps unrivalled in its peculiar features. What can be more noble than its appearance when a stately spreading tree,

> "————it scales the welkin with its top,"

and stretching far its giant arms supports a lofty mass of bright and glossy foliage, like a verdant pavilion extended on silvery poles, and impervious even to the meridian rays of the summer sun. Nor can the approach of old age, or even the progress of decay diminish, though they may vary the character of its charms. Unveiled from the leafy covert and intertwisted branches which erst concealed them, we behold more clearly the picturesque beauties of its fluted trunk, knobbed protuberances, and fantastic roots, overspread with a velvet-like moss of soft and brilliant green, or garnished with the more glorious though evanescent beauties of the fungus race. What can exceed the transparent delicacy of its downy leaves, as they expand at the genial call of spring, late, but not least in beauty among the verdure of the forest? or what surpass the appearance of the tree, when ere long the tender green of its fringing foliage is varied by the gold and roseate hues of its clustered blossom—when

> "————bursts are seen
> Of beauty on the beech tree; a rich shade
> Of crimson teeming life; buds sanguine-hued,
> As though the sunset clouds had o'er them play'd,
> Until they left their dye upon the cone,
> Tipping each slender branch with beauty all their own?"—PARDOE.

Where shall we find so secure a retreat from the fierce "all conquering heat" of refulgent summer, as

> "Beneath the shade, which beechen boughs diffuse?"

or where so pleasantly spend the lingering hours of sultry noon as under their umbrageous canopy? The sombre hue of sober twilight reigns around; and the whispering breeze as it plays sportive amid the fluttering leaves, soothes the tired eye, and refreshes the enervated frame. Nought disturbs the dreamy stillness of the place, but the gentle murmurs of some neighbouring stream rippling along its pebbly channel: the frolic gambols of the sportive squirrel, and the "deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note;" or, save when a passing gleam of sunshine darts a momentary

flash through the undulating foliage, and illumines for a moment the "rich leafy gloom." Such a spot, at such a season has Gray delineated as the favourite resort of the "youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by."

Which of the glorious tints that dye the woods with more than rainbow splendour, can exceed the autumnal hues of the golden beech, pre-eminent even in decay? How beauteous its gradual change from brilliant green to the brightest orange, then to glowing red, and eventually a russet brown! Nor can dreary winter despoil it of attractions for the lover of nature. He then beholds more clearly its majestic skeleton; its fluted bole, and spreading arms, the pendant curve of the lower branches, and the zigzag angles of its forked sprays; while the younger trees which retain their withered leaves through the gloomy season, enshrouded as it were, in a warm umber mantle, strangely contrast with the chill desolation of their leafless neighbours, with the glossy surface of the evergreens, or the bluish tints of the fir and pine.

It were surely unnecessary yet further to commend the beech, as peculiarly suited for park and ornamental plantations. But independently of its noble form, the silvery hue of its rind, the successive beauty presented by its spring-tide shoots, summer foliage, autumnal hues, and wintry appearance, and the protection it affords to herbage and more tender plants; it is no less desirable for such situations on account of the sustenance as well as shelter, it yields to those beasts and birds, which add to the picturesque beauty, while they relieve the solitude of the scene. The stately deer, the brilliant pheasant, the speckled partridge, and the radiant peacock, feed greedily upon its mast; no less so the thrush, the blackbird with many other sweet performers of our woodland choir, who build beneath its covert, and "sing among its branches."

But those who would rightly estimate the charms of this tree should seek a wood wholly planted with it. In such a spot who is not disposed to admit the theory of Sir James Hall, and imagine with him that the Gothic style of architecture may be traced to the effect produced on the superstitious mind by the embowering shade and arched vistas of a natural forest? Especially in the beechen wood we trace the peculiar characteristics of that style; here we find in the o'er-arching avenue, the swelling roots, the fluted trunk, the ramified branches, and the massy foliage, prototypes of the majestic long drawn aisle, the buttressed pillar, the lofty clustered column, and the pointed intersecting arch, and the delicate tracery of the vaulted roof. No grassy sward dispels the illusion, a short dry moss like a time worn pavement overspreads the ground, while a "dim religious light" is shed around. And though the scene may be deficient in some of those associations which are wont to add solemnity to the hallowed fane; though no sculptured marble or mouldering banners tell the saddening tale of glory, honour, wealth, or beauty fallen beneath the ruthless scythe of death; though no fantastic carving, or storied fane, or treasured wealth bespeak the agonizing efforts of a sin-convicted, awe-struck soul to atone for a life of guilt by vain oblations before the shrine of a fellow-mortal, or munificent bequests, and other attempts equally vain, to purchase the favour of an offended Deity; yet "He who dwelleth not in temples made with hands," is in very deed present within the solitude.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vaults to gather, and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the grey old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd and under roofs,
That our frail hands have raised!
——————— Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform our lives."—BRYANT.

The timber of this tree is inferior in value to that of many others. Being soft, spongy, and extremely liable to the attacks of worms, it is little used by the builder and shipwright. Yet if the wood of the beech is destitute of those properties which confer value upon timber, it

is not to be undervalued; for it serves many purposes which, though apparently insignificant, contribute in no small degree to our comfort and convenience. And thus it ever is in the world around us. The most valuable and useful members of society are those, unrenowned upon the arena of political life or in the annals of heroic fame, undistinguished among the votaries of science or the favourites of the muses, and unknown in the registers of ancestral dignity or the list of princely merchants, whose sole object in life is, a faithful and diligent discharge of the duties of their allotted station, and their only desire to "maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man." Though loving and beloved by all around them, and the centre of happiness to all within the range of their quiet but effective efforts, their path through life is only to be tracked by the ever-flowing though silent stream of "patient well doing," which marks their steps; their name is only known as the watch-word of hope and comfort to the drooping heart and afflicted spirit. Such are the individuals who best "serve their generation," and whose removal hence leaves the greatest blank in society. Is it when the mighty monarch, the valiant hero, the monied man, or the hoary-headed philosopher is deposited with all the futile splendour of funereal pomp within the mausoleum of his ancestors, or the hallowed minster, when the long-drawn procession, the nodding plumes and all the sable pageantry of mimic woe convey a "heap of dust" to the bosom of its parent earth, that "all faces gather blackness," and the retarded step and averted eye tell a tale of genuine grief and heartfelt sorrow? No: would we trace such grateful tokens of mourning affection, we must turn from the semblance to the substance; we must stand amid the humble train around the lowly sod which shrouds for ever from mortal ken, the beloved and venerated remains of the tender parent, the duteous child, the beloved friend, or the unwearied benefactor. These have cast more largely into the treasure house of human happiness than all those have done; these, though unnoted among the great and noble of the earth, are registered in the archives of heaven as honoured recipients of the ennobling title bestowed by our Lord himself on the devoted female he delighted to honour, "She hath done what she could."

"The soft beech employs the turner's wheel,
And with a thousand implements supplies
Mechanic skill."

With it "he makes dishes, trays, rims for buckets, trenchers, dresser-boards, and other utensils. It serves the wheeler and joiner for large screws, etc. It makes shovels and spade graffs for the husbandman, and is useful to the bellows maker. Floats for fishers' nets, instead of corks are made of its bark. If the timber lie altogether under water, it is little inferior to elm." On this account it is frequently employed for keels of vessels, rings of water wheels, flood gates, etc., for which it answers well. Wooden shovels, sieve-rims, peels for ovens, salt boxes, spinning wheels, pestles, rollers, with many other articles in daily use, are also made from it. But the principal purposes for which the timber is applied in England at the present time, is for the pannels of carriages, chairs, bedsteads, and as handles to various sorts of tools. There is also a great demand for it in consequence of the numerous railways now carrying on, as it is found to answer well for the sleepers or blocks, on which the rails are supported. On the continent it is, if possible, yet more used for domestic purposes. The *sabots*, or wooden shoes, worn universally by the French peasantry in the mountainous districts, are generally made from this wood; for this purpose it is selected when green, and dried rapidly over the smoke produced by burning the chips, branches, etc.; thus it absorbs the pyroligneous acid which is evolved from the beech in a larger proportion than from any other tree, and the sabots, though rather brittle, are rendered waterproof and more durable than those of alder or walnut. It is also on account of this chemical property that the wood is used in Scotland for smoking dried herrings, and in Germany for the carriages of cannon, in situations exposed to a damp or saline atmosphere. The ashes afford potash, and the timber when burned green yields excellent charcoal; in Buckinghamshire the large forests of beech are almost wholly employed for this purpose. As fuel the wood of this tree is superior to any other. The *bois d'Andelle*, which is used in all the principal houses of Paris, is almost entirely beech. It throws out a clear bright flame, and a great deal of heat; though it burns rapidly when dry, on this account the green wood is

preferred. To the fruit or mast of this tree we have already alluded. When roasted, it has been substituted for coffee, but the principal use now made of it is as food for wild hogs and other cattle.

"The beech mast fattens the forest boar."

Large tracts of beech in the New Forest are enclosed during the pawnage season, as it is called, and numerous herds of swine fattened upon their mast. It is, however, said that the fat of these animals is more oily and less likely to keep than that of those fattened on acorns. On the continent, beech nuts are appropriated to another purpose; an excellent substitute for lamp or olive oil being expressed from them. When prepared with care, this oil is preferred to the latter for frying fish, as it has no disagreeable smell. The nuts, after the oil has been extracted, are given to poultry, although in Silesia the poor convert them into bread, and use the oil as butter. The quantity of oleaginous matter procured from these nuts, very much depends upon the temperature of the climate in which they grow. Linnæus found they possessed scarcely any in Sweden. In France the supply is abundant; in the year 1779, the forests of Compeigne yielded sufficient, it is said, to supply the inhabitants of the district with oil for half a century. Fielding, a well-known author who lived in the beginning of the last century, speculated largely in the manufacture of beechen oil; and a plan was proposed about the same time by one Aaron Hill for paying off the national debt by the profits to be derived from butter made from these nuts. Evelyn says of the leaves, that "if gathered about the fall, and before they are much frost-bitten, they afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world." A modern writer corroborates this statement, and from his own experience describes the beds made of beech leaves to be no whit behind the luxurious and refreshing mattresses used in Italy, which are filled with the elastic spathe of the Indian corn, "while the fragrant smell of green tea which the leaves retain is most gratifying." The catkins are sometimes dried and used for stuffing pillows, or for packing fruit to send to a distance. "The stagnant water in the hollow trees will cure the most obstinate scurfs, scabs, etc. if fomented with it; the leaves chewed, are wholesome for the gums and teeth, and the very buds as they harden make good tooth pickers."

The bark or rind of this tree is of light olive or silvery hue, and peculiarly smooth, soft, and susceptible of impressions. Hence in all ages it has afforded a favourite tablet for the rural lover, not the less so on account of a superstitious notion that as the words increased in size with the growth of the tree, their hopes would increase in proportion. Virgil, as well as the poets of many other European nations, has alluded to this supposition.

"The rind of every plant her name shall know,
And as the rind extends, the love shall grow."
VIRGIL.

"On the smooth beechen rind, the pensive dame,
Carved in a thousand forms her Tancred's name."
HOOLE'S TASSO.

Nor let the moralist disdain or the cynic censure, though they may venture to doubt the correctness of the idea in which this simple custom originated. To this universal practice of carving words and sentences on the soft bark of the beech, we owe the first successful attempts to obtain all those vast and yet incalculable benefits which have resulted and may yet accrue to mankind from the printing press. Here is the rudiment to which we may trace the revival of learning, the extension of useful knowledge, and the diffusion of science, nay, more, our moral and political freedom, and emancipation from the tyrannical and soul-prostrating thraldom of the church of Rome. The invention of printing was the effective weapon of the Reformation, and the liberty of the press has in every country proved the most effectual bulwark of civil and religious liberty. Laurentius Coster, a native of Haerlem, as some have considered, "walking in a wood near his native city, began at first to cut some letters upon the rind of a beech tree, which for fancy's sake being impressed on paper, he printed one or two lines, as a specimen for his grandchildren to follow. This having happily succeeded, he meditated greater things, and first of all with his son-in-law invented a more glutinous writing ink, because he found the common ink sunk and spread; and then formed whole pages of wood, with letters cut upon them, of which sort I have seen some essays, printed only on one side, in which it is remarkable that in the infancy of printing (as nothing is complete in its first invention) the back sides of the pages

were pasted together that they might not by their nakedness betray their deformity." These wooden types and stereotype plates, if we may be allowed the term, were soon exchanged for metallic ones as being stronger and more durable, though the ever-to-be-honoured beechen rind was, and still is, used in Germany by the bookbinders instead of pasteboard for the sides of thick volumes, and some have imagined that our word book is derived from *buch*, the German name of this tree. The bark also, when covered with leather or paper, is made into scabbards, hat boxes, etc.

The interesting experiments of M. Macaire have recently established an important fact in the physiology of vegetables. He proves that they possess the power not only of absorbing by their spongioles or roots, those particles among which they are planted, and converting them into sap for the nutriment of the plant, but that they approximate yet nearer to the animal kingdom, being endowed with the faculty of rejecting or exuding those particles that are not suited to their constitution, into the soil in which the plant is placed. These exudations he found were capable of affording nourishment to plants of a different species or family. Thus the important fact well known to all practical agriculturists, the necessity of a succession or rotation of crops to avoid the impoverishment of the land, is satisfactorily accounted for. It would seem, however, that the exudations of the beech tree are injurious to vegetables in general. It is seldom found growing among other trees; and Evelyn observes, that every forest in which oak and beech have been planted promiscuously will in time become entirely beechen. "Certain it is," says Gilpin, "this appearance of decay is found in many of the woodlands of the New Forest, which consist chiefly of beech and unthriving oak." To the effect of these exudations also we may attribute it, rather than, as has been generally supposed, to the density of shade afforded by the tree and the length of time which elapses before the fallen leaves beneath it decay, the total absence of vegetation which marks the spot

"Where the broad beech its ample shade displays."

The holly is the only plant that will thrive in such a situation. To an inhabitant of those parts of the island where this tree is comparatively unknown, the effect of the first view of a beechen wood is both novel and imposing. All around he sees

"The grey smooth trunks distinctly shine
Within the twilight of their distant shades;"

above his head, the thick leafy canopy supported by those intertwisting and inosculated branches from which it has been supposed that men derived the idea of grafting, exclude the glaring rays of light; below, no herbage green or woodland flower like an emerald pavement enamelled with radiant gems meets the wondering eye, save in the remote distance, or where in any open spot some verdant oasis relieves the monotony of the scene. But Almighty God has left no blanks in his fair creation; no void in nature bespeaks an exhausted imagination, or a careless arrangement: if the ground beneath the beech tree seem barren and without utility, below the surface of the soil are found two fungi, which, while they afford food to the wild inhabitants of the wood, are highly prized by man "the lord of all." These are the morel and the truffle. The former in appearance resembles a mushroom, the surface perforated with small circular hollows. They are used to flavour made dishes, and many persons gain a maintenance, by collecting and then drying them, which is done by threading the stalks and suspending them in an airy situation, after which they will keep for years. The truffle is yet more valued by the epicure, and even ancient writers have mentioned them as used in cookery. A turkey stuffed with truffles and left to hang till the flavour is dispersed through the meat, is one of the greatest delicacies of the French gourmand. They are also eaten plain with sauce, and added to flavour ragouts and rich pies. They are found buried in the earth, and detected by their peculiar odour, or by the undulations of the surface which seems as if it had been raised by moles, and the appearance of numerous small flies attracted by the smell, which deposit their eggs in them. In shape the truffle is not unlike a potato, though it varies in size, being sometimes no larger than a hazel nut. When the outer thick dark coloured skin is removed, the inside presents the appearance of a firm and fleshy substance of a light colour, covered with darker veins. Dogs and even pigs are trained to hunt for it, and induced to bring it to their master by the reward of a piece of bread or meat. So acute is the smell of the former that an instance is recorded of a

dog who detected "a truffle of uncommon size which weighed twelve ounces and a half, at the distance of a hundred yards." On the continent they are sought by individuals who stir up with a peculiar sort of spud, the places where they imagine they are concealed, and soon become so experienced as rarely to be deceived in their search. An account is related by a Dutch author, of a poor crippled boy who could detect truffles with a certainty superior to the best dogs, and so earned a livelihood. They fetch a high price during the season, varying from ten to fifteen shillings a pound; many are imported from the continent, though they soon lose their flavour after being gathered. They are seldom found in England, excepting in beech woods; and it is said that they have been discovered in places where they were not previously known, after plantations of this tree have been made. They have been propagated, though at a great expense of time and trouble, by removing the earth from the places where they are usually found, into a garden, and covering it with decaying beech leaves.

Many valuable and curious fungi are found on the leaves, mast, and branches, as well as bark of the tree, among them may be named *agaricus adiposus*, which in fine specimens resembles a pine-apple; *hydnum coralloides*, which is esculent and not unlike a cauliflower; and *polyporus gigantèus*, which spreads in large masses over the trunk, and may be compared to a large tuberous flower with four petals.

The most ancient beech now existing in England is most probably one in the neighbourhood of Sunninghill, within the limits of Windsor forest; it is supposed to have existed before the Norman conquest. At the distance of six feet from the ground, the trunk measures thirty-six feet in circumference. The Frankley beeches, on an estate belonging to lord Lyttleton, in Worcestershire, are also of great antiquity; they are mentioned in old leases as landmarks, being in a conspicuous situation on a hill. The largest now standing is seventy feet high, and fourteen feet in girth at a foot from the ground; but one blown down in 1833, was yet larger, twenty feet in circumference. At Donnington park is a beech tree one hundred years old, which measures one hundred feet in height; the diameter of the trunk is seven feet, and that of the head one hundred feet. The Eccles beech in Dumfriesshire is eighteen feet in circumference where it begins to throw out branches, and extends its shade over a space ninety-five feet in diameter. The Ashbridge beeches are no less remarkable. One of them, called the King beech, is one hundred and fourteen feet high, and a trunk seventy-five feet high before it divides into the limbs; the trunk at two feet from the ground is nine feet in circumference. Another, which is seventy feet high, and more than eighteen feet in girth, covers a diameter of one hundred and fourteen feet. The Knowle beech measures at three feet from the ground, twenty-four feet in circumference; the stem, as is usual with this species of tree, increases upward "till it bursts into a perfect forest of limbs." It rises to the height of one hundred and five feet, its boughs extend one hundred and twenty-three feet, and it contains four hundred and ninety-eight feet of solid timber." Nor must we omit to notice two other beechen groves, which will be consecrated as the favourite resorts of two of our most distinguished poets, the immortal Pope, and the author of the well-known elegy, Gray. The latter thus describes his favourite resort, in the neighbourhood of Stoke Pogis, Bucks:—"I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other convenient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the wind. At the foot of one of these, squats me, (*il penseroso*,) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timid hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me." Within the precincts of Windsor forest, in the neighbourhood of Binfield, the early residence of Alexander Pope, is a grove of beeches, whither he would frequently retire, and beneath one in particular, it is said, many of his early pieces were composed. Lady Gower, an admirer of the poet, to perpetuate the memory of this circumstance, caused the words, "Here Pope sang," to be cut in legible characters upon the bark of the tree. A violent storm, however, some years ago, entirely broke off the upper part of the tree, leaving only a scathed and mutilated trunk.

Group of New Zealanders.

NEW ZEALANDERS.

We look with interest on a group of savages, whose manners and customs are very different to our own, especially if there be among them any particular traits of character, setting forth courage or cowardice, kindness or cruelty. We judge them by our own opinions; we measure them by our own standard.

But if, in addition to the interest excited by their peculiar customs and qualities, there be a prospect of their rapidly rising in the scale of civilization and intelligence wer egard them with more than ordinary attention and curiosity. Rude and ignorant, superstitious and degraded as they may be, we see in them the germ of a new order of things; the elements of an infant state, and the progenitors of a race, whose knowledge, influence, and renown, may spread abroad in the earth.

The interesting group in the engraving, is intended as a representation of the natives of New Zealand, in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Cook and Cape Palliser. The Straits of Cook separate the northern islands called Eaheinomauwe from the centre one, Tavai-Poenamoo, in the same manner as Tee's Straits divide the latter from the southern island; these three islands, altogether, form the country of New Zealand.

The colonization of this remote coun try will excite in us different emotions, according as we are accustomed to regard mankind. Colonies are formed is uncivilized countries with various views The statesman considers the advantage that may arise from bringing a new country under the subjection of his own. The merchant calculates on the profit that may accrue from trading with the inhabitants, and bearing away their produce to other climes. The manufacturer contemplates a new market for his goods. While the Christian looks with a single eye to the temporal and eternal welfare of the new people to whom the benefits of civilization and Christianity are about to be extended.

It is not intended, in these observations, to enter on a description of New Zealand, to set forth the progress of discoveries made in the country, or to represent the degree of civilization already partially effected. For the present purpose, it is enough to know, that the New Zealanders have been always described as ignorant, fierce, treacherous, and cruel cannibals; and that the country presents sufficient attractions for Europeans to form colonies therein.

And here, at the very threshold of our remarks, we are struck with what is calculated to produce a deep impression on the pious mind. It would astonish the

most imperturbable spirit to find a lamb living fearlessly near the lair of a wolf, or a kid dwelling in safety in the den of a lion. Yet here is a circumstance little less surprising. Missionaries, unarmed and unprotected, (save by his Almighty protection, who alone can "control the unruly wills and affections of sinful men,") not only living in peace with, but exercising influence over the lawless, the fierce, the treacherous, the man-devouring New Zealander. Truly "this is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes!" Psa. cxviii. 23.

The colonizing of New Zealand is a subject full of interest to the Christian philanthropist; for hard must that heart be that can contemplate, without emotion, the barbarous usage of civilized people towards uncivilized tribes; the unchristian conduct of Christian nations towards the heathen! Very few, indeed, are the colonies of the world wherein the aborigines of the soil have not groaned beneath the iron yoke of those who first settled among them as friends. The man of colour has fallen before the white man, and the blood of unnumbered victims has cried out from the ground against the oppression and wanton cruelty of those who boast of the purity of their faith, and make large professions of humanity, mercy, justice, and peace.

There are Christian men who, believing in national as well as individual sins and punishments, think they recognize in the civil wars of Portugal and Spain a Divine retribution for the wantonly shed blood that has stained the thirsty soil of their distant colonies. These consider the division of Holland, the revolutions of France, and the unsettled position of Great Britain herself, as not unconnected with national and colonial transgression. It remains, then, to be seen, whether, profiting by the past, the colonizers of New Zealand will adopt a more merciful, upright, and Christian course than the annals of the past hand down to us; and whether the present inhabitants of that distant land will have to bless, or to look back with bitterness upon the hour when English colonists first set foot on their native soil.

The page of the past, on the subject of colonies, can hardly be read without a soul-sickening emotion of indignation and shame. White men have won over their darker-coloured brethren by pretended kindness; supplanted them by deceit; brutalized them with spirituous liquors; embroiled them in wars; and robbed them by pretended treaties. They have defeated them by force, pursued them in their native woods with rifles, and hunted them with blood hounds. And can these things pass unheeded by the righteous Ruler of the skies? Is there no retribution in the stretched-out arm of the Holy One against oppression! "Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways," Prov. iii. 31.

Great Britain, stretching as she does the sceptre of her command over so large a portion of the earth, and exercising control over at least a hundred and fifty millions of human beings, in distant lands, was once like New Zealand, inhabited by a barbarous people. We have little among us now resembling the savage rites of the ancient Britons, and the superstitious and cruel ceremonies of the Druids, burning alive their fellow-beings in figures of wicker work. We regard these things with indifference; and, in like manner, the New Zealander, in years to come, may regard the relations of cannibalism as a part of history alone, setting forth practices long abolished.

Even now, the savage customs of New Zealand are giving way. As yet, the inhabitants of the place may, for the most part, dwell in chimneyless huts, with walls formed of twigs, and roofsof rushes or grass. They may tattoo their bodies, and rub themselves over with grease and red ochre. They may eat fern roots, take their meals in the open air, delight in the slaughter of their enemies, and bake the bodies of their prisoners in the earth for food; but these things must rapidly disappear.

At present, New Zealanders, in the interior of their country, clothe themselves with mats and rushes, sticking feathers in their hair; use implements, whose handles are frequently formed of human bones; cut themselves with knives on the return of their chiefs from warlike expeditions; join noses, and weep and howl, in parting with their friends; and practise a hundred other strange customs which must give way before the influence of civilization. Every year will effect new changes, and every generation destroy, for ever, usages that now form a part of the character of the people.

In future years, the New Zealanders

will hardly believe that their forefathers cut their hair with oyster shells, and greedily devoured men. Nor will their wives and daughters, without astonishment, be convinced that the wife of the Great Shungie laboured in the potato ground, digging up the earth with a pole.

The New Zealander is now fierce, even to fury; and treacherous and cruel to a proverb. His tomahawk; his mery, (a short thick club;) his patoo, (battle axe;) his hennee, (halberd;) and his spear, are his most valuable property. He is a man of blood, and to shed blood is his delight. Put a hatchet and a musket before him, and his eyes sparkle; give them to him, and great is his pleasure. May the time be hastened, when he shall cast away the weapons of war, when swords shall be beat into ploughshares, and spears into pruninghooks, and war no more be known.

It is probable that New Zealand will greatly rise in importance; and who shall say that this country will not decline? We are upheld only by the hand of the Holy One; with him, the proudest "nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance," Isa. xl. 15. It becometh us, then, to take heed to the warning words of holy writ; "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," 1 Cor. x. 12. In the mean time, leaving all useless speculations on the future position and influence of the new colonies, the Christian reader will not fail gratefully to regard every new opening for the word of God, and the glad tidings of the gospel, as an approach to the fulfilment of the Divine promise, which he expects, one day, to be fully accomplished; "I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," Psa. ii. 8. And, "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," Isa. xi. 9.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

JUNE.

Leafy June, with its flowers and sunshine, the month of roses, returns welcome to all, and invites the naturalist to wander along the stream, and through the woods verdant in the fulness of their renovated foliage. Let him obey

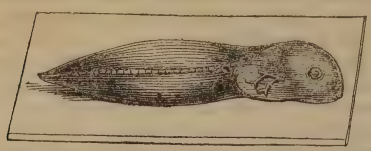
"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

and rise with the earliest twittering of the swallow, the first hum of the bee, and mark the sun yet in the chambers of the east, encurtained with roseate clouds, while the morning dew glitters on the grass like a shower of diamonds, and the fresh breeze is redolent of flowers. Hark! the mower is whetting his scythe, and the lark is soaring in the sky, pouring forth his delightful melody. Let us go forth. How beautiful is morning! morning, that opens the night-folded blossoms, bids the tuneful choir enliven the woodlands with their music, and summons man to his labour. The prowling fox has retired to his den, the polecat to his retreat; the timorous hare has sought her form; the creatures that are active only during the hours of darkness have concealed themselves; the owl is in her ivy-covered bower; and the bat is suspended, asleep, in the hollow tree, or the chamber of the ruined tower; the creatures that rejoice in the brightness of day have already bestirred themselves, and even inanimate nature seems to assume a robe of gladness. See how the mist in volumes rolls up the brow of yon high hill, and clears away from the woods that stretch along its ridge, betokening a goodly day for the mower and the shearer, who are now busy at their work; a goodly day, too, for the bee, in whose labours man is himself not uninterested. But come, we must not delay; let us imitate the bee, and endeavour, at least, to extract good from the works of our Creator, which he has pronounced to be filled with goodness.

See how the surface of that water is covered with the broad leaves of the water-lily; there are two species, one is the *nymphea lutea*, or yellow water-lily, with a yellow blossom; the other is the *nymphea alba*, or white water-lily, the large flowers of which are exceedingly elegant. Several species of duckweed (*Lemna*) are also spread in sheets of green over the liquid they hide, so closely are their small glossy green leaves compacted side by side together. Observe that little animal swimming in the clear water; it is the water newt or eft (*Triton*) one of the amphibia, an innocent little creature, though regarded by some ignorant persons as venomous. During the spring and summer, the males are furnished with a membranaceous dorsal crest running down the back and the tail, which latter is always compressed: the dorsal crest forms an elegant fin-like appendage, but it is temporary, disap-

pearing towards the middle of autumn. The young are hatched from eggs in about fifteen days after their exclusion, and remain for some time in a tadpole state, that is, with branchiæ for the respiration of water; these, however, become obliterated with the development of true lungs, so that, though the newt passes the greatest portion of its existence in the water, it is only at first that, like the tadpole of the frog, its respiration is fish-like; afterwards, the atmospheric air is breathed, for which it often comes to the surface. The food of the newt consists of the larvæ of aquatic insects, worms, etc., and it may be caught by means of a baited hook. During the winter, it hybernates, buried in the mud.

The transformations which the newt and the frog undergo in their organization, from the tadpole to the perfect state, are very curious, and those of the latter may be now contemplated with ease, as these little creatures abound in every ditch and pond, and are easily procured. The egg of the frog is a mass of round nutritive jelly, having a small black spot in the centre. By degrees this small spot enlarges, and exhibits the appearance of a round head to which a flattened tail is joined; this is the tadpole, and in this form it is hatched, and moves with celerity in its new element. At first a few filaments, or feathery tufts, appear on the sides of the neck, as



in the annexed figure, which float loosely, and serve for the aeration of the blood by the air which the water itself contains. These filamentous appendages are, however, only temporary, and precede the formation of proper gills, which are four in number on each side, and closely resemble those of fishes. Thus organized as a fish, the animal increases in size; but in a few weeks, the hind legs begin to make their appearance, first beneath the transparent skin of the trunk, at the origin of the tail; these are succeeded by the fore legs; their development goes on progressively until they have acquired a degree of size proportionate to that of the head and body. During this period, the lungs have also become developed, and the faculty of inspiring the atmospheric air is acquired, for which the as yet aquatic animal may be observed to come to the surface, taking it into its mouth, and afterwards discharging below the surface in the form of a round bubble. The gills now begin to become obliterated; the tail, too, now less and less requisite for the purposes of locomotion, either aquatic or terrestrial, begins to shrink; it ultimately disappears, and the metamorphose is complete. The appearance and the habits of the animal have undergone an according change with the reversal of its physical constitution; and it is fitted either to leap among the grass of the meadow, or swim in the water, the atmospheric air being its sole element of respiration. Surely this marvellous process, performed with unvarying precision, cannot be uninteresting to the thoughtful inquirer into the laws that regulate the conditions of living beings; it bespeaks design, and a power which baffles human comprehension. We are surrounded with mysteries in creation; we see a little, we know a little, but beyond a certain point our utmost mental energies fail to pass.

But we must not leave the water without endeavouring to gain an acquaintance with other beings, the contemplation of which will fill our minds with astonishment. Let us take some of these small aquatic plants, with a little of the water in which they float, to our home, for the purpose of more minute examination. We shall scarcely fail to find on the leaves some singular polypes, the first discovery of which appears to have been made by Leuwenhoek in 1703, about the same time that a correspondent of the Royal Society made the same discovery in England, and described their singular mode of reproduction. In 1744, these polypes may be said to have been rediscovered by M. Trembley, of Geneva, who made known to science their wonderful properties, so repugnant to the established notions of animal life, that many regarded the alleged facts as impossible fancies. The polype to which we allude, is the *hydra*, of which four fresh-water species are known, *hydra viridis*, *hydra vulgaris*, *hydra fusca*, and *hydra verrucosa*. Of these, the first three are common in weedy ponds or slowly running streams; the two former, however, being the most abundant; the fourth has been taken in Ireland. It was while examining some aquatic plants

that M. Trembley observed certain singular filamentous bodies adhering to their leaves, which at first he regarded as parasitic vegetables; but a closer examination convinced him that they were capable of locomotion; and he found also that they preyed upon small insects or crustacea, and were attracted by light. He now became assured that they were animals, and, delighted with the discovery, commenced a series of diligent investigations.

The hydra, the most simple of organized beings, consists of a homogeneous gelatinous tube, contracted at one extremity, which may be termed its caudal, and which is furnished with a minute sucker, for the purpose of adhesion to leaves or stems; the other extremity, of which the orifice may be regarded as the mouth, is surrounded by a number of radiating, contractile filaments, (of singular length in *hydra fusca*,) which serve as arms of prehension. In the *hydra viridis*, these filaments, or tentacula, are scarcely equal to, or do not exceed, when elongated to their utmost, the length of the body. On submitting one of these animals to microscopic examination, which may be readily done, it will be found to consist of a granular structure invested by albumen; but neither nervous, nor muscular fibres, nor vessels of any kind can be discovered by the most minute attention; there are no rings as in the worm, nor any organs of the senses. The entire composition is gelatinous, with minute granules intermixed. Yet the animal is possessed of the powers of locomotion, appreciates the presence of light, by which it is sensibly affected, and is highly predatory and ravenous, waging warfare with beings far more complexly organized than itself; and is at the same time so tenacious of life, that if divided longitudinally or transversely, by means of a pair of fine scissors, or even cut into several parts, each part becomes a perfect animal. A polype cut transversely in three parts requires four or five days in summer, longer in cold weather, for the middle piece to produce a head and tail, and the tail to get a head and body, which they do pretty much in the same time; the head part appears to perfect itself sooner than the rest. It is extraordinary, that polypes thus produced grow much larger and are far more prolific than those not multiplied by artificial division. So little inconvenience do these operations seem to give, that the head part of a polype cut in two has been seen in a few minutes to expand its tentacula, and catch prey as usual.

In the water of the rivers or clear ponds, which it naturally inhabits, the hydra is mostly found at the surface, or adhering to plants exposed to the light; it is indeed influenced by the light, which it invariably seeks; and when several are confined in a glass, they seek that side which is most illuminated. Hence, we may suppose that a highly refined degree of nervous sensibility, of which we can have no definite idea, resides in their whole composition, giving them a sense to us unknown. They also feel, and this power or property is peculiarly observable in their tentacula, which surround the mouth, and which are affected by the contact of other bodies, or even the smallest particles. These polypes, unlike most others, are capable of independent locomotion, and can wander about in the water according to circumstances. Their usual mode of proceeding along the stems or leaves of plants is, however, slow; fixing their caudal sucker, so as to attach themselves securely, they bend the body down with a gentle movement, describing a semicircle, till the mouth touches the surface of the leaf, or whatever it be, on which they are stationed; they then adhere by the mouth or the tentacula, unfix the caudal sucker, draw it close to the mouth, and there fix it; they then elevate the body, again bend it down and adhere by the tentacula, and bring the caudal sucker up to the mouth as before, and so on in succession.

This mode of progression is so tedious, that a journey of a few inches requires several hours; they have, however, a more expeditious way, which consists of a series of somersets; adhering by the tentacula and the caudal sucker, they detach the latter, and instead of bringing it up to the mouth, throw it beyond, as far as possible, describing a semicircle, which being affixed, the same revolution is performed by the head. Free in the water, the hydra moves much more rapidly; suspended with its head downwards, its caudal sucker acting the part of a float on the surface, it is drifted with the current of the water, or wafted along by the breeze, or, grasping objects within its reach with its tentacula, it propels itself along; or, holding firmly by a stem or leaf, moors itself in a state

of rest. When alarmed, or touched roughly, the hydra shrinks, contracting its body and tentacula into the form of a small globule, which might easily escape observation, had not its situation been previously noticed.

That creatures of such unsolid structure should not only be voracious, but capable of seizing and swallowing quick and active animals, as insects and their larvæ, and even minute fishes, is calculated to surprise us: such, however, is the case. While watching for its prey, the hydra remains with its tentacula spread widely out and motionless, waiting till some luckless tenant of the water comes in contact with them; the moment an animal, fitted to become its prey, is brought into contact with one of these filamentous arms, its course is instantaneously arrested, and notwithstanding all its efforts to escape, it appears to be fixed as if by some power too great to be overcome; the tentacle contracts, others are brought into contact with the struggling captive, it is gradually dragged to the orifice of the mouth, which opens to receive it, and forced into the digestive cavity, where it may be seen through the transparent body of the hydra, until the process of digestion renders it indistinct, giving a dull opacity to the transparent body of the devourer. The power which the tentacles possess of thus arresting the animal's prey is not well understood. M. Trembley attributed it to a viscid secretion acting like birdlime; but it has been observed, that when the hydra is satiated with food, animals which then may be brought into contact with the tentacula are not arrested, but easily escape.

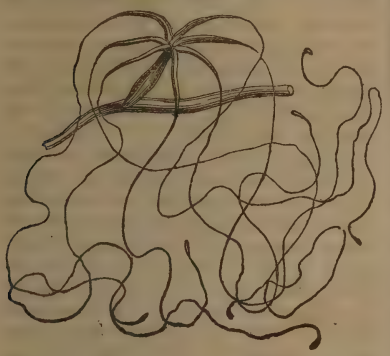
It cannot be doubted, that the hydra is to be reckoned among poisonous creatures, being endowed with the power of instantly killing the softer animals on which it preys. Smellie states that small water worms, which the polypus is accustomed to attack, are so tenacious of life, that they may be cut to pieces without their seeming to receive any material injury, or suffer much pain from the incisions; but the poison of the polypus instantly extinguishes every principle of life and motion; strange to say, no sooner has the mouth of the polypus touched this worm than it expires. No wound, however, is to be perceived in the dead animal. By experiments made with the best microscopes, it has been found that the polypus is neither provided with teeth, nor any other instrument that could pierce the skin. It appears, moreover, according to Trembley, that fishes refuse to swallow the hydra. The hard shells of the entomostracous insects, however, on which the hydra largely preys, seem to be defended from the effects of this poisonous excretion of their enemy, and when by chance they escape, swim about unharmed. Baker, who carefully studied the habits of these creatures, says, that they seize a worm with as much eagerness as a cat does a mouse, and adds, "I have sometimes forced a worm from a polype the instant it has been bitten (touched by the polype's mouth) at the expense of breaking off the polype's arms, and have always observed it die very soon afterwards, without one single instance of recovery." It appears that a worm, on being seized, evinces, by the most violent contortions, which, however, are but momentary, every symptom of painful suffering; these are succeeded by sudden death. It is, then, from this poisonous property possessed by the hydra that it is enabled to overcome the struggles of worms far superior to itself in power and activity; its arms are to them deadly instruments, within the grasp of which they become paralyzed and deathstruck.

It would seem that the granules of the gelatinous body of the hydra, from their change of colour according to that of the prey, perform some important office in the assimilation of the nutritive particles of the food. The action of the digestive cavity upon the food received is very rapid; but the digestive powers of this stomach exert no influence on any part of the animal itself, as the tentacula, which in the long-armed species (*H. fusca*) are frequently coiled round the prey while undergoing digestion in the stomach: nor does one polype of the same species, if swallowed by a larger individual, appear to be subject to the operation of the digestive powers. On one occasion M. Trembley saw a contest between two of these creatures for the same prize, which both had seized, and both partially swallowed; the strife ended by the larger swallowing the smaller hydra, together with the subject of their mutual contention. The fate of the smaller hydra he regarded as certain; but no. After the devourer and the devoured had mutually digested their mutual captive, the swallowed hydra was disgorged from his imprisonment alive

and sound, and apparently without having suffered any inconvenience.

The reproduction of these animals is plant-like, by gemmules or buds, which sprout indifferently on any part of the animal's body, gradually assume their true form, and become detached and independent. The annexed sketches present us with the two species of this

singular polype. 1. The green hydra, (*hydra viridis,*) in various positions, the lowermost showing it gorged with food.



2. The long-armed hydra, (*hydra fusca.*) Both species are of the natural size.

But you are, perhaps, tired with this long account of a minute creature, and wish to contemplate beings of other races, in the habits of which you take more delight. See that little bird on the stone which juts out in the middle of the rapid stream. It is the water ouzle, or dipper, (*cinclus aquaticus.* Beckst.) Mark how it suddenly dips down its head, and jerks its short erect tail; there, it has plunged into the water, and disappeared; do not fear for its safety, it has again made its appearance, and is perched by the water side; it will soon dive again, if we do not disturb it. There flies its mate: be sure its nest is near; but unless we watch the pair to their home, we shall never find it. They are procuring food for their nestlings; this consists of the larvæ of aquatic insects and the fry of small fish, such as the minnow, and it is in quest of these that they plunge so frequently beneath the water. How the bird manages to keep itself submerged and proceed in its search of prey, is not very easily explained, but that it does so is undeniable.

In the summer of 1839, I had an opportunity, as indeed I have had many times before, of narrowly watching the habits of these birds, which are common along the trout streams that run through the rock-belted and romantic dales of Derbyshire. Often and often have I watched them plunge in and reappear at a considerable distance, unwet, and then flit a few yards further, settle on a stone or crag, and again plunge and emerge as before; but whether they walk at the bottom deliberately, (an unlikely mode,) or proceed by the action of their wings, (an opinion to which I incline,) I never could positively determine; but where the water has been too shallow to cover them entirely, I have remarked their wings rapidly vibrating. The nest of these birds, composed externally of moss and green lichen, and lined with decayed leaves, is generally hidden in the fissure of some rocky bank overhanging the stream, or between the interstices of narrow stones. I observed one, in 1839, in the fissures beneath the rude stones of a small bridge across the Wye, near Buxton, and another in the ruins of an old water mill, among which the stream was dashing rapidly along. The eggs, five in number, are of a clear white: the young leave the nest before being able to fly with perfect facility, but even then, dive with great promptitude and apparent facility.

There flits another tenant of the river, rapid and direct in its flight as an arrow, and glancing as it passes, like burnished metal in the sun. It is the kingfisher. (*Alcedo ispida.*) It is also a diver in pursuit of its prey, which consists almost exclusively of small fish, which it takes as they rise near the surface, darting impetuously upon them, and carrying them to some favourite perching place, then to be eaten or taken to its young. Having secured its prey, the kingfisher carries it to land, and kills it by beating it against a stone or the stump of a tree, on which it may rest, and then swallows it whole the bones and undigestible

parts being rejected in the form of small pellets by the mouth, as is the case with the owl and other carnivorous birds. It rears its young in a deep hole, running diagonally upwards, and excavated in the soft steep bank of the river; sometimes it takes possession of the deserted burrow of a water-rat, enlarging it to suit its own convenience. It makes no nest, but the young are soon surrounded by the rejected pellets of fish-bones; they are very voracious, and their continual cry for food often leads to their discovery. As soon as fledged, they acquire the metallic brilliancy of their parents, a circumstance wisely ordained, for this burnished surface is requisite for enabling the plumage to throw off the water, so as to prevent it from becoming saturated by diving; and by this means alone can the young birds procure their own food, which they are thus enabled to do as soon as they can fairly fly.

But let us now pass into the wood, for the day is beginning to be hot, and the leafy trees will form a pleasant shade. There goes the squirrel; how nimbly he ascends that smooth-barked beech; his mate is probably with her young in their nest; you may see it like that of a bird, in the fork of those tall branches, almost concealed by the foliage and thick boughs. The nest of the squirrel is very curious, and it is remarkable that it should so much resemble those of the feathered race. It is composed of fibres and twigs, curiously intertwined and lined with leaves and moss. The young are three or four in number, and remain associated with their parents till the following spring, when they separate and choose their mates; the male and female remain attached and occupy the same tree for many seasons, having around it a little territory of their own, in which they seek their subsistence.

Observe that pretty bird which is now so nimbly running round and up the trunk of the fine tree before us: few birds display more activity or address than bark-climbers; in this respect this bird even exceeds the woodpecker, as it is not only capable of ascending, but of descending also; its tail, however, is flexible, and never used as an assistant in climbing, as it is by the latter. The bird in question is the nuthatch (*Sitta Europœa.*) The nuthatch is not uncommon in old woods, throughout a great part of our island; but is not found either in Cornwall, or in the more northern districts of Scotland; it feeds upon such insects and their larvæ as frequent and injure the bark of trees, on which account it deserves protection: but seeds, and the kernels of the filbert and hazel nuts, also form part of its diet, and hence it is capable of maintaining itself during the winter, partly by searching out the larvæ concealed in the crevices of the bark, and partly by the wild fruits mentioned. The method of arriving at the kernel of the hazel nut, or filbert, is very ingenious, if such a word be permitted, as applicable to the directions of instinct. It first detaches the nut from the husk, or envelope, by means of its bill; it then fixes it firmly in the crevice or chink of a tree, and hammers it with its bill, repeating its strokes until the shell is broken: a convenient place for this purpose is generally resorted to time after time; a hoard of refuse nut shells accumulating in the cavity or spot where the operation is carried on. The nuthatch breeds in the holes of trees, often appropriating the deserted habitation of a woodpecker; and when the orifice is larger than necessary, it narrows the entrance with mud or clay, and gravel, mixed together, and plastered on the margin of the opening, very neatly, so as to form a barricade, leaving an aperture just sufficient for its own ingress and egress. From this circumstance, has arisen one of its names among the French, that of mason woodpecker. The nest is composed of dried leaves, artlessly put together; the eggs are five in number, greyish-white, spotted with reddish-brown. The female sits very close, and is resolute in the defence of her nest, hissing like a snake, and striking violently with her bill. The call note of the nuthatch in spring is a loud, shrill whistle.

There is another little bird, creeping mouse-like around the bark of that tree, which it so closely resembles in the brown colour of its plumage, that did not its movements betray it, it might easily be passed by unnoticed. It is termed the creeper (*Certhia familiaris*) from its actions, and may be approached very nearly; watch it, see how it ascends, winding spirally round the trunk; it cannot descend like the nuthatch, and therefore generally begins its travels up the tree, in quest of insects, from the lower part of the trunk, using its stiff, pointed, and deflected tail as a support

in its progress. It is ever in motion. There! it has flitted to another tree, and is creeping up it. The creeper makes its nest of grass, lined with feathers, in some hole of a decayed tree; the eggs are from seven to nine in number, of a white colour, sprinkled with reddish brown. This bird is the only European example of its genus, as is the nuthatch also.

But it is time to retire, for the heat of midday sun begins to warm even the recesses of the wood; the voices of the birds have ceased; and the insects have retreated to the covert of the leaves. How glorious is the sun in his strength! how powerful are his light-giving, life-reviving beams! and how forcibly does he proclaim the might, majesty, and glory of Him, who maketh the heavens his throne, and the earth his footstool! of Him, who is light ineffable, which man cannot see and live; but who has clothed himself with a raiment of mercy and compassion, that we may behold him, and so live for ever. M.

ST. PAUL'S BAY, MALTA.

The Rev. J. A. Clark, in writing to a friend, says—You know it was on the shores of this island, then called Melita, either from the goodness of its honey, or from the nymph Melita, the daughter of Doris and Nereus, that St. Paul was shipwrecked. As tradition had preserved the remembrance of the spot where this disaster occurred, I felt a strong desire to visit it. Accordingly, the fourth day after our arrival at Malta, we set off on an excursion that would occupy two days, so planning our route, that we should visit Gozo, and pass along around the whole circuit of St. Paul's Bay.

We had advanced some eight or ten miles in our excursion, when the bright and broad Mediterranean broke upon our view upon the right. Having ascended another range of hills, we came in sight of an object that riveted my eyes to the spot, with an emotion I cannot well describe—what is called St. Paul's Bay, from its having been the scene of his shipwreck, recorded in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. When I reached the shore of this bay, where tradition has located the place of the landing of the wrecked mariners of that ill-fated ship, I felt I was treading on sacred ground. The waters now were all calm and radiant with the beams of a resplendent sun. But I could imagine the darkness of the heavens, the fury of the storm, the boisterousness of the sea, lashed by fierce winds into unbridled rage, and the sail-rent, dismasted vessel, with its stern already "broken with the violence of the waves," so graphically depicted by St. Luke. I could imagine the dispersed and sinking crew, "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship," making their way to the land. Perhaps, on the very spot where I stood, chilled and dripping from the waters, they assembled, while the rude barbarous people, inhabitants of the island, gathered around, touched with feelings of kindness, kindled for them a fire, and received every one of them, "because of the present rain, and because of the cold." As I tried to picture to myself the apostle of the Gentiles, standing before that fire kindled on the shore, his apparel dripping with the briny waters of the sea, I thought of all the perils of his eventful life, and of all he endured for the love of Christ, and the salvation of a dying world. He was willing to be a prisoner; to be carried to Rome; to be shipwrecked, and cast into the deep; for the waves would wash him to a certain island, among whose barbarous inhabitants he would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was willing that the viper should issue from the burning wood, and fasten upon his hand, for the power which Christ had given him, to tread on scorpions, and render harmless the fangs of the most venomous beasts, would enable him to acquire such an influence over the minds of the spectators, that they would give heed to the truths of the gospel. The effect was, that Publius, the Roman governor of the island, received the whole crew courteously; and Paul having performed a miracle of healing for the father of Publius, who was "sick of a fever and of a bloody flux," the apostle, and all who sailed in the same ship with him, were honoured with many honours; and when they departed, were laded with such things as were necessary.

The apostle did not pass the three months that he spent at Malta, or Melita, as the island was then called, in vain. Publius, tradition states, and many of the inhabitants of the island, became converts of Christianity; and it is very

certain, that Christianity has had a footing in this island, ever since the shipwreck of St. Paul. Doubtless, thousands have been trained here for glory. But, considering what a theatre of agitation and of war this island has ever been, and the multifarious foreign influences that have been exerted upon it, and the torpedo touch with which, ages ago, Papacy paralyzed all the energies of this people, who have never fully emerged from their ignorant and barbarous state, it is not wonderful that the mere shadow of Christianity is all that now remains. As all these various reflections came over my mind, I wound my way up the lofty hill that rises above this bay with feelings somewhat tinged with gloom. Alas! in a corrupt world, among depraved men, every thing degenerates. Still the gospel has power to stay these waves of corruption, to keep itself from degeneracy, and to bring the race up to its own high standard. It never fails to do this, except when betrayed by its pretended friends.—*Glimpses of the Old World.*

THE LAUNCH; OR, "HOPE HUMBLY, BUT HOPE ALWAYS."

My uncle had a pretty little marine villa on the coast of Suffolk, where he generally spent a few weeks in the course of the summer, accompanied by some members of his family or other friends. One year, my parents occupied it a considerable time, for the benefit of my mother's health. In consequence of their absence from home, it was arranged that I should not go thither for the holidays, but spend them with my uncle, and accompany him and Frank to the coast to visit my parents. The scene was rather new to us, and we very much enjoyed it. Bathing, swimming, sailing, and geologizing, agreeably varied our holiday occupations; but there was nothing that interested us more than the ship building, which is carried on to a great extent on the banks of the river Orwell. The day after our arrival, my good uncle having business at the town, took us with him. It was a delightful drive along the coast, enlivened as usual by his pertinent remarks and interesting anecdotes. Our first call was at an office on the wharf. While my uncle was conversing with the principals of the concern (two brothers) Frank engaged my attention to a number of plans, with which the room was surrounded, of vessels of various sizes and descriptions, and in different stages of completion. My cousin understood something about these matters: but they were quite new to me, and not quite so interesting as he seemed to think they ought to be. The fact was, that these plans, aided even by Frank's explanations, failed to convey to my mind a perfectly intelligible idea. I did not clearly understand the uses of the several parts described, still less the technical phrases by which they were expressed. It was far otherwise when I saw the real thing; there was no lack of interest then. After the gentlemen had been some time in conversation, my uncle, pointing to one of the drawings, inquired how that fine vessel was proceeding. "It is nearly completed," replied one of the partners, "the launch is fixed for the first Tuesday in August. It is to us a season of feverish anxiety; but I assure you, sir, a sentiment with which you took leave of us last year has often sustained us in the course of our undertaking, and we still recur to it in prospect of the launch. You said to us at parting, 'Hope humbly, but hope always.'"

"Well," replied my uncle, "it is a just sentiment; and if it prove to have been a word fitly spoken, and suitable to your peculiar feelings, it is matter of satisfaction and thankfulness. We are too apt to utter unmeaning expressions, or such as are not worth remembering."

"True," rejoined Mr. Fowler, "and too apt to forget what ought to be treasured up; but it is well when a just sentiment is thus lodged in the mind, and affords seasonable instruction and succour; and such has been the case with your sentiment, as both my brother and myself can testify."

"Yes," said Mr. John Fowler, "under a nervous fever, last autumn, brought on, I quite believe, by excitement of mind on account of this vessel, your parting words were often present with me, and proved a more effectual cordial than any suggested by mere medical skill. I hope my dear brother, who then often suggested them to me, will now apply them with equally beneficial influence to himself; for he now, in prospect of the launch, labours under anxiety as intense as mine has been during the progress of the building."

The gentlemen then invited us to walk out and look at the vessel. My uncle expressed surprise and admiration at the progress that had been made since he last inspected it, as well as at the adaptation, completeness, and beauty of every part, and their exact conformity to the original design. The gentlemen kindly explained to us the uses of the different parts; and readily answered the questions suggested by Frank's intelligence and general knowledge, and even mine, which I felt conscious discovered more of ignorance and stupidity, though not unaccompanied by a desire to gain useful information. My uncle looked at his watch, and said he had business in the town which would fully occupy him until the time that he had appointed for the carriage to meet us. It was not without reluctance that we received the summons; and my uncle and his friends, observing how much we were interested in what was going on, kindly proposed that we should remain there while he went into the town. We also received a general invitation to visit the wharf whenever we felt disposed to do so, and to be present at the launch of the vessel.

On our way home, as we talked about the vessel and its owners, my uncle observed that a large, well-constructed ship presented one of the finest specimens of human skill and perseverance. "The vessel," said he, "which you have just seen, and which is now nearly completed in such admirable style, has been three years in building, and has employed the constant labour of above one hundred men."

"It must be a very expensive undertaking," observed Frank.

"Yes," replied my uncle, "not less than 40,000*l.* have been expended upon it; the contract, I believe, is for 50,000*l.*"

"I was going to ask you, sir," said Frank, "whether the vessel was built for the chance of sale, or whether it was done, according to order, for some particular person."

"The latter, certainly; it would be far too great an enterprise to embark in as a mere speculation."

"Yes, one such concern would be enough to ruin a man, if he did not happen to dispose of it. I thought, perhaps it was on that ground that the Messrs. Fowler expressed so much anxiety. But that could not be the case if the vessel was contracted for before it was built."

"There are, however, in so large an undertaking, many other contingencies which might well occasion serious anxiety, if not painful apprehension. Indeed, I have witnessed their operation on the minds of my friends, both in the progress of this vessel and on several former occasions, until I have really feared that their health and mental energies would give way under the excitement. However, you will probably have an opportunity of hearing more than I could tell you about this matter; for as Saturday is a public holiday, I have prevailed on the Fowlers to give themselves a little recreation, by way of recruiting themselves for the prospect of the launch, which will be a new excitement. I hope they will be able to come to us on Friday evening, and stay till Monday morning."

It was late when these gentlemen arrived; for they had considered it a necessary precaution before they left the wharf to see all the workmen clear off, and personally to inspect every part of the vessel and the premises, where any possibility might exist of mischief from fire. This inspection was not to be trusted even to a trusty foreman, in prospect of both the principals giving a truce of two or three days to care. "And now," said one of the brothers, addressing himself to my uncle, "having taken every precaution that prudence dictated, and I trust habitually committing our concerns to the watchful care of Providence, we must again endeavour to put in practice your golden maxim, 'Hope humbly, but hope always.'"

The subject was then dismissed, and the conversation assumed a general character; though, as I have often observed, my uncle discovered considerable tact in drawing out his guests on topics which he had reason to think would be agreeable to them, and on which they were most likely to impart information. Much passed that evening that, at least to Frank and myself, was new and interesting—about the growth of different kinds of trees; the peculiar properties and adaptations of each as timber; the importation of timber from foreign parts; the articles of commerce usually furnished in exchange; and the difficulties and hazard attendant on commerce of every kind, and that of timber in particular, in a time of war, com-

pared with the facility, security, and advantages of peace. The difference in price was astonishing, and several instances were mentioned, in which the fortune of individuals had been made or ruined by the purchase of a cargo of timber a few days earlier or later; and thus the conversation glided round again to the favourite vessel. Mr. William Fowler mentioned having been for a fortnight or more in a state of extreme anxiety as to the fate of a vessel, on board which they had a large consignment of foreign timber, and which was supposed to have been captured. It was at a time, he said, when his brother was laid aside by illness; and when he was not only deprived of the solace of having a sharer in his apprehensions and perplexities, but when they were doubled by his efforts to conceal them, lest the intelligence should reach his brother, and aggravate his already threatening malady.

"And what was the result?" asked my uncle.

"After more than a fortnight's suspense, we learned that the vessel had safely reached the port of Hull; so we had only to sustain a little additional expense and a little inconvenience from delay, instead of the heavy and almost ruinous loss which had been apprehended."

"This," observed my uncle, addressing himself to Frank, "was one of the contingencies to which I alluded the other day, when I spoke of the frequent anxieties experienced in the progress of an undertaking like that of our friends."

"Anxiety, sir!" exclaimed Mr. William Fowler, "our business is one of anxiety from first to last; I can scarcely enumerate the seasons when we have had nothing to sustain and cheer us beside your golden maxim, 'Hope humbly, but hope always.' First, there was the competition for the contract. There were several competitors, most of them confident of success; some relying on interest; some on long experience and established reputation in the trade; some on the extremely low sum proposed in their estimate. On neither of these particulars could we presume. We had no special interest with the parties proposing the contract, nor with any who were likely to influence them. As comparatively young men, our reputation in large undertakings was yet to be made; and we could not afford to propose terms that were not likely to afford us a fair remuneration. We could not be very sanguine. We hoped, however, that an established character for integrity, capability, and punctuality in lesser affairs might recommend us to notice in this; and we farther hoped, that if employed, we should be enabled to complete the undertaking to our own credit and the satisfaction of all parties concerned."

"Yes, my friend, you hoped humbly, and you have not been disappointed."

"Not hitherto; but the work is not yet complete, and the launch is still before us."

"Well, having hoped humbly, it now remains that you should hope always."

"Yes, we must endeavour so to hope as to allay distressing and useless anxiety; but not so as to slacken exertion and vigilance."

"True; the legitimate influence of hope is to quicken while it encourages; your success in obtaining the contract, no doubt, while it sustained your hope of ultimate success, at the same time stimulated your exertions at every succeeding stage of the business, to deserve and to acquire the success at which you aimed."

"Yes; we have often said to each other, 'We must pay particular attention to such or such a matter; after succeeding so far, it would be doubly grievous to sustain disappointment through any neglect or fault of our own.' Oh, the scrutinizing care with which we felt it necessary to watch every line of the contract, to see that it was so drawn up as to leave no cause for dispute at a future period; that every thing might be upright, clear, and explicit; that we should ourselves fully understand our obligations and our claims; and that the whole might be perfectly intelligible to others, in case of the death of the original contractors! Then the care and caution necessary to be observed in the selection of timber. O, sir, think of the tremendous consequences that might ensue, if one unsound plank were employed in the vessel! Then the engaging a sufficient number of competent and faithful workmen, and securing an adequate supply of materials to keep them constantly employed; and the forecast and management, and often almost insurmountable difficulty necessarily attendant on young beginners, in timely providing for the heavy outlay required in an undertaking

of this magnitude; and the constant enforcement of method and despatch necessary to secure the completion of the work within the time specified: all these have been sources of constant anxiety, and could only be counterbalanced by the exercise of humble, persevering hope of success; hope sustained by the consciousness that our own best endeavours were not wanting.

"We have had many anxieties, too, arising from causes beyond our own control and management—the hazard of life or limb to the workmen employed. How sadly would our success be embittered if we had to connect with it the lamentations of bereaved families, or the loss of health and activity to some faithful, laborious workmen! This we have mercifully been spared, and we consider it a cause for peculiar gratitude to the Preserver of men, that no one has sustained serious injury in the progress of the work. But one of our principal men was laid aside by serious illness. This occasioned considerable delay, as many hands were guided by his head, which, during his absence, were comparatively useless. Had our fears about him been fully realized, it would have been impossible for us to have duly fulfilled the contract. The failure of a country bank, from which we were to receive our instalments, threw us into great perplexity and embarrassment, which, though but temporary, were distressing and alarming: and then the illness of my brother, and the apprehension that one or other of us might be cut off, and leave the survivor incumbered with a great unfinished undertaking, which such a circumstance might render ruinous instead of advantageous to both our families. Oh these have been anxieties indeed, and I can only wonder that from day to day we have been sustained under them. We have still the launch before us—when hundreds, perhaps thousands, will be assembled to witness the success or the failure of our enterprize! Oh it is indeed an appalling prospect. Our vessel has been constructed with the nicest care and the greatest mathematical precision; but we cannot be sure that we have succeeded until we see her float steadily and majestically on the wave. Our work is performed on the dry land; but it must be proved on the ocean: and what if it should be a failure! Then, too, with all our care in preparing for the launch, it is possible that the slipping of one block or wedge may cause the vessel to jerk irregularly in its descent, or, as we technically call it, to lurch, and occasion serious injury to itself, or what would be far worse, endanger the men employed in managing it."

"Well, cheer up, my good friend, and still let hope sustain the head of exertion, till perseverance crowns it. I assure you we all feel deeply interested in the trials and anxieties you have detailed, and which are now approaching so near to their termination: and relying on the same gracious Providence which you have all along humbly recognized, whose blessing has hitherto rested on the work of your hands, and is usually seen to rest on humble confidence combined with proper diligence and care, we cheerfully anticipate for you a prosperous issue of the affair."

The assiduous brothers took their departure from my uncle's very early on the Monday morning, much recruited even by that short interval of repose and recreation. During the period that intervened between that and the time appointed for the launch, Frank and myself daily visited the wharf, and passed several hours in watching the completion of the interesting vessel, participating in no small degree in the anxious excitement with which its builders looked forward to the important day. When it arrived, my uncle and all his inmates were among the earliest of the spectators. He stood for some time, arm in arm with the Messrs. Fowler, watching the workmen engaged in removing every thing that could obstruct or endanger the vessel. On leaving them to conduct my mother and sisters to the seats allotted for them, my uncle shook hands with each of the brothers, and said, "Once more, hope to the end, hope humbly, but hope always."

The day was serene, and not intensely hot; the company numerous and highly respectable. The Messrs. Fowler were highly respected in the neighbourhood, as their father before them had been many years: and as this was the first very formidable undertaking completed by the young men since the business had been entirely in their hands, a very lively interest was excited.

At the appointed moment, the signal was given, the last block was removed, the moorings were unloosed, and the

vessel glided swiftly yet steadily to its destined element, and rode majestically on the bosom of the wave. For the last few minutes, a breathless silence had pervaded the large assembly; but now a shout of glad congratulation and applause simultaneously burst from every lip, and was prolonged for several minutes. The brothers silently grasped each other's hand, and looked upwards, doubtless with a heart-felt aspiration of gratitude to Him, whom they were accustomed to acknowledge in all their ways, and at whose hand they received the success which so richly rewarded their enterprising and persevering toils.

"Uncle," said Frank, as we rode home, "I am heartily glad that the hopes of our friends have been so fully realized. I shall often think of their three years of anxiety and labour, and the accomplishment of their hopes on this happy day; and I shall endeavour to adopt as my own your delightful motto, 'Hope humbly, but hope always.'"

"Do so, Frank, and be sure you take both limbs of the sentiment, if you would avoid disappointment. Hope would not so generally be called a 'gay deceiver,' if people would but hope humbly." We united in requesting my uncle to tell us what was included in hoping humbly. He paused a moment, and then replied, "I think, at least, it will be found to include,—1. Hope *lawfully;* let the object of hope be that which is in itself good and lawful, else the very hope may be productive of very great mischief, as well as issue in disappointment. The ambitious and the covetous man, stimulated by the hope of aggrandizement and wealth, trample on the claims of justice and humanity; and success, if it comes at all, comes not as a blessing, but a curse. The same hope, well directed, stimulates the patient industry and perseverance of the husbandman in tilling the ground; the labours of the philanthropist, in promoting the happiness of his fellow creatures; and the researches of the man of science in the regions of knowledge and experiment, for the enlargement of his own mind, or for devising schemes of useful ingenuity to aid the labours of the mechanic, to promote the conveniences and comforts of life, and to advance the lawful interests of commerce. Success here is truly satisfactory. 2. Let your hope be *warrantable.* The hopes of some men are but like the vagaries of a disordered imagination, or the proud, presumptuous claims of self-conceit, 'I hope to obtain so and so; for there is nothing too great or too good for *me* to expect.' This is any thing but hoping humbly or reasonably. 3. Hope *consistently;* hope for good results from your good exertions, not without them. We have no encouragement to hope for any good, for which we do not diligently strive, and use all appointed means to attain. He who hopes to reap a crop, while he has neglected to cultivate the field, hopes presumptuously and sluggishly, and his hope will make him ashamed. 4. Hope *dependently.* However well laid your plans, and however well directed and diligent your exertions, never lose sight of your entire dependence on the blessing of God for success in your undertakings. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it,' Psa. cxxvii. 1. 'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart," Psa. xxxvii. 3, 4. 5. Hope *submissively;* not merely hoping for success as the gift of God, but resigning your hope to his disposal, to be succeeded or frustrated as his unerring wisdom suggests. 'If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that,' James iv. 15. With submission to his holy will, we may hope for life, health, comfort, prosperity, and temporal good in general; but whether, in these respects, hope or disappointment awaits us, we may, while confidently relying on the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, unhesitatingly hope that all these things will work together for our good; and while thus hoping humbly, we shall often, even in worldly things, find that though our fondly cherished hopes have been in some instances frustrated, on the whole they have been far exceeded by the providential goodness of God. Jacob hoped that he should see his ten sons back from Egypt with a supply of corn, and he hoped that he should be able to avoid parting with Benjamin. In both these particulars, his hopes were frustrated. One of the ten was detained a prisoner in Egypt, and no second supply could be obtained, unless Benjamin accompanied the remaining nine; and Jacob, on the brink of despair, exclaimed, 'All these things are against me,' little thinking that the purposes of Divine Provi-

dence were ripening fast to accomplish for him far more than he even dared to hope for. Not only Simeon and Benjamin were restored to him; but also he found his long lost Joseph raised to eminent honour and usefulness. Gen. xlii.—xlv.

"While, therefore, we 'hope humbly' we are warranted to 'hope always,' notwithstanding difficulties, delays, and discouragements; because we rely on the power, promise, and faithfulness of God. There is no difficulty which Omnipotence cannot surmount or obviate; there is no good which he cannot bestow; no distress from which he cannot raise us up; no effort of ours, however feeble, which he cannot crown with success. Then we have his gracious word of promise, that these things he *will* do for us, and will not forsake us, Isa. xlii. 16; and that 'no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly,' Psa. lxxxiv. 11. And 'hope deferred' if fixed on God, should not 'sicken the heart,' for though it seem to us to be delayed, it will not tarry a moment beyond the appointed, the best time, Hab. ii. 3.

'Then wait His seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.'

But, however it may be in respect to worldly things; there is one hope which may be absolutely cherished, and which will certainly be fulfilled, without any limitation or qualification whatever. It is a 'good hope through grace,' 2 Thess. ii. 16; a hope of salvation in Christ Jesus, secured by the immutable promise and oath of God to all 'who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us,' Heb. vi. 18; the 'hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began,' Tit. i. 2; 'that blessed hope,' Tit. ii. 13, which every one that hath in him, purifieth himself even as the Lord is pure: expecting, ere long, to be like Him, and see him as he is, 1 John iii. 2." C.

THE NECESSITY AND PRECIOUSNESS OF FAITH.

We should study to acquaint ourselves with the necessity and preciousness of faith; for these will make a man hold hard ere he part with it. The man that is possessed of a large property, and carries it about with him, will as soon lose his life as part with his treasure. How valuable, excellent, and useful must this grace of faith be, which subdueth passions; overcomes allurements; renders things, which are impossible to the flesh, easy and delightsome; enables us to stand fast when we are buffeted by Satan; lifts up the head amidst all the surges of temptation; remains victorious in all combats; raises us up when we are cast down, and our weapons beaten on our heads; knits the heart fast to the heavenly commandments; quickeneth its deadness; and holds the Lord fast when he leads us into the dark! Who would not prefer the possession and increase of such a grace before life itself? Nay, what is our life without it? If faith live in us, we live blessedly, whatever misery compass us about. If faith decay, we die; if it die, we perish.—*Balls' Treatise on Faith.*

POOR JACKO.

This was the designation which affection had bestowed upon a monkey on board the Alexander Baring, in which the writer was a passenger, in his voyage to China about four years ago. It was of a middling size, and wore a fur of a deep or olive brown. It belonged to the guenons or cercopithecus kind, and though, like them, full of freaks, and soon angry, had a gentle good nature about it, which made it the favourite of all. It had no small degree of versatility, as it would be gay with the merry hearted, and serious with those who were given to thoughtfulness. If the light-thoughted sea boy passed by, it would leap upon him for a game of play; but if the writer went near, he was received with looks as pensive and careworn as his own. It would sit with the greatest composure while an attempt was made to count the pulsations of the heart, to ascertain the form of the head, colour of eyelashes, state of the eye, etc. It would sometimes lean its head on one side and assume such a demure countenance, that the officers and the crew affirmed that it was acting the sick man. Perhaps it was the pleasure of being handled in this way that made him sit so quietly; but whatever might be the cause, the imitation was exact and very natural. What rendered it like acting, was an unwillingness to mar the decorum of the character. The sight of a gold watch was a great temptation; but the wish to possess so shining a treasure was only expressed by a paw laid softly upon it, without any attempt to pull it away. In these examin-

ations one could not forbear reflecting upon the vast difference between the human form and that of a monkey, notwithstanding all that has been said about their similarity. If, in the head of man, for example, we suppose that a cutting instrument were to enter just above the eyebrows, and pass out near the crown of the head, we should have a representation in the lower portion of the head of the monkey before us. The noblest part of our intellectual faculties are supposed to have their seat in that portion of the head that would be removed by such a process. Whether the presence or absence of this important part is enough to account for the difference between a man and a monkey is no question among those, who believe that the former has a soul that is accountable to God for its actions, and one that must live for ever, either in happiness or woe; but it is useful, as a point of natural history, to note these outward distinctions. If we compare the head of a man with that of an ape or a monkey, we see that the latter has proportionately greater breadth, while the former has greater height, especially in the forepart. In common language, without any violation of accuracy, we might say, that man has a high forehead, while the monkey has a very low one. In the dog, we see the rudiment of a forehead at the rising just above the eyes; in the horse, scarcely any trace of such a thing can be seen. The face of a horse is, in fact, the top of the head, or, in other words, corresponds to that point in us. In this monkey, the cranium or bones of the head were very hard and smooth, and might be compared to a piece of marble. The use or final cause of this hardness is to secure the brain against injury from those blows, to which the active pursuits of the animal, among the boughs of trees, must often expose it. The heart is situated high up the breast, perhaps for the purpose of withdrawing it from the side where it would not be so well protected by the arms, as it is now in its present position. There is a kind provision made to secure freedom of motion in the loose nature of the skin, especially about the neck. This favours the agility of the animal, and lightens the effects of a concussion by its elasticity at the same time. Such points are never unworthy the notice of a naturalist, for his stock of information is composed of similar items, nor ought they to be neglected by those who love to reflect upon the fact, that amidst the myriads of living and vegetable creatures, none has been overlooked or forgotten. All human plans require amendment, or are susceptible of improvement; not so with any of God's works. The more deeply we study the wonders of nature, the more complete are our proofs that this affirmation is universally true.

A short account of the death of this poor animal will not form an improper conclusion to this article. While we were hastening towards the cold regions, on the south side of the equator, somewhere between thirty-six and forty degrees, poor Jacko was forgotten one night, and left to take his chance upon the cold deck. In the morning, he was found clinging to a spar, in a torpid condition. The writer was asked what could be done for the restoration of the poor animal; he recommended, that it should be wrapped in flannel, and be dieted on gruel till it was better. A shorter method was, however, resorted to; the cook carried it into the galley, or cooking room, gave it some food, which it devoured with great eagerness, and the man began to compliment himself upon the success of his measures. When the writer inquired if his advice had been adopted, he was assured that all was well. About two or three hours after, word was brought that the cold-stricken monkey was bleeding at the mouth. The writer applied a stethoscope to its chest, and soon found that the lungs were gorged with blood, from the rattle that could be distinctly heard within the chest. The only remedy is bleeding in such cases, which could not be easily done, as the veins are hidden beneath the loose skin. The poor animal was therefore resigned to his fate, and soon expired from suffocation. The transition from cold to heat had been the cause of this stagnation of the blood within the lungs, and may serve as a warning to us against the practice of sitting down before the glowing radiance of a large fire, in a warm room, after a long exposure to the severities of cold air. It often happens, in such cases, that we do not perceive that we have caught cold till we have sat some time before the fire, and, in all likelihood, it was not till then that the affection was completed. A fire, a meal, and a warm glass of spirits and water, have often induced an illness, where bed, an aperient, and a little gruel, would have saved the patient from all the evils of long continuance, amid the benumbing effects of cold and wet. G. T. L.

Spanish Armada.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Continued from page 169.)

One principal cause of English prosperity in the reign of Elizabeth was, the increased attention given to commerce. Early in her reign, she encouraged trade with Russia, Persia, and the Levant, for which companies were formed. The earliest efforts were made by enterprizing navigators, seeking new channels for communication with the east. Some of these were useless attempts at north-east and north-west passages; but others sought countries that promised more immediate returns. Sir John Hawkins made some voyages between the coast of Africa and the West Indies, purchasing slaves and selling them for the produce of America. The first took place as early as 1562, when British capital and enterprise were first engaged in that abominable traffic, the slave trade. We regret that England should ever have participated in this accursed trade, which originated in the erroneous views of a well-meaning popish prelate, the bishop of Chiapa, who was so mistaken as to suppose that it was lawful to transport slaves from Africa, to ease the oppressions inflicted by his countrymen upon the natives of America, who were perishing by hundreds of thousands under the cruelties of their task-masters. Thus he acted upon the mistaken principle of doing evil that good might come; a proceeding directly opposed to the command of God, which enjoins us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. We may also remember, that while this atrocious traffic is pursued still more eagerly than ever, by the nations benighted in popish error, Protestant England has confessed and repented of this sin, and has now abolished slavery itself. In 1567, Hawkins's fleet was nearly destroyed by the Spaniards; but he still continued to visit the Spanish settlements; and as early as 1571, the court of Spain engaged him to fit out a fleet, which should assist in "restoring the ancient religion, putting an end to the tyranny of Elizabeth, and promoting the right of Mary queen of Scots to the English throne." In this negociation, recorded by Romish historians, Hawkins does not seem to have been sincere; he subsequently gave such an account of his proceedings as to satisfy the council, who retained him in the queen's service.

Sir Francis Drake was the most successful naval adventurer at this period. He commanded the only vessel under Hawkins that returned home in safety in 1567. Determined to repair his losses, he made repeated predatory voyages to the West Indies. In one of these, he crossed the Isthmus of Darien,

and beheld the Pacific Ocean, upon which he vowed that he would cause the English to sail, if possible. Imparting his plans to the English government, then suffering from the proceedings of Philip, five ships were fitted out in 1577, and placed under his command; the largest being only of a hundred tons burden. With this fleet he passed the straits of Magellan, plundered St. Jago, and several other towns on the coasts of Chili and Peru, proceeding farther till he landed on a territory to the north of Mexico, of which he took possession in the name of his queen. Then, apprehending he might be intercepted if he returned to the southward, he sailed directly across the Pacific Ocean to the Moluccas, and arrived at Deptford, in November, 1580, with one ship only, which had on board treasure to the amount of 800,000*l.*, being the first commander who had sailed round the world.

The Spanish ambassador complained of Drake's proceedings as piracy, and as invading his master's rights by sailing in the Pacific Ocean. Elizabeth retorted, by complaining of Philip's continually aiding her rebellious subjects, and refused to acknowledge his claim to the exclusive navigation of half the surface of the globe; but she consented to give up a part of the treasure, that it might be restored to those from whom it had been taken. The king of Spain, however, kept it, and employed it to oppose the English in Holland. In April, 1581, Elizabeth visited Deptford, where she was entertained on board Drake's vessel, and knighted the adventurous seaman. Drake was subsequently employed in the queen's service; his success encouraged others to pursue the like enterprises; but for the most part the adventurers were disappointed. Disease and battle frequently thinned their numbers; and those who returned home laden with plunder, often had to lament that their ill-gotten gain had been purchased by the sacrifice of peace of conscience. But these expeditions raised up a set of bold commanders, who were useful in resisting the efforts of Philip for subjugating England; yet, stripped of the false glory which often dazzles those who regard such actions, they were neither more nor less than downright robbery. They were encouraged, to weaken an unrelenting enemy, and thus did not quite deserve the name of piracy, but they were privateering, the most objectionable of all modes of warfare. The invitations held out by Drake and his companions were, in truth, the language held up for condemnation in Proverbs i. 11—14, "Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit: we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse." The warning against such conduct immediately follows. "Walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path: for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.—And they lay wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives. So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain; which taketh away the life of the owners thereof," ver. 15, 16. 18, 19.

The queen, and many of her nobles, took part in these privateering expeditions, contributing money for the outfit, that they might receive a proportionate share of the spoil. Wealth thus acquired is never blessed; repeatedly has the remark been made, during recent wars, that when large fortunes have been acquired by such means, they have soon disappeared. What is gotten through honest industry, whether by toil of body or of mental powers, under the Divine blessing, will wear well, and often continues a comfort to children's children; but of wealth acquired by wrong, it may truly be said, that such "riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven," Prov. xxiii. 5. Let the youthful reader, especially, bear these truths in mind, while reading the narratives of Drake and his followers; let him not be deceived, let him mark how plainly the Divine curse followed these proceedings, although those against whom they were directed could not complain that they were undeserving of such punishment for sin.

Our attention must now be directed to the very serious designs which beset the throne of Elizabeth, from the form in which the Popish machinations were urged forward. Here, again, we must keep in view the statement of Turner. "To be at that time a (Roman) Catholic, and to think Elizabeth a usurper, and Mary the rightful queen, and to desire to have a (Roman) Catholic sovereign on the throne of England, were inseparable

circumstances. There was not, perhaps, one member of the Romish church, in Europe, who had other sentiments. Their pope and hierarchy, in all its branches, held and unvaryingly taught such opinions." We will not suppose that many of the Romanists expressly desired the murder of Elizabeth; but when it is plain from the bulls and the private letters of the popes themselves, and from the testimony of Italian historians, that the pontiffs did actually join in plots, and recommend the murder of the English queen, we cannot wonder that there were some men, who, from fanaticism, and others who, from inclination to villany, readily undertook murderous designs.

During the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign, every effort was made, even by concessions of very doubtful tendency, to keep the mass of those who adhered to Romanism in union with the established church. Townsend truly says of these efforts, "Elizabeth made greater approaches to toleration than any prince who had hitherto reigned on any throne in Europe." The greater part of the priests conformed: the number of those called queen Mary's priests, who refused to do so, and continued their ministrations privately among the more bigoted of the people, was diminished by death, and other causes, while there was no regular plan for supplying their places. The government fondly hoped that all might soon be brought to profess the same religion. But the popes did not allow their power in England so to pass away; nor were they content with commanding the English papists to come out from their fellow countrymen. To furnish a supply of priests, Dr. Allen, in 1568, formed a college at Douay, in Flanders, where he collected some of the younger English exiles, and induced others to come there from England, to be educated for the Romish priesthood, that they might return to their native land to act there as missionaries for the pope, who gave his countenance to the college, and assigned an income for its support. The English government soon perceived the mischiefs likely to result from this establishment, and, at the request of Elizabeth, Philip ordered that it should be removed from his dominions. The French government, then in the hands of the Guises, allowed Allen to fix his scholars at Rheims. The pope directed a similar college to be established at Rome; another was begun in Spain; and the Romish authors state, that this plan was so successful, that in a few years, above three hundred priests were sent to England, as they state, "to cultivate that desert vineyard, full of wild beasts." These men assumed various disguises; their design was to restore the Romish faith in all its power and predominance, therefore their object was political as well as religious. The power of the pope to depose and excommunicate kings, and the belief that Elizabeth was under his curse, was the main principle taught by these priests, by all the means in their power. Allen, in a printed admonition, openly declared, "Yet the pope's holiness only meaneth in Christ's word and power given unto him, and in zeal of God's house, to pursue the actual deprivation of Elizabeth the pretended queen;" he adds that this was by sentence of the popes, and that by this one woman's condign correction, God's mighty arm may be feared and glorified. We must once more observe that Elizabeth was invariably regarded by every papist as illegitimate, and therefore if possible to be dethroned as an usurper, but Allen went farther; he avowed that as the popish bishops, "the lords of the clergy," had been deposed, no lawful parliament could be held, nor were any statutes made under Elizabeth, of "force to authorize prince or bind subjects." These were the doctrines taught by the scholars of Allen and their associates: will any one, not a Romanist, say that men were persecuted for religion who suffered for disseminating such treasons, and for engaging in actual plots against the queen and the Protestant government by law established? The foundations of civil and religious obedience were struck at. And, as Turner remarks, the danger was farther aggravated by such a body of teachers, educated in such principles, being placed under the instruction and guidance of the Jesuits. That society is well known to have arisen just at the commencement of the Reformation, against which its efforts were and are especially directed, with the most uncompromising exertion. We need only remind the reader, that to the blind obedience vowed to the pope, and the superior of his order, the Jesuit unites craft and suppleness of conduct. He is regularly trained to assume any form that may forward his object, and to consider every means lawful which

may forward the end he has in view. It is to be remarked, that just at the time when the gross tyranny of the popedom had shaken its power to the base, a new order of men, trained to avail themselves of the changes in society, was raised up, and engaged even more strongly than the monastic orders to implicit obedience to the pontiff, adopting as a principle what their writers have asserted, "that the pope is neither God nor man, but both." Many able sketches of the rise and progress of this order have been given, showing how the secret and stealthy nature of its proceedings were most formidable at that time. The pope could no longer find kings or nobles who would display a blood-stained cross, and march forward at the head of thousands to slaughter their fellow-men without any special object of advantage to themselves; but he still could avail himself of the proceedings of monarchs who, like Philip, grasped at the dominions of others; while he had a most devoted band of secret partizans, by whose agency assassins could be found to strike at the life of kings: thus two monarchs of France and a prince of Orange perished in this period, while many of less note were practised upon. By these men the life of Elizabeth was sought, but there was One mightier than they who protected her, and over-ruled even her errors for the safety of his church.

For several years it had been known to Elizabeth's government, that the Jesuits aimed at her life, but it was not till 1580 that the trained scholars of the Jesuits were ready for operation in England. In that year, Parsons and Campian came over, and travelled in different disguises. They spoke so plainly about deposing the queen, that some of the moderate English papists, who preferred the government as then established to the iron despotism of the Spanish king, were inclined to give information against them, and some account of their practices reached the government. To the machinations of these men Elizabeth was now exposed, and it will be seen that their practices were such as in a few years required severe proceedings; meanwhile, be it remembered, that at this period, by the testimony even of Romish authors, there were scores and even hundreds of these crafty, villanous characters traversing England in disguise, sometimes assuming the garb and character even of ministers and clergymen; in the latter disguise especially, they exerted themselves to aggravate matters between the established church and the puritans. This, as already noticed, had been practised for some years, and there are undoubted proofs that the same measure has been pursued in later times, probably even at the present day. But whatever the Jesuits may now profess, their own writers plainly state what was then their profession and practice; and we may call upon them to point out when, and by what competent authority any change has been effected.

In the sessions of parliament, which began in January, 1581, sir Walter Mildmay, the chancellor of the exchequer, referred to the practices of the pope and his secret ministers, and to the lately begun mission of the Jesuits, not only to corrupt the realm with false doctrine, but to stir up sedition. He urged the necessity for enacting stricter laws against the seditious runagates, who had lately begun to disturb that happy peace which the nation had enjoyed for so many years. A law was passed, enacting that all who pretended to possess or to exercise the power of absolving others from Protestantism, and reconciling them to Popery, should be accounted guilty of high treason, that being an admission of the power of the pope to depose the queen, and of the validity of the Scottish queen's right to the throne. Hearing or saying mass was declared punishable with fines and imprisonment.

These increased efforts against Elizabeth seemed to have induced her counsellors, and herself, to allow the treaty for her marriage with the duke of Anjou to be renewed. Ambassadors from France were received with great pomp and show.

At that time the French prince was assisting the Hollanders against this Spanish governor; this placed him upon favourable terms with Elizabeth, and her female vanity was not indifferent to his attentions. The duke of Anjou, by these attentions, was forwarding his design to secure the sovereignty of the Netherlands, even if he did not succeed in obtaining the British crown. The necessity for acting against Philip was the more strongly felt from that prince's having seized Portugal; but Burghley strongly urged that the weight of this latter affair belonged to France, not to England. In November, the duke of Anjou arrived in London; at one time he suc-

ceeded in prevailing upon Elizabeth to decide in his favour, but the earnest remonstrances of those most attached to her prevailed, and the following day he found his suit again doubtful. They had convinced her that any political advantages from the union were quite uncertain, while the consequences of a personal nature were serious, and that the marriage must in the end prove disastrous. Though, at times, Elizabeth manifested even more than feminine weakness, yet these seasons were rare and brief. Reason again prevailed, and although her affections seemed to be placed upon the French prince to a ridiculous extent, she allowed him to leave England in February, 1582. He departed, with numerous attendants, and great honours. His endeavours to secure the supreme power in Flanders were selfish; they failed, and he returned to France, where he died in 1584. His own sister has left on record, that this prince was a compound of fraud and deceit. England had very great cause to rejoice that he failed in his designs upon Elizabeth; but the affair was not absolutely closed till his decease. Mary Stuart was anxious to impede the union, which would have deprived her of the interference of France in her favour. She did not hesitate to write to Elizabeth in terms so offensive, that there is cause to wonder that the latter did not at once proceed against her with the utmost severity.

A proclamation was issued against the Jesuits in January, 1581. Campian was traced with much difficulty, and seized in the house of a gentleman in Berkshire, in September, 1581, after a long tour through the northern and midland counties. He had challenged the Protestant divines to dispute with him relative to the points in debate between the Romanists and the Protestants, and four conferences or disputations were held with him while he was in the Tower. Strype gives an account of these disputations, at which many of both religions were allowed to be present. Campian was tried, with others, for treason. They were proved to have come over to England in pursuance of a determination against the life of Elizabeth, and for the destruction of the government, both in church and state, by the aid of a foreign power. Campian had avowed that his object was the extirpation of heresy; what that meant is very well known. He suffered as a traitor in December, with two associates. Nine others who were found guilty were allowed to remain in prison, and questioned as to their opinions respecting the deposing power of the pope, and the part they would take, if any attempt were made against the queen, in pursuance of the orders in the papal bulls. Three gave satisfactory answers, the other six all declared, as Campian had done, that they would not venture to express an opinion against the authority of the pope, thus admitting that they considered the pontiff had power to depose the queen; and as their connexion with the treasonable designs on foot was clear, they suffered about six months afterwards. Yet, notwithstanding the strongest proofs that these men and their associates designed to depose Elizabeth, and the open avowal of it by popish writers in that day, a modern Romish historian does not hesitate to say, that these men came to England with the sole view of exercising the spiritual functions of their priesthood! But as Townsend shows, "Campian came into England to render service to (his) religion. Rebellion against the queen was a part of that religion. He had the dispensation of the pope for temporary loyalty." Even if they had no designs for murdering the queen, and overthrowing the Protestant government, the attempt to restore Popery, connected as it was with Mary's claim to the throne, and the deposing authority arrogated by the pope, went far beyond the discharge of spiritual functions; it certainly involved the guilt of treason. All the efforts of Romish apologists must fail, when they describe the popish sufferers in this reign as persecuted for religion. They were martyrs for the pope; none suffered as traitors, unless some connexion with treasonable designs was proved against them. Meanwhile, in Spain and Italy, there was no hesitation shown as to torturing and putting to death Englishmen found in those countries, even those residing there as traders, if any Protestant observances could be brought forward against them; no attempt to prove any designs against the respective governments were thought necessary; if they were heretics, that was sufficient.

The extent to which this popish conspiracy had spread in England rendered active measures necessary. Walsingham, in particular, was earnest in causing search to be made for popish priests and recusants. He employed numerous

agents and emissaries, who, like the Jesuits, assumed various disguises; thus it was not uncommon for the crafty emissaries of the pope to be themselves circumvented by agents employed against them, whom they imagined to be friends; and when they had been, as they thought, persuading others to join their plans, their projects were disclosed to the spies of Walsingham, who informed against them. This was again met in several instances by these papists themselves engaging with Walsingham, and while he trusted them as agents, they secretly carried forward the designs of the pope. Such are the crooked courses to which deceivers resort, and thus often the worldly wise are taken in their own craftiness. Townsend says, "The policy of Elizabeth was to avoid force, and to secure her government by discovering and surpassing the deep dissimulation of her enemies." Many of the guilty were committed to prison; they suffered from the noisome state in which prisons were kept at that time, and long afterwards. Torture was frequently applied to the most notorious prisoners to obtain confessions; this was the practice of the times, first introduced under Popery. The Reformation had been established nearly a century before this disgraceful practice was wholly done away in our land. Torture was resorted to almost invariably in popish countries, under the inquisition; and even now, there is too much reason to believe, that torture is resorted to in the dark prisons yet remaining under the influence of Popery.

In Scotland, considerable influence had been gained over the young king by two of the Stuart family, D'Aubigny and Arran. There can be no doubt they were concerned in the proceedings in which all the Romish princes were implicated, although the former endeavoured to silence the popular feeling against him, by conforming to the Protestant faith. But his sincerity was suspected; it was become publicly known that the popes granted dispensations, permitting Romanists to "promise, swear, and subscribe," whatever they might deem necessary, so that they continued secretly to promote their religion. Even at the present day, it has been plainly shown that the authenticated works of instruction among the papists assert a dispensing power with regard to the most solemn engagements, whenever the interest of their religion requires it; and in many cases, allows the same evasions for individual convenience.

The efforts of these Scottish favourites were directed against the regent Morton, who was certainly a man of bad character, but at that time opposed to Popery. The question of Darnley's murder was revived. Morton was convicted of being concerned in the murder, and he was beheaded in June, 1581. He denied being actually a participator in the act, but confessed that Bothwell had told him of the plan, assuring him that queen Mary willed it. The Scottish nobles made a successful effort to separate their young monarch from his pernicious counsellors. D'Aubigny, who had been created duke of Lennox, was obliged to quit Scotland; he died soon after his return to France, professing himself a Protestant. Arran contrived to regain his power and influence. Mary Stuart, at this time, wrote a letter to Elizabeth, charging her with machinations against her son and herself. This letter has been used with great effect by the panegyrists of Mary; but its empty declamation is answered by reference to the real history of that century, while Elizabeth's allowing such an attack to pass unvisited by any punishment, was both the right way to treat it, and a sufficient proof against the charge of undue severity and eagerness to seize on all occasions against Mary. It is, however, very probable, that these circumstances more and more convinced the counsellors of the English queen, that there was no safety for their sovereign during the life of her rival.

Towards the close of 1582, the French rulers attempted a new plan for regaining their influence in Scotland. It was this: that Mary should acknowledge her son as king, on being liberated and allowed a share in the government; then James was to be married to a French princess, and the results hoped for would follow. England and Scotland would be again at enmity. But the design was too obvious; the French ambassadors sent to James were openly insulted at Edinburgh.

The anxiety of Elizabeth to enforce uniformity placed her in collision with the puritans, who also were worked upon by secret popish emissaries to widen the breach. Two laws passed in the year 1580 indirectly bore hard upon them: one against publications containing any matter deemed defamatory of the queen; the other was the act against the Jesuits,

which required all to attend public worship, according to the act of uniformity. This comprehended Nonconformists as well as Papists. Such proceedings only widened the breach; and now arose the Brownists, or Independents. They did not differ from the established church on points of doctrine, but proceeded so far in matters of discipline as to deny it to be a true church, and renounced communion with all who were not of their own model; yet, though severely persecuted, they never were implicated in any plots or designs against the queen. Two, named Thacker and Copping, were hanged at Bury, in June, 1583, who were accused of sedition, in spreading books against the Common Prayer, and refusing the oath of supremacy. In this year, died archbishop Grindal, who had been an exile in the days of queen Mary, and who, although forced into some severe proceedings, was so unwilling to persecute the puritans that he lost the queen's favour, and was suspended from discharging his office. Among other commendable measures was his procuring leave for the French Protestants to have the church in Fenchurch street, which still belongs to that denomination.

Among other efforts of Popery, in 1582, was the publication of an English version of the New Testament, printed at Rheims, with notes, defending the erroneous doctrines of Popery.

In 1584, Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, was found to have engaged so far in the plots of the English Papists, that it was necessary to order him to leave England, at the hazard of making an open breach with Philip, then the most potent monarch in Europe. Protestant princes were fully warned of their danger from assassination in July this year, when the prince of Orange was murdered in his own court by an assassin, who had been excited by the bigoted anathemas of the Papists against Protestant rulers, and induced by the pecuniary reward offered by Philip to any one who should take prisoner or slay the prince. Just as the prince of Orange rose from dinner, he was shot by the assassin, in the presence of his wife, whose father, the admiral Coligny, as well as her first husband, had been also murdered for their adherence to the Protestant cause. It was ascertained that the murderer had previously disclosed his intention, in confession, to a Jesuit. It was notorious, that Elizabeth was still more decidedly proscribed by the pope; and at this very time she was warned, by a foreign prince, Don Antonio, that there were plots for her assassination, while it was evident, that if she could be "taken off" as the phrase ran, Protestantism would lose its firmest supporter. That Elizabeth was preserved through dangers in which the prince of Orange fell, is no proof that there were not designs against her life; it only shows the more clearly that she was preserved by God. At this very time, books were written and circulated by the Romish priests, denouncing Elizabeth as the Jezebel of the age, urging even her maids of honour to put her to death, as Judith murdered Holofernes, according to the apocryphal books, telling them that they would, by such an action, render themselves worthy of the applause of the church in all future ages!

The earl of Northumberland, and many others, were put under restraint. Among the papers of Francis Throgmorton, a gentleman of Cheshire, were found particulars of treasonable proceedings for the invasion of England, which had been countenanced by Mendoza. Some documents respecting these machinations were singularly brought to light. A Scottish Jesuit, named Crichton, while on his passage from the continent, was fearful of being detected, and having hastily torn some papers, threw them overboard, but the wind blew them back to the ship; the act awakened suspicion, they were put together, and found to be important. Other papers were intercepted, among them, letters from Mary Stuart, in which she urged the speedy execution of "the great plot." As these efforts undeniably aimed at the power and life of Elizabeth, Leicester proposed to form a solemn association for the defence of the queen. This engagement included a pledge, on the part of the subscribers, that they would bring to punishment every one concerned in treasonable schemes against their monarch. The Protestants readily signed this engagement, which alarmed Mary, who made another application for her liberty, offering to renounce all present claims to the English throne, to consider the pope's bull against Elizabeth as invalid, and to conduct herself peaceably; also to attach her son firmly to the English interests.

Elizabeth expressed her desire to attend to Mary's proposals; but, when the

subject was discussed by her ministers, the question returned, How could any security which the queen of Scots could give be sufficient, and really restrain her? This, from the beginning, had been the main difficulty; it caused her detention in England, and it could not be overcome. The parliament passed an act which authorized the appointment of a special commission of twenty-four or more persons, to sit in judgment on any one who pretended to the crown, or who devised or attempted the execution of any scheme hostile to the dignity or life of Elizabeth; also, in case of the queen being murdered, a council was appointed, who were to assume the government, and punish the authors and abettors of the atrocious deed. Another law declared all Jesuits and seminarist priests guilty of treason, if they did not leave England within forty days, or if they returned thither. All who encouraged or protected them were liable to punishment. Unquestionably, these measures were severe, and placed the queen of Scots, and her abettors, in danger, if they did not discontinue their plots; but were not these precautions requisite for self-preservation? If Mary is not to be blamed for devices to effect her escape, surely Elizabeth must not be censured for measures to protect her kingdom against the results of those devices. The liberty allowed to Mary, of constant private communication with her servants, and of excursions for hawking, to a distance not exceeding three miles from Tutbury castle, rendered it impossible to prevent clandestine correspondence, and constantly gave opportunities for escapes. It is clear, that during the whole tedious eighteen years Mary was detained, she was restrained rather by not having a place of secure refuge, than by the circumstances of her captivity. In September, 1584, the earl of Shrewsbury, who had often desired to be relieved from the charge of Mary, was permitted to give up that office. Sir Walter Mildmay and Mr. Somers were appointed to take care of her till lord St. John was ready to enter upon that duty. On account of his own illness, and the death of an only son, he was released from his charge six months afterwards, when sir Amias Paulet was appointed, and subsequently sir Drew Drury was associated with him. On the retirement of lord Shrewsbury, we find Somers presenting Mary's request for one of his servants to remain, because he was accustomed to drive her horses and coach.

In the parliament which sat at the close of 1584, great complaints were made of the inefficiency of many of the clergy; but the influence of the queen and her ministers was used to repress every appearance of innovation, though she roundly told the bishops, that if they were not careful to amend faults and negligences, she would depose them. The rising freedom of debate was continually interfered with. Parry, member for Queenborough, having opposed the act against Romish priests, was committed to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. The value of an independent parliament was not yet understood. In reference to this very parliament, a letter is extant, written by the earl of Leicester to the burgesses of Andover, requesting to be allowed to name one of their representatives; and, if they wished to avoid all the expense of payment, and the trouble of choosing members, he offered to appoint both, and if they sent him the return signed, he would insert the names. A conspiracy against Elizabeth, in which Parry was concerned, was discovered a few weeks afterwards. There are many circumstances respecting this project, which still appear mysterious. Parry was a native of Wales, and a doctor of civil law; he had been employed by lord Burghley, for some years, to collect intelligence on the continent. In 1577, he returned to England for a time, where he became involved in debt, and wounded his principal creditor. He again became an agent of Burghley; but it is probable he was one who acted the double part already noticed, for he professed to become a Papist, and to be willing to join in the designs against Protestantism. He gained access to the papal agents, and undertook to be concerned in attempting the life of Elizabeth. He then returned to England, when being implicated by another of Burghley's agents, and denounced, he thought it the safest course to betray his new employers, which he did, producing a letter from cardinal Como, the papal secretary, which declared that his Holiness exhorted him to persevere, granting him full indulgence, and the remission of all his sins, and promising a reward upon earth. Of course, there was no direct mention of the murderous plot; but the grants of indulgence and remission, beyond the

ordinary terms, without stating any specific reason, and the communication coming from so exalted a quarter, all show that no common objects, like those of the generality of the seminary priests, were in view. Parry was tried, he confessed his guilt, but afterwards protested his innocence. He was executed in the cruel manner then directed by the law for traitors, a barbarous and bloody proceeding; but a speedy and merciful death, when compared with the tortures inflicted by the inquisition.

The interest and anxiety the Protestant part of the English nation felt for their sovereign was openly shown at this time. Even a year earlier, the French ambassador wrote to his court, that when queen Elizabeth showed herself in public, crowds of people fell on their knees by the way, who prayed for her, and wished her a thousand blessings, and that all her wicked enemies might be discovered and punished. She frequently stopped and thanked them; and while among the crowd, turned to the ambassador, and said, "I see, however, that not all desire me evil." She had previously spoken to him of the proceedings of the Jesuits.

Many popish books were secretly brought into England, and circulated; their contents were treasonable. Some of the Jesuits, who brought them over, suffered; one, who was tried for bringing over cardinal Allen's declaration already mentioned, declared it was a loyal book, though it openly spoke of Elizabeth as being an unlawful queen, on account of her birth, and her excommunication by the pope. Strype gives a full account of the literary efforts against Elizabeth. They were then productive of much mischief, but are passed over in silence by the apologists of Mary.

In this year began the controversy between Hooker and Travers, which involved long discussions respecting nonconformity; into these it would be foreign to our object to enter. We must, however, regret, that some plan for uniting the Protestants more closely was not pursued: it is undeniable that nonconformists suffered much and unjustly in this reign. It was well for England that the violent Papists proceeded to such lengths as they did; for it is clear that she was rather inclined to favour Popery than otherwise. Her protection of the Reformation was rather the act of a politician, than the sincere, conscientious, pious proceedings of her brother. Townsend correctly says,—"Whatever there was of a persecuting spirit, in the breast of Elizabeth, was not directed against the Romish communion." Had not the proceedings of the Papists compelled her to rigorous measures, her scheme for national religion was of that conciliatory and comprehensive nature, which would have afforded the Jesuits the best opportunities for undermining Protestantism, if they could have allowed the papal claims for supremacy to have remained dormant; but at that period they were not allowed so to do, and Protestantism in England being yet in its infancy, they thought to destroy it by direct opposition. In other times, and in our own day, they take other courses, more secret, and therefore more dangerous.

THE HAZEL.
(*Corylus Avellana.*)

The Hazel (*Corylus Avellana.*) *a*, male catkin. *b*, a single male flower. *c*, stamens. *d*, female flower. *e*, pistils and germen. *f*, nut. *g*, kernel.

NATURAL ORDER. Corylaceæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Monœcia Polyandria.

Barren Flowers in an elongated, cylindrical catkin, imbricated with scales, each inclosing a single flower. Scale tapering at the base, and divided at the broader end into three egg shaped segments, the central one larger than the others. Corolla and calyx none. Filaments eight, very short and attached to the inner part of the scale. Anthers oblong, two celled, pendulous, shorter than the scale. *Fertile Flowers* on the same branch, at some distance from the others, proceeding from scaly buds. Calyx double, the outer inferior, of one leaf, deeply cleft, many flowered, finally enlarged and permanent: the inner one superior, minute, deciduous. Corolla none. Germen, very small, egg shaped, with rudiments of two seeds. Styles, two very short. Stigmas rose coloured, prominent, awl shaped, downy, deciduous.

Nut egg shaped, hard, compressed, downy at the top, one celled, invested at the base, with the jagged, greatly enlarged outer calyx. Stipules egg shaped, obtuse. Leaves light green, roundish, heart shaped, pointed, deeply serrate, and downy. A small, bushy tree with numerous branches. Flowers during the winter months.

"In the tangled copse of tawny hue,
The clustering hazel tempts the wanderer's view."

THE fragrant hawthorn, with its pearly buds and snow-white blossoms, is identified with the budding delights of springtide, and the pleasant hours of careless childhood; but the hazel is associated with the ripened joys of mellow autumn, and awakens yet more spirit-stirring reminiscences of the exuberant mirth and expanded happiness of youthful days. How refreshing is it to the weary, care-worn spirit, "hackney'd with business," and panting in the chase of honour, wealth, or fame, to float on the wings of fancy to the well-remembered haunts, "where erst our early childhood strayed," the flowery mead, the embowered lane, the purling stream, and the village green; to retrace in memory's faithful mirror the May-day garland, the gypsying party, the harvest home, the hay field, the blackberry quest, and the hazel coppice; and to feel these visionary gales,

"———a momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."—POPE.

And which of the unnumbered names that vibrate with mysterious power to the inmost recesses of the heart can awaken such thrilling tones, picture such vivid images, and kindle such ardent desires to retrace "the days that are long gone by," as the hazel?

"The clustering hazel; ah! as with a spell,
Those few brief words recall the by-gone hours,
When the heart's pulse was music, and on flowers,
Bright, thornless flowers, my footsteps ever fell.
Even now, methinks, I see the bushy dell,
The tangled brake, green lane, or sunny glade,
Where on a 'sunshine holiday,' I strayed,
Plucking the ripening nuts with eager glee,
Which from the hazel boughs hung temptingly."
L. TWALMLEY.

We reverence the giant oak, the graceful ash, the lofty elm, and the hardy pine for their utility; the cypress and unfailing yew mingle hopes of immortality with the mourner's sorrows; the classic bay, "meed of mighty conquerors and poets sage" adorns the hero's triumph, and enwreathes the poet's brow; the peaceful olive calms the troubled breast; and the goodly cedar stays the falling snow:* but, to use the words of an elegant author, "when we think of the lovely scenes into which the careless steps of our youth have been led in search of its nuts, when autumn had begun to brown the points of their clusters, we are bound to the hazel by threads of the most delightful associations with those beloved ones who were the companions of such idle, but happy days." Oh! it is a bright day in the juvenile calendar, long looked for, all too short, and oft reviewed, when autumn's darting sun and ripening breeze have

"Plumped the hazel nuts with a sweet kernel,"

and the merry, happy group, emancipated for a few brief hours from the "restraint which sweetens liberty," are free to wander at wild will "a nutting in the woods." See them now threading the mazy windings of the shadowy path; now rambling through some sequestered glade or woody glen; now piercing through the tangled brake; now creeping amid the twisted underwood. Listen to the mirthful shout, which re-echoes through the wood as they gain the spot,

Where down the dale the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep,"—THOMSON.

and

"Bordering hazel overhangs the stream,"

whilst "burnishing the topmost bough," the mealy clusters of ripe nuts droop beneath their own weight. See them with tip-toe snatch or hooked stick bend down the laden branches, and with ruthless hand despoil them of their much prized store;

"Or shake them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown."
THOMSON.

Though later scenes and more recent events have left no track on the time-hardened mind to note their passage, these more remote, but never-to-be-forgotten images are indelibly impressed on its once-susceptible surface, and cannot fail to have a soothing and beneficial tendency. To those who have once plucked those sweet though lovely flowerets of pure delight, only to be found amid the wild domains and unfettered pleasures of nature, the twining creepers of earthly care, and the bril-

* The cedar is said to possess the very peculiar property of raising its branches to support the load which may oppress them.

liant blossoms of worldly grandeur have no abiding charms. True, the mania of fashion, like the dazzling flash of an illusive meteor, the glare of mammon's golden heaps, or the towering heights of ambition, may for a time mislead their inexperienced steps; and like an overwhelming deluge prostrate the best affections of the heart and the strongest powers of reason, yet they possess a firm bulwark which will stem the flooding torrent, and a guiding star which will direct their erring feet; for their visions of by-gone happiness, and hence their day dreams of future bliss, are all associated with the simple scenes of rural life. Not that it is in the power of the most unbroken solitude, or the fairest scenes which earth affords, to satisfy the restless mind, and fill the empty void within the care-worn bosom. Thither they may turn, and fondly hope once more to taste those pure and substantial delights, which memory's concave glass enlarges in the retrospect, and find with bitter anguish and keen disappointment, that even then "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But "leisure, quiet, and a mind released" from the petty strifes and anxieties engendered by the busy turmoil of a bustling world, to say the least, are friendly to the pursuit of the solid joys, and lasting pleasures, only to be known by those who have sought, and found, the perfect "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

How beautifully does Wordsworth depict the pleasures of "nutting," even in unbroken solitude. The extract is long, but who would wish to expunge a single line?

"———It seems a day,
(I speak of one from many singled out,)
One of those heavenly days that never dies;
When in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth
With a huge mantle o'er my shoulders hung,
A nutting crook in hand, and turned my steps
Toward some far-distant wood, a figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal dame.
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, and, in truth,
More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook,
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
A virgin scene! A little while I stood
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and with wise restraint,
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;
A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower, beneath whose leaves,
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And, with my cheek on one of those green stones,
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease; and of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crush
And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being; and unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned,
Exulting rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding skies."

Both the botanical and English names of this plant appear to have originated in the peculiar conformation of the calyx, which completely enwraps the base of the fruit. Corylus is derived from the Greek, *kaunos*, signifying a bonnet, or helmet; and hazel, from *hœsil*, the Saxon term for an head dress. It is said, the fruit was originally brought into Europe from Pontus, by the Romans, and hence the appellation by which it was known among them, *nux Pontica*. This was afterwards exchanged for the specific name, by which it is at present classed, *nux Avellana*, from the city of Avellino, in the south of Italy, where it was cultivated to a great extent. Swinburne tells us that "the hazel covers the whole face of the neighbouring valley, and in good years brings in a profit of sixty thousand ducats."

The twigs and wands of hazel were used by the ancient Romans as withs to tie their vines, though Virgil speaks of its spreading roots as very prejudicial among them,

"The hurtful hazel in the vineyard shun;"

and it was the custom of the vine-dressers, when they sacrificed the goat, which was no less injurious in their vineyards, to Bacchus, to roast the entrails on hazel spits. We may, however claim the hazel as indigenous to Britain, on the authority of sir William Temple, who, in speaking of our island,

says, "The north-west part was called Cal-dun, signifying hills of hazel, with which it was covered, from which the Romans, forming an easy and pleasant sound from what was harsh to their classical ear, gave it the name of Caledonia." In the peat bogs, which are so prevalent throughout the Highlands, many hazel twigs and nuts have been found; the wood was much decayed, but the nuts, although their outer coats must have been literally tanned by the peat earth in which they had probably lain for several centuries, were in good preservation, and some of them have even vegetated.

The *Corylus avellana* is a native of the temperate regions of Europe and Asia. It thrives best on a calcareous, loamy soil, or on the debris of rocks, though it requires moisture. Evelyn says that it affects cold, barren, dry, sandy grounds; mountainous and even rocky soils produce these trees; they prosper where quarries of freestone lie underneath, as at Hazelbury, in Wiltshire, Hazelingfield, in Cambridgeshire, Hazelmere, in Surrey, and other places: but more plentifully if the ground be somewhat moist, dankish, and mossy, as in the fresher bottoms and sides of hills, notes and hedgerows." This tree will grow at a very considerable elevation above the sea; on the Alps, the hazel line is said to rise to three thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight feet; and in the mountainous districts in the north of England and Scotland it is found at the height of sixteen hundred feet. It rather presents the appearance of a large, bushy shrub than a tree, from the number of suckers thrown up by the root; but it has been known to grow to the height of thirty feet. Many varieties have been produced from it by cultivation; one of these, the frizzled nut, is so called from its singularly jagged and lancinated calyx. The varieties most esteemed are the cob and cluster nuts, and the red and white filberts; these last are distinguished from the former by the greater length of their calyxes. Some have thought the name filbert, or as it was formerly written, *philberd*, was a corruption of full beard, in allusion to the husk: but Gower has assigned a more poetical derivation.

"————Phillis
Was shape into a nutte tree,
That all men it might see:
And after Phillis, philberd
The tree was ycleped."

With the troubadours, no less than with our own poets of the middle ages, this tree was a favourite subject, and furnished them with many elegant comparisons. Shakspeare thus describes one of his heroines:—"Kate, like the hazel tree, is straight and slender, brown in hue as hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels."

The bark of the hazel is rough and of a light colour; but on the young branches and suckers it assumes a bright russet tinge spotted with white, and is sometimes covered with hairs. The wood is tender and pliant, and of a close and even grain; but can only be used for small articles, as the tree does not afford a sufficient supply for any other purposes. The roots are sometimes beautifully veined, and are employed in veneering and inlaying. The chips purify wine, or with the twigs are bound into fagots, and much used for heating ovens. In some parts of the country, these twigs, after being steeped in ale during its fermentation, and then hung up to dry, are used as a substitute when yeast is scarce. The hazel stoles well, (that is, shoots freely after the trunk is cut down,) and these, with its suckers, being strong and straight, flexible, and often many feet in length, are used as handles for fishing rods, walking sticks, withs for fastening thatch, hoops, and many other purposes. They are twisted for hurdles, wattles, crates, and fences; and sometimes, when covered with mud or plaster, form walls of outhouses and cottages. They also furnish materials for rustic seats, and fancy baskets, to be filled with flower pots, and placed on lawns. A pleasing variety in these articles is produced by using some of the rods, unpeeled, stained with logwood, intermingled with those of other trees. Some ingenious devices have been formed by arranging them in various fancy patterns. In the colliery districts, hazel coppices are extensive and valuable; the long shoots are known by the names of *corves* or *corf rods*, and manufactured into the large panniers, or baskets, in which the coal is conveyed along the mine and drawn up the shaft. The charcoal afforded by this tree is very light, and used in the manufacture of gunpowder; and the wood, when charred in iron tubes, supplies crayons for the artist.

It is, however, principally for the nuts that the hazel tree is cultivated. So great

is the demand for this favourite fruit, that notwithstanding the quantities afforded by our own woods and coppices, and the great extent to which the tree is cultivated for the market, (especially in Kent,) a large supply is procured from the continent. "The kernels have a mild, farinaceous, oily taste, agreeable to most palates: a kind of chocolate has been prepared from them, and they have been made into bread." Evelyn tells us, "that the hazel nuts, but the filbert especially, being full ripe and peeled in water, as they blanch almonds, make a pudding, very little, if at all inferior to that which our ladies make of almonds." Oil is sometimes extracted from them. The husks are hard and astringent; and it has been surmised, whether they might not be used in dying as substitutes for galls.

Many insects and caterpillars, besides squirrels, feed upon its nuts. Among others is the *curculio nucum*, which is the white, fleshy maggot, so frequently found within the kernel. The female deposits a single egg within each nut, before the shell has hardened, and thus the hole she has drilled is concealed. The larvæ is hatched in about a fortnight, it preys first upon the interior of the shell. By the time the kernel is devoured, the insect has attained its full size. The nut falls to the ground, the grub has accomplished its destiny, its allotted food is exhausted; and with its strong jaws it forces a way through the husk, and buries itself in the ground, thence to emerge a perfect beetle. Several fungi are found upon the hazel; one of which, the *thlephora rugosa*, is extremely minute, but when rubbed or scratched assumes a blood-red hue.

Besides making up a prominent part of many a grove in the happiest manner, and tufting and fringing the sides of many a ravine, the hazel often presents us with very picturesque stems and ramifications. As an ornamental shrub it deserves a place in every plantation. The fall of its gilded leaves but reveals the treasures in store for another year. Like the snowdrop among flowers, is the hazel among our trees, the harbinger of spring, the voice of promise, and the herald of hope. While all around is drear and desolate, its pendant tassels of "downy powdered flowers" and crimson tipped buds adorn their leafless boughs. Late in the autumn, the catkins of the following spring appear, though it is not till the following January or February that they expand their imbricated scales, beneath which, closely folded, the fertilizing anthers have concealed their golden tufts. The embryo clusters of "twin nuts," so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye, are enfolded snugly within many a sheltering scale, impenetrable even to the driving rain or wintry blast. Herein we trace the workings of a power Divine, the God of nature, who "never slumbereth nor sleepeth." By means of these simple blossoms, unthought of, save in winter's gloomy hours, He cheers our hearts, and imparts instruction. What season of mental depression is too dark, what day of affliction too dreary, for Him to enliven with buds of heavenly hope, or blooms of Divine consolation? Uncongenial though the clime of earth may be to them, and sterile as is the soil of the human heart, He who is their author, will perfect the work of his own hands; and He who puts into the mind good desires, will bring the same to good effect. He giveth glory where he has implanted grace.

These observations on the hazel would be incomplete, were we to omit to notice the various superstitious notions of which it is the subject, and the supernatural virtues attributed to it. Pliny mentions that torches, made of the branches, were lighted as a part of the marriage ceremony, among the ancients, and that their burning was considered to betoken luck to the young couple.

Burns describes a somewhat similar custom as practised in Scotland; nor is it uncommon in England and Ireland, on Allhallows eve, or the 31st of October, which, in some parts of the country, is vulgarly called nut-crack night. "They name a lad or a lass to each particular pair of nuts as they lay them in the fire, or on the hob, and if they crack or start, the issue of the courtship is regarded as unfortunate; and the reverse if they burn quietly side by side." Hence originated the following simple lines:—

"These glowing nuts are emblems true,
Of what in human life we view;
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume;
Or from each other wildly start,
And with a noise for ever part.
But see the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With mutual fondness while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn:
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away;
Till life's ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last."

The shells of the nuts, if burned, and the ashes applied to the back of the head of a grey-eyed infant, are said to turn them black! Parkinson observes, "Some do hold that these nuts, and not wallnuts, with figs and rue, was Mithridates' medicine, effectuall against poysons. The oyle of the nuts is effectuall for the same purposes. If a snake be stroke with an hazell wand, it doth sooner stunne it than with any other strike; because it is so pliant, that it will winde closer about it; so that being deprived of their motion, they must needs dye with pain and want." "And it is no hard matter, in like manner," saith Tragus, "to kill a mad dog that shall be strook with an hazell stick, such as men use to ride and walk withall." The wonder-working wands of the sorcerers and magicians of the dark ages were of hazel, and the forked hazel rod is even, in the present day, consulted as an instrument of divination! Evelyn thus alludes to the popular opinion which prevailed in his days on this subject: "By whatever occult virtue the forked stick, so cut and skilfully held, becomes impregnated with those invisible steams and exhalations, as by its spontaneous bending from a horizontal posture, to discover, not only mines or subterraneous treasures, and springs of waters; criminals guilty of murder are made out so solemnly by the attestation of magistrates and divers others learned and credible persons, who have critically examined matters of fact, is certainly next to a miracle, and requires strong faith." The person who is believed to be endowed with "the gift," takes a forked branch of the tree, and holding one end loosely in each hand, walks towards the spot where it is supposed the metallic vein or water lies; and the point of the wand, it is believed, will spontaneously turn when the foot is over the concealed object. Hence these rods acquired various appellations, as Mercury's wand, Aaron's rod, Jacob's staff, etc. An old manuscript describes this magic power "not proceeding from any incantation, but from a natural sympathy, as iron is attracted by the load-stone." It is, however, worthy of note, that both ancient and modern advocates of this method of divination, require, as absolutely essential to its imagined efficacy, that the operator must possess complete faith in its miraculous powers! A satisfactory and simple explanation of the marvellous properties attributed to these divining rods is given in an article on the subject in the *Saturday Magazine*, for July, 1836.

But distinguished though the hazel be in the annals of superstition, "the most signal honour it was ever employed in, and which might deservedly exalt this humble and common plant above all the trees of the wood," is, that these magic wands formed "the walls of one of the first Christian oratories in the world, and particularly in this island; that venerable fabric at Glastonbury, said (but erroneously so) to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathea, is storied to have been first composed but of small hazel rods, interwoven about certain stakes driven into the ground." Well may we inquire, "What hath God wrought?" The wonder-working hand that in the days of former times made the depths of the sea, not a watery grave for the bewildered host, but "a way for the ransomed to pass through," and caused the lions' den to afford by turns a refuge to his saint, and a charnel house to his foes, ordained that the mighty weapon of superstition, the sceptre of her enthralling power, should yield materials for the sacred fanes erected in the name of Him, who "frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad; that turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolishness," Isa. xliv. 25. Many passages might be quoted from the oracles of Divine truth which prove the fallacy of such proceedings, and the Divine displeasure not only against those who do such things, but who take pleasure in them that do them. Our God is in heaven; to him the future is as clear as the past, and why should finite man seek to be wise above what is revealed? Why should he whose minutest concerns are governed by a hand "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," desire to lift the veil of mercy which conceals futurity from his gaze? Truly in such wisdom would be much grief, and he that thus increased knowledge would increase sorrow, Eccles. i. 18. Enough for us to know that "all things work together for good to them that love God," Rom. viii. 28, and they who thus have Omnipotence enlisted on their side, may well "trust and not be afraid." Why should they dread the unseen powers of the air, who know that the very devils tremble before their Almighty Protector? Why should their hearts be dis-

quieted by nameless fears, who know the thoughts of God toward them are thoughts of peace, and not of evil? Or why should they seek to know, and fancy they can thus ward off future woe, to whom the promise appertains, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be?" Deut. xxxiii. 25. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God," Isa. l. 10; for "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," Heb. xiii. 5.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. JOHN RYLAND.

The Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, (father of the late Dr. Ryland, of Bristol,) a man who was in advance of the age in which he lived, was accustomed to print and circulate tracts long previously to the existence of the Religious Tract Society. To help in defraying the expense of this work, he would sometimes appeal to the liberality of others. On one occasion, he called on his friend, Mr. Dupont, at the Castle and Falcon, London, and finding that a clergyman of respectability was there, asked to be introduced to him.

"Sir," said Mr. R., "I print and distribute tracts on religious subjects, at an expense above my own means, and understanding you are a clergyman, and of course that you take an interest in the improvement of the ignorant and poor, I have waited upon you to solicit a contribution."

"I know," replied the clergyman, "nothing about tracts; I take no interest in such improvements."

"Pray, sir, have you a parish?"

"To be sure I have. I am rector of a parish containing two thousand souls."

Mr. R., with great promptness and devoutness, fell on his knees, in the presence of the clergyman, and poured forth a fervent prayer, that God would have mercy on the two thousand souls, whose shepherd declared he cared not for their improvement and salvation; and especially, that he would open the eyes of their shepherd. Rising, he left the room—the clergyman standing in utter consternation.

"Dupont," inquired the clergyman, when a little recovered, "what madman was that you sent up to my room?"

"Sir," was Mr. D.'s answer, "he is no madman; but one of the most respectable ministers of Christ in the kingdom; and if you will but go to Jewin-street chapel this evening, and hear him preach, take my word, you will no more think him insane."

"Well," said the clergyman, "I will go; for I never saw or heard any thing like his conversation and prayer in my life; but I am sure he is mad!"

He went to chapel, and was much struck with Mr. R.'s preaching; and on the following sabbath heard hm again at Spa Fields. God blessed the word; the clergyman wept like a child, conversed with Mr. Dupont, heard Mr. R. as often as he could, and left a sum of money for tracts; returned to his parish a different man, and became extremely useful to many of the two thousand souls for whom before he had cherished no concern.

This anecdote was narrated by Mr. Bound, of Cheshunt, who knew and loved both Mr. Ryland and Mr. Dupont, to a friend by whom it was lately told to a grandson of Mr. Ryland.

Another grandson, with sentiments of deep and affectionate veneration for his ancestor, communicates this anecdote to the *Visitor*, in the hope, that such an example of Christian fidelity and zeal may "provoke to emulation" many others, and thus produce fresh illustrations of the saying of the sacred volume, "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" Prov. xv. 23.

J. E. R.

THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL.

It is a fact not less extraordinary, and not less pregnant with evidence of the Divine origin of the gospel, that it never yet has had a dying penitent, I mean, any one, in the hour of dissolution, repenting of having trusted to it. I call attention to the fact. The gospel is the only system of which this can be affirmed; and the fact is without exception. I am in full recollection, when I say so, of the many believers who have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, in mental depression and gloom, and whose fears have encompassed them, even to the last. But these are not exceptions to the fact; they are confirmations of it. For whence has the gloom of these

believers arisen? What has drawn the cloud over their souls? What has engendered their fears? Has it been any apprehension, standing up within them, of the solidity of the gospel foundation of hope? any doubt of its being trustworthy? any conviction, or even any suspicion, forced upon them, in this testing time of human confidence, of its being, after all, not rock, as they had fancied, but sand—a delusion—a "refuge of lies?" The very reverse. Their doubts have not been about *it*, but about *themselves!* The question has not been about the security of the foundation, but about the fact of their having built upon it: not about the sufficiency of Christ, but about the reality of their interest in him: not about the soundness of the hope, but about the scriptural warrant to entertain it. That is a very different matter. So far from repenting, in the end, their having trusted to the gospel, their bitter regrets, and their heart-sinking fears, are all about the reality of their trust. Their hearts misgive them,—whether under the morbid operation of physical causes, or of mystical obscurity in their views of truth,—when they think of their past profession. They fear—they fear—that they may have been self-deceived; fancying themselves Christ's, when they were "none of his." But regrets, lamentings, anxieties, and fears springing from *such* sources, bear testimony, not *against* the gospel truth, but *for* it. I ask for an instance of any individual, in perfect possession of his mental powers, unaffected by any morbid hallucinations, and in the full prospect of death, expressing regret for the folly, or repentance for the sin of having believed and followed Christ; disowning the foundation on which he has rested through life, as now seen through the searching light of its closing hour, to be false and unstable. Infidelity, and every system of human framing have had their dying penitents by thousands. How comes it that the gospel has had none? If it were itself human, how should it have that extraordinary distinction from all else that is human? Many are the schemes with which men have made shift to live, but which have misgiven them when they have come to die. The last enemy is a ruthless inquisitor. Many a time has he shown what a power he possesses of detecting to the mind the sophistries by which it had flattered itself in error, and of exposing to the conscience the flimsiness of its favourite refuges. Even in the valley of the shadow of death, there is often a revealing light, which compels the sinner to see what he had been shutting his eyes against before, and awakens him to a late and appalling sense of his infatuation. How comes it, then, that to no one mind has death, in the hour of its dread inquisition, ever made the discovery of the insufficiency and delusiveness of the gospel? How comes it that of this foundation the hollowness, the unsoundness, the sandy instability, has never been exposed, and the fool, who has trusted to it, convinced too late of his folly? Is there not something extraordinary in this,—that of all systems this should be the only one that has stood the scrutiny of death, and the test of anticipated judgment? Let the infidel account for it. To me it appears as the seal of the God of heaven to his own truth; evincing its Divine adaptation to all our nature's *consciousnesses*, and to all our nature's *exigencies*, and peculiarly in the hour of that nature's extremity. It proves itself, in this unvarying experience, to have proceeded from Him who "knoweth what is in man."—*Wardlaw.*

GRACE.

Grace is spoken of in Scripture in three points of view: either as the unmerited favour of God towards men, as it exists in himself, or as manifested in the gospel, which is called the gospel of the grace of God; or with regard to its effects, that is, in its operation in men. Every part of redemption proceeds on the footing of grace. It originates in the grace, or unmerited favour of God, and flows in its first manifestations, and in all its subsequent acts, from the same unceasing fountain, in calling, regenerating, justifying, adopting, sanctifying, strengthening, confirming grace—in one word, it is all of grace. On this account, Peter calls God, "the God of all grace," which teaches that God is in himself towards his people grace; grace in his very nature; that he knows what each of them needs, and lays it up for them, and communicates it to them. The whole of the salvation of man, from the counsels of God, from eternity is planned and executed to the praise of the glory of his grace, Eph. i. 6.—*R. Haldane.*

THE GREAT RIVER EUPHRATES.

Of all the subjects not immediately connected with experimental religion, there is, perhaps, not one to which the attention of the Christian man might apparently be with more propriety directed, than that of unfulfilled prophecy; and yet, there is no question upon which so many grievous mistakes have arisen, or which so easily runs off into daring and profitless speculation. So that a good ground has been furnished for the jealousy with which many excellent persons regard these attempts to elucidate them. Possibly, the generality of commentators on this portion of holy writ, may have attempted too much. Prophecy was not vouchsafed to make us prophets, that is, to impart the power of foretelling future events. We need not here enlarge upon the many important functions which it discharges in the Christian economy; but evidently this is not one of them. Upon this assumption, which is at any rate a safe one, we are prohibited from regarding the supposed accomplishment (however apparently certain) of a prophecy of which the catastrophe is yet future, under any other aspect, than that of a high probability, the investigation and contemplation of which we consider as our privilege and our duty. We are not permitted to say that because certain portions of the whole prophecy correspond, however exactly, with certain events, in past or current history, that therefore the word of God declares that certain other specific events shall also occur in future history. We are called upon to apply the terms of prophecy to the events of history; but we are not to make any remaining portions of the same prophecy which, on our scheme of interpretation, would be unfulfilled, the ground of inference as to the future course of events; for the completion of the entire prophecy, and that alone, can finally prove, that our application has been the true one. It is in strict submission to this view of unfulfilled prophecy that we propose to consider two very remarkable passages in the book of Revelation. The first of them occurs in the ninth chapter; it describes the effects of the second woe trumpet, which was sounded by the sixth angel. "One woe is past; and, behold, there come two woes more hereafter. And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar, which is before God, saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels, which are bound in the great river Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared for" an appointed season, even "a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men," Rev. ix. 12—15. Mede, bishop Newton, and Faber, the three authorities whose interpretation we propose to follow, are agreed, that by the four angels we are to understand the four sultanies or kingdoms into which the Turks were divided in the eleventh century, which extended along both banks of the river Euphrates, and which bound them in (or rather on) the river; the well-known invasion of Syria, in that century, by the Crusaders, prevented them from attacking the adjacent provinces of the Roman empire. They are also agreed, that "a day" means a year, "a month" thirty years, and "a year" three hundred and sixty, or three hundred and sixty-five years. They all assign different events as the commencement of this period of three hundred and ninety-one, or three hundred and ninety-six years: but their disagreement furnishes a stronger argument in favour of their interpretation, than would have been afforded had their opinion been agreed. Mede informs us, that from the usurpation of the caliphate of Bagdad, by the sultan Togrul-Beg, in 1057, to the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in 1453, by which the Roman empire in the east was extinguished, is exactly three hundred and ninety-six years, and very properly points out the extreme improbability that such a coincidence should be fortuitous, (*Opera*, b. 3, p. 472.)

According to bishop Newton (who wrote his dissertations on the prophecies one hundred and sixteen years after Mede's death,) "It is wonderfully remarkable, that the first conquest, mentioned in the history of the Turks, over the Christians, was in the year of Christ 1281. Compute three hundred and ninety-one years from that time, and they will terminate in the year 1672; and in that year they took Caminia from the Poles. Whereupon a contemporary historian hath made this memorable reflection, "This was the last victory by which any advantage accrued to the Othman (Turkish) state, or any city or

province was annexed to the ancient bounds of the empire."

Mr. Faber, a living author, points out the equally remarkable fact, that from the commencement of the reign of the sultan Othman, A.D. 1301, who began his reign with that furious attack upon the eastern Roman empire, which was never remitted until that empire was totally annihilated, to the battle of Zenta, A.D. 1697, when the Turks were signally defeated by the Austrians, under prince Eugene, is exactly three hundred and ninety-six years. "And from that time to this, Turkey has been gradually sinking deeper and deeper into a state of hopeless decrepitude." Should events, which are as yet future, prove that the destroying power which rushed forth, at the sound of the sixth trumpet, was really the Turkish empire, it would seem we have ascertained the astonishing and hitherto unsuspected truth, that "a day, and a month, and a year," has been the common measure and limit of her destinies. It is the exact interval between the first and last great empires that she conquered; between her first and last aggressions upon Rome; between the commencement of her rise and that of her decline.

The prophecy proceeds, "And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them. And thus I saw the horses in this vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouth issued fire, and smoke, and brimstone. By these three were the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths," Rev. ix. 16—18.

With the full consent of the three high authorities before cited, we are here presented with a wonderfully exact description of the appearance of the Turkish armies. They brought immense hosts into the field, which, before the institution of the order of the Janizaries, were composed chiefly of cavalry. The number of the temariots, or horsemen, holding lands by serving in the wars, was estimated, by the European writers of the seventeenth century, at eight hundred thousand, and even at a million. The description of the dress of the riders corresponds with the same exactness: they are depicted as wearing breastplates, or war dresses, of fire, and of jacinth, and of brimstone, or, in other words, of red, and blue, and yellow: and from the first time of their appearance upon the great political stage of nations, the Turks have always peculiarly affected these colours. Even the arms whereby they were to conquer were represented in the vision, which passed before the eye of the apostle, fourteen hundred years before the occurrence of the event. The lion-headed horses, out of whose mouths issued the fire, the smoke, and the brimstone, whereby the third part of men were killed, describe, in such terms as one, to whom modern warfare was altogether unknown, would use, the huge artillery, by the help of which the Turks achieved many of their later conquests, and particularly the siege of Constantinople. Some of the guns, which were planted against the walls of that city, were drawn by seventy yoke of oxen, assisted by two thousand men; and one of them is said to have projected a shot of three hundred pounds weight; by these tremendous engines the walls were literally levelled with the ground, and Constantinople was taken.

Let us now turn our attention to another passage, which occurs in the sixteenth chapter of the same book, verse 12, "And the sixth angel poured out his vial on the great river Euphrates; and it was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared."

The angel who, in this vision, is the sixth to pour out his vial, is the same that, in the former vision, was the sixth to sound his trumpet: and the region, or people, upon which the effusion descends is also shadowed under the same figure, "the great river Euphrates." All consistency and propriety of interpretation, therefore, compel us, at once to conclude, that the same figure must mean the same thing in both, and consequently, that the two visions refer also to one and the same people. It will follow, therefore, that the sixth vial is the type of a subsequent event in the prophetic history of the people that were prefigured under the sixth trumpet; and of what event, but entire political extinction, can the drying up of a river be the figure? But the Turkish empire is not yet politically extinct, and we cannot therefore conclude, with any thing like

certainty, that our interpretation of the sixth trumpet is the true one. She has, however, apparently reached pretty nearly the last stage of political decrepitude; and there is a circumstance attending her decline, which coincides very remarkably with the terms of the prophecy. The provinces which remain under the dominion of the Turks are nearly depopulated. The rapid decrease in the numbers of the people, and especially of the Turks, has, for these many years, attracted the attention of travellers. One of them observed, that in riding from Smyrna to Constantinople, about ten years ago, he passed through several large towns and villages, evidencing, by the cemeteries crowded with Turkish tombstones, which were attached to them, that they had once been very populous, which are now entirely deserted: since then, the diminution would seem to have proceeded with great rapidity. The small number of inhabitants every where, and where they do occur, the small proportion of Turks among them, are the subjects of remark and of astonishment with all who are now travelling in that country. To adopt the language of an able contemporary writer, "The Turkish empire is falling for want of Turks. It appears highly probable that this strange and almost unparalleled phenomenon in the statistics of an empire, is the literal fulfilment of the oracle before us;" the sixth angel is pouring out his vial upon the great river Euphrates, and the waters thereof are drying up.

Assuming this interpretation, the other predicted effects of the effusion of the sixth vial are, by the terms of the prophecy, future to that which is now receiving its accomplishment. The "drying up of the river" is not the preparation of the way of "the kings from the rising of the sun," it is rather the removal of a hindering power in order to the commencement of that preparation. And "the three unclean spirits, like frogs," Rev. xvi. 13, will probably issue from the mouth of the dragon, of the beast, and of the false prophet, during its progress. Upon the import of these predictions, therefore, we do not presume to offer any conjecture. We shall not succeed in discovering that which God, in infinite wisdom has designed to conceal, and we forbear the attempt, lest haply we be found (in any sense) to be fighting against God. We recommend the whole passage to the earnest and devout meditation of the reader.

There is one part of this prophecy, especially, which is preceptive and practical, the importance of which the accident of time cannot affect; for it is addressed to the followers of Jesus Christ at all times. And now, that the veil is apparently being rent away from the mysteries that surround it, when the whole vision would seem to be rushing downwards from the sphere of faith, and bodying itself forth in stern reality, surely the warning and the exhortation will come home to the Christian's heart with ten-fold urgency, "BEHOLD, I COME AS A THIEF. BLESSED IS HE THAT WATCHETH AND KEEPETH HIS GARMENTS," Rev. xvi. 15. O.

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE MONUMENT.

YESTERDAY I was roaming the field, in the neighbourhood of Hornsey woods and Muswell-hill, poking in the ditches, pulling down the honeysuckles in the hedges, peering into the long grass to watch the short-legged ladybird, and long-legged grasshopper; and every now and then sitting on the stiles to rest myself, and wipe my spectacles; and where am I now? Why, on the top of the Monument, looking around on London's proud city lying below.

You will say that a man, at my time of life, might be well satisfied to keep his feet on level ground, and not give way to the pitiful ambition of getting above the head of his neighbours. Well! well! say what you will, the truth is the truth, and I will not disguise it: whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong in me to have mounted so high, here I am. Yes! here is Old Humphrey on the top of the Monument; the breeze blowing so freshly that he can hardly keep his hat upon his head.

While I pencil down these remarks, I am obliged to get to, what a sailor would call, the "lee side" of the column, and rest my paper on the iron railing, for the blustering wind pays no more respect to an old man than it does to a young one. There! a half sheet of thick post has been blown from my hand, and is flying and fluttering far above the highest houses in the direction of Leadenhall Market.

It is said that a man ought not to ascend a high hill, without coming down again wiser and better than he went up. I cannot tell whether this will be my case; but I know very well that it ought to be, after all the labour it has cost me to clamber up the three hundred and forty-five steps of this winding staircase, to say nothing of the sixpence given to the doorkeeper, and another paid for his little book. My legs ache, and my knees shake with the exertion. Time has been when I could have run up such a place as this without stopping; when I could have skipped up two or three steps at a time as nimbly as . . . But it is idle to boast of what I have been; my aching joints tell me what I am now.

A comfortable seat would be a great luxury at this moment, that I might recover my breath, and collect myself a little; but such a thing is not to be had for love or money. I feel what I suppose is common to the visitors of this place, a slight sensation of insecurity, of danger, and fear. An inclination to keep close to the column, and to the doorway leading down the staircase. Now and then, too, my imagination gets the better of me, and I fancy myself plunging down headlong from this fearful height. We are but poor creatures when placed in situations of novelty and apparent danger. Pheugh! My hat was all but gone, and I could very ill spare it under my present circumstances. I half begin to doubt the wisdom of my ambitious enterprise. I will tie my pocket handkerchief round my neck, for the wind searches me. There, I shall now do pretty well.

The book in the blue cover, that I bought down below, informs me that the great London fire, in the year 1666, which this monument is meant to commemorate, consumed the buildings on four hundred and thirty-six acres of ground, four hundred streets and lanes, thirteen thousand two hundred houses, the cathedral church of St. Paul, eighty-nine parish churches, six chapels, Guildhall, Royal Exchange, Custom House, Blackwell hall, divers hospitals and libraries, fifty-two of the Companies' halls, and a vast number of other stately edifices; together with three of the city gates, four bridges, the prisons of Newgate, the Fleet, Poultry, and Wood Street compters; the loss of which, together with that of the merchandize and household furniture, by the best calculation, amounted to ten millions, seven hundred and thirty thousand five hundred pounds.

I am now trying to imagine myself surrounded by this most terrible conflagration. Oh the distress, the misery, the despair, that must have wrung the hearts of the houseless and homeless multitude! Yet, see how mercy was mingled with judgment; only eight human lives were lost by this fearful visitation; and the plague which had long raged in the city, was stayed by the devouring flames!

The account given of the fire thrills one's very soul. "Then did the city shake indeed, and the inhabitants did tremble, and fled away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them; rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see, in some places, whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windows, which, folding together, united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens.

"And now horrible flakes of fire mount up to the sky, and the yellow smoke of London ascended up towards heaven, like the smoke of a great furnace, a smoke so great as darkened the sun at noonday. If, at any time, the sun peeped forth, it looked red like blood. The cloud of smoke was so great, that travellers did ride at noonday some miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky."

Surely no one should ascend this towering column without putting up a prayer to the Father of mercies that London may be, for ever, spared the repetition of such a dire calamity. But now let me look around.

London, as seen from this place, is a continuous mass of brickwork, slate roofs, windows, and red chimney pots, studded over pretty freely with the white towers and dark spires of churches,

while curling smoke is rising in all directions from the unnumbered streets.

The rumbling noise of carts, wagons, cabs, coaches, omnibuses, and carriages is incessant; like the roar of the restless ocean, it allows no respite—loud, heavy, monotonous, and continual.

My fellow men are the same restless beings when seen from this point of view as from any other; the same busy, bustling, selfish attention to their individual interests is visible. The loaded porters are hurrying down the hill to the steam packets; the cab drivers and coachmen are lashing their jaded horses up the hill with their fares; the merchants are hastening on 'Change; the policemen are slowly pacing their rounds; the letter carriers are performing their active duties; gentlemen are promenading the streets; ladies are shopping, either in their carriages or on foot; and idlers and pleasure takers are abroad, going to and fro, according to their several inclinations.

Hark! the big bell of St. Paul's cathedral is striking the hour. The resounding strokes are like those of a giant smiting his brazen buckler with his spear! What says the clamorous monitor to the busy world below? What warning has he to give to Old Humphrey? "Mortal! Prepare for immortality!" A dozen church clocks are now repeating aloud the solemn injunction.

It is a serious thought to entertain, while so many are striving, with all their souls, to get through this bad world, that so few are striving to get to a better! The bread which perishes is sought after more than the bread of life, and the gewgaws of time more ardently pursued than the glories of eternity.

The public streets that appear so crowded, when we are in them, seem but thinly populated, when seen from this great elevation, for now we see the real space between one person and another. Even London Bridge has comparatively few people upon it.

What a Lilliputian world it is below me. Diminished in size as they are by my position, the very carts and wagons are playthings; the huge dray horse is but a Shetland pony; and the men and women are merely respectable puppets. It would do a proud man good, could he see himself in the street from the top of the Monument!

The more distant objects do not appear to be so visibly affected, for we expect them to be diminished; they are those near the base of this mighty column, which strike us as extraordinary. Wagons have no wheels, horses have no legs, and men and women are all hats and bonnets, coats and shawls.

The chimney pots, seen in all directions, are like the open mouths of so many cannons pointed at the skies. What a dreadful distance it is to the ground! While I look down perpendicularly, the strong iron railing, on which I lean, seems but a poor security. What if it should give way! The thought is horrible, and yet, horrible as it is, most likely it has entered the head of hundreds visiting this giddy height.

In the year 1750, a poor weaver flung himself from the place where I am now standing. In 1788, a baker of the name of John Craddock, followed his dreadful example. Lyon Levy, a diamond merchant, committed the same rash act in the year 1810; and the names of Margaret Moyes and of a youth must now be added to the list of those who have thus dared against the commands of God to rush into eternity. How earnestly ought we to pray that He "who alone can restrain the unruly wills and affections of sinful man," would, of his great mercy, enable us to control our passions, and resist the sudden rushes of temptation that take the agonized heart by surprise, and hurry it into the commission of desperate and sinful deeds.

If it were not for the fog, I should now see further than I have seen this many a day; but, as it is, distant objects are either invisible or confused and indistinct. We must not expect to have the world just what we would wish it to be. We never judge so wisely about the weather as when we conclude that to be the best which it pleases God to send.

Now I should like to be able to scatter down blessings on the heads of my brother emmets below, from Greenwich hospital in the east, to Buckingham palace in the west; from Stamford hill in the north, to Clapham common in the south. Well, if I cannot do this myself, I can humbly and reverently ask Him to do it who can. He only who knows the grief and the joy, the fears and the desires of every heart, can suit his blessings to their respective wants.

Yonder is a man lashing his horses very cruelly. I wish I could tell him that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast;" but, perhaps, if I did, he would hardly thank me for my pains. Though he smacks his whip lustily, I cannot hear the sound that it makes. It is the same with the two damsels, there, who are shaking a carpet on the flat roof of the corner house. I hear nothing of the heavy monotonous sound that a shaken carpet usually makes.

The river, the bridges, St. Paul's cathedral, the different churches, and some of the large public buildings, are the most conspicuous objects around me; but of these I am not at all inclined to give the history. I came up here to muse a little on such things as might present themselves most vividly to my attention or my thoughts, in so novel a situation.

While I am looking down from this fearful height, a pair of bright brown pigeons are fearlessly winging their way to and fro, midway between me and the ground. At one moment they bear up bravely against the wind, till they almost reach me; and then, turning aside, suddenly cleave the air, like swift arrows from the bowman's hand. Oh what a glorious liberty they appear to enjoy! I could almost wish for the moment to be a pigeon!

The Mansion house looks like a spireless church up above the surrounding buildings; but the cathedral of St. Paul is the great lion of London. Like an ostrich among birds, like an elephant among beasts, or rather, like Snowdon among British mountains, is St. Paul's among the churches of this great city. I dare say, that when Sir Christopher Wren saw the glorious pile completed, it was one of the proudest moments of his life. In expressing this opinion, I run but little risk of wronging his reputation, or doing injustice to his memory.

The Tower has just caught my eye; the centre building, with the four square turrets, has a fort-like appearance. Its dark walls, windows, and battlements, edged with stones of a lighter colour, render it unlike the buildings around it. No doubt, if it were necessary, the place could pour out of the iron and brazen-throated cannons it contains, such a horrible tempest of destruction, as would bring to the ground many of the proud edifices that raise their heads above it; but for all that, I like not the Tower. Dark deeds have been done there! cruel, merciless deeds, branding the brows, and blackening the memory of those who perpetrated them.

How pleasant it is, in comparison, to reflect on the pious, though unnoticed, poor, whom, to do deeds of fame and glory—

> "Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone
> Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
> Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

The name of king will not cover a crime from an All-seeing eye, nor blot out a deed of blood from the record of human transgression; but I will turn from the Tower, lest in my too ardent condemnation of regal infirmities, I lose sight of, or make manifest, my own.

The sight of St. Saviour's church, just over London bridge, puts me in mind of Hooper, and Bradford, and Farrar. It is not long since I paid a visit, with a friend, to the vault-like chamber in the Lady chapel, where they were questioned by their cruel judges, before they were called on "to play the man in the fire." Could Bonner and Gardener again sit in judgment on their fellow men, willingly would they drain their own veins, rather than "betray the innocent blood." But it is too late! Not all the host of heaven can wipe out the crimson stains that tracked their guilty pathway through the world.

I would say something about the abbey of Westminster, though there is a mist round it that almost hides it from my view; and I could prate awhile about the bridges and the river, but the cold wind affects me, and old men are somewhat compelled to think of the pains and penalties of to morrow, as well as of the pleasures of to-day. Much as may be said against the lumbago and rheumatism, they are capital things in their way, for though they pinch us much, they preserve us from more; the remembrance of them does us good. They resemble the painted boards that are set up on forbidden ground, "Man traps and spring guns set here."

I will now make the best of my way down the spiral staircase. It was not, I hope, high mindedness that brought me up, and I trust that high mindedness will not accompany me down; for sure I am, a proud man, seeing that he has so little cause for pride, and so much cause for

humility, is not more vain than he is foolish. As John Bunyan's shepherd's boy sings:

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

Never are we so safe as when we are lowly in heart, seeking in all things that holy and Divine influence, which can alone defend us from temptation, and deliver us from evil; "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," 2 Cor. x. 5.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

Observation and experience testify, that the influence of good men is very great after death. We often hear our fellow creatures acknowledge their obligation to the memory of their departed relatives and friends, as instrumental, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, in restraining or turning them from courses of vice, and in exciting them to walk in the path of duty and holiness. And we often feel this influence upon our own hearts. We feel restrained from pursuing courses which we have heard condemned by those we venerate, and whose memory is dear to us: and we feel urged to those habits of life which we know they approved, and to which they fervently exhorted us. And, in instances not a few, this influence has been increased after death. The severity of the affliction has imparted a sacredness and an impressiveness to every recollection. It is true, in respect to this, that we learn to estimate the blessing, by the painfulness of the loss. The counsels of a good man, which may have been slighted or contemned, while he was living, will often be profoundly venerated when he is dead. His prayers, his tears, his tender expostulations, which the heart accustomed itself to repel, as they issued from the living voice, it may be unable to resist, when they breathe forth, in the whispers of memory, from the grave. In this way, a man dies, sometimes only to increase his power—to gain ascendency over hearts that he could not control while living.

We cannot doubt that many an unrenewed youth, left fatherless ere the passions had surrendered the reins to discretion, has been saved from ruin by the remembrance of that father. At first, when the weight and intenseness of the affliction was upon him, he was all prostrated: his soul was filled with solemn feeling; he mourned—and as he mourned, he recorded the most sacred resolutions, never to forget that loved, lost object, nor cease to venerate and regard his known will. This he did, when the burst of natural grief was venting itself from his heart. But after a time, the poignancy of his sorrow subsided; his impressions wore away, his heart was not changed; he still loved the world, and gradually he felt the returning desire for its society and pleasures. He began to mingle again with his former associates, and, with them, to seek amusement from worldly scenes; and as he passed along, a temptation assailed him to enter the gateway of forbidden indulgence. His passions sprang at the allurement, and his foot was uplifted to take the first step in the way of criminal gratification. But suddenly he paused. Others around him rushed onward; but he came to a stand. He shuddered as though some awful apprehension had seized him. His ear was turned upward, in the attitude of listening: the heavens seemed to be opened; and he heard the well-known voice of a sainted parent saying to him, in accents of heavenly tenderness, "Fond child, forbear! by all thy love for a lost parent, forbear!" It broke upon his soul like the roar of mighty waters. The tempter's grasp was relaxed—he returned, and was rescued.

Nor can we doubt that the same influence is sometimes made effectual to the conversion of a soul, when, during life, all the force of Christian example, exhortation and prayers, was insufficient. During life, familiarity had inured the heart to them; the same expostulations had been often heard; the same prayers and anxieties often offered and expressed; the feelings had grown dull; the conscience had fallen asleep; every means had lost its effect, and the mind seemed to be growing harder and more insensible under them; and, if no change had been produced, perhaps the soul would have slumbered on, and perished in its guilt. But when the time arrived that the greatest of earthly trials was to be endured, and the greatest earthly sacrifice was to be made—when the most beloved

object was about to be snatched for ever from the sight, yea, when the dying scene was unfolded, the dying faith expressed, the testimony borne, and the charge given, "My son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind:—if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever"—then he was aroused from his fearful repose, his apathy was disturbed and broken up, and a softer train of emotions came into the soul. And, when the appalling scene was closed; when death had fulfilled his commission, and the momentous loss was sustained, he then, with a heart surcharged with anguish, and penetrated with the most subduing grief, retired to mourn in solitude, and, in memory, to hold discourse with the dead. This was the Holy Spirit's favourable, chosen hour. An awful solemnity pervaded him; and, in the visions of the night, the spirit of the departed seemed to descend and hover over him. The dew of his love distilled upon him; he felt his sins; he felt the force of long rejected warnings; he felt the Saviour's love; his soul was disarmed; he yielded; he was renewed.

Such results as these, though by far too seldom witnessed, are by no means the mere fabrications of fancy. Through the mercy of God, they are sometimes matters of fact; and they are a part of that blessedness which flows from the memory of the just. And there are many other precious consequences resulting to us from the recollection; but now we can only say, that the memory of our departed Christian friends, operates to restrain us from sin, to quicken our graces, and to stimulate us to the discharge of duty. Who can consent to sin, when the sacred recollection of a virtuous friend, now in heaven, is fresh in his heart? And whose graces can languish and grow cold, or who can depart from the path of duty, with the bright example of a "spirit of the just made perfect," before him? The experience of every one must testify, that the tendency of the memory of a good man is to destroy carnal, and promote spiritual mindedness. It supports us under our afflictions, lightens our burdens, assuages our sorrows, increases our fortitude, dispels our fears, animates our zeal, and urges us on to imitate their example, and to prepare to meet them in that world of peace to which the spirits of the righteous have taken flight. "The memory of the just is blessed."—*Professor White.*

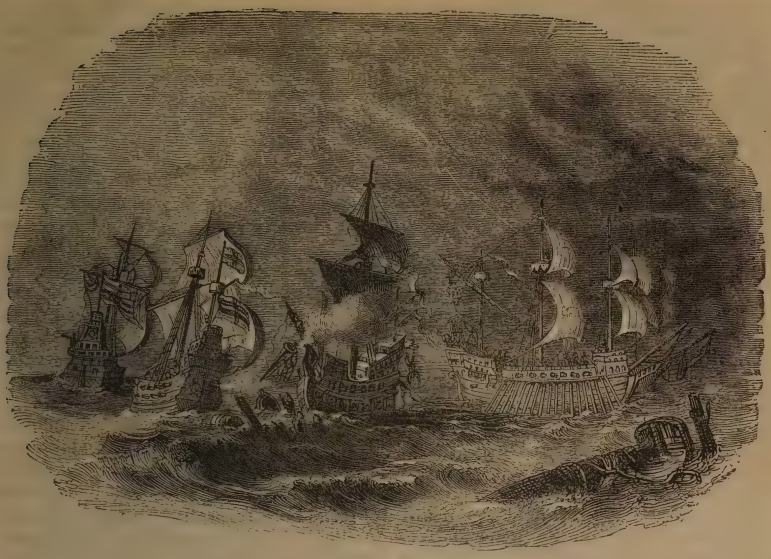
RHODES.

It is highly probable that so renowned and commercial an island was early visited by Christian missionaries. St. Paul touched at it in his journey from Ephesus to Jerusalem, mentioned Acts xxi. 1. His stay was, probably, too short to admit of intercourse with any Christian brethren who might be there. But it is certain that in the same journey he met with disciples at many adjacent places evidently inferior to Rhodes. Whatever was its situation at this early period, as to the blessing of Christian instruction, of this we are sure, that it soon became the seat of a Christian church. It was the residence of an archbishop; and when the Saracens took it, in the seventh century, it contained a professedly Christian population. The knights of the order of St. John were here established under a grand master, who had a palace in Rhodes before that order was established in Malta. It is stated by some authors, that the knights of Jerusalem recovered it from the Saracens in 1309, but that it was recaptured by the Turks, who still continue in possession of it. The Greeks, its original inhabitants, are now restricted to the miserable suburbs, with all other Christians; Jews and Turks alone dwell in the City.

The palace of the grand master is still shown, though greatly dilapidated by time and the poverty of the people. Niebuhr visited it, and states that "it contains many noble old buildings, some of which are decorated with the armorial bearings of some of the most ancient families in Europe. The Turks neglect the fortifications, although they might know their importance from having besieged the island so long before they could make themselves masters of it."—*Christian Keepsake.*

THE BIBLE USED.

Oh how I love to see a dog's-eared, thumb-marked Bible! Not one that has been abused by the idle and careless, but one that has been used by the diligent seeker after salvation.—G. M.



Destruction of the Spanish Armada.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Continued from page 225.)

The affairs of Holland and the Netherlands pressed upon England for help with increased force in 1585. As yet the confederates received little aid from Elizabeth; the interference of the duke of Anjou had proved unsatisfactory; the prince of Orange was murdered; his eldest son was a prisoner in Spain; the second, upon whom the authority devolved, was a youth of eighteen; and the Spanish general, the prince of Parma, was successful in his military operations; while the king of France, though willing to check the power of Philip, had too many troubles at home to allow of his interference. The States, in this extremity, again applied to Elizabeth, offering to acknowledge her as their sovereign. The hazard from committing herself to an open war with Philip was considerable; he was then the ruler of a large part of Europe, with the pope and the house of Austria ready to assist him; the treasures of the New World were at his disposal. But to allow him to overcome the confederates, would be to enable him to act with still more force against England. It was therefore resolved that Elizabeth should decline the sovereignty, but give efficient aid to the States of Holland, by assisting them with an army and a fleet, holding some towns as guarantees for the repayment of the charges of the expedition. A declaration was published, stating that ancient treaties with those provinces, required the English sovereign to assist them in preserving their privileges under the oppressions of the Spanish government. Certainly the refusal of the sovereignty thus offered, proves a wisdom and real greatness of mind few monarchs would have shown.

The earl of Leicester was appointed general of the allied army; this was owing to Elizabeth's ill-judged partiality for him. Early in 1586, the States gratified his ambition by conferring upon him powers almost equal to sovereignty. When Elizabeth heard of this proceeding, she blamed him for receiving such authority, and the States for bestowing it; but his administration soon became unpopular. Nor did he display military talents. In a skirmish at Zutphen, where the Spaniards had pressed forward, owing to an error of Leicester's in leaving some approaches unguarded, his nephew, the amiable sir Philip Sidney, who was considered one of the most virtuous and accomplished characters of that day, received a mortal wound. The anecdote of his sending the water, brought to relieve his own suffering, to a dying soldier, who appeared to need a draught still

more than himself, is well known; it shows a kindliness of disposition seldom manifested amidst the horrors of warfare. He lingered more than a fortnight before he died, during which time he sought, as his friend lord Brooke records, to "apply the eternal sacrifice of our Saviour's passion and merits to himself." The author of the "History of England, on Christian Principles," has well remarked, that "It is due to candour not to hide the defects which stained the fair face of religion in queen Elizabeth's reign; yet, assuredly, those deserved to be called golden days, in which a courtier could thus express his faith in his Saviour's righteousness; and a young nobleman was not ashamed to record the saintly language of a polished friend and brother soldier. A general mourning, and a public funeral in St. Paul's church, were unusual marks of respect; and with these the court honoured sir Philip Sidney's memory."

The aid afforded to the States checked the progress of the Spaniards; but that nation suffered more from an expedition under Drake against the Spanish colonies of Hispaniola, Carthagena, and Florida. The encouragement given by Elizabeth to her naval commanders rapidly increased the number of efficient defenders of her realm.

In addition to the plots against Elizabeth, a design of still greater magnitude began to attract the attention of the English government in 1586. This was the preparation of the fleet, known in history by the title of the Invincible Armada. Vast preparations were in progress for fitting out a naval armament in the ports of Spain and Portugal; the reasons alleged were the intentions of Philip to make a great effort to aid the war in the Low Countries, and also to send a large expedition to America. The first discovery of the design to invade England, is said to have been made to Walsingham, by a priest, one of his spies, who informed him that Philip had privately written to the pope respecting the destination of his fleet, which was unknown to his council. By a bribe given to the mistress of one of the pope's confidents, a copy of the Spanish king's letter was procured. The design was there avowed to be, the invasion of England, with the death of Elizabeth, the placing Mary on the throne, and the destruction of the Protestant faith. How far this was ascertained before the end of the year, may be a question; but there can be no doubt that the preparations must have been surmised to be intended against England, and therefore in connexion with Mary Stuart. At this crisis, a new plot was discovered, with which that princess was personally concerned.

One of the Rhemish priests, named William Gifford, persuaded a man named Savage, that to murder Elizabeth would be a meritorious and laudable deed, ensuring him eternal happiness. Ballard, another priest, on visiting England, found the Papists increasingly disposed to act against Elizabeth. He communicated with Mendoza, then Spanish ambassador in France, and Paget, the agent of the queen of Scots, who encouraged the invasion of England; but Paget gave his opinion, that no such effort could succeed, unless Elizabeth was first "taken off." Ballard was directed to return to England, to procure further information respecting English Papists willing to assist an invasion. On his arrival, in the disguise of a military officer, he had conferences with Babington, a man of respectable family in Derbyshire, who had already formed some schemes for liberating Mary, and had been engaged in conveying her letters secretly to the continent.

On conferring upon their plans, Babington concurred in the plot for assassinating Elizabeth, and selected five other zealous Papists to be joined with Savage in his murderous attempt, which he communicated to Mary's ambassador, the bishop of Ross. But Walsingham had received an intimation of the plot; his spies were active; one of them became privy to the plans, and pretended to be an associate in the conspiracy. Walsingham, with that craft which is too common, but which must be censured as opposed to Christian principle, allowed the conspiracy to proceed, while it was watched by his emissaries; Gifford being concerned in communicating with Mary, and betraying her letters to Walsingham, who even listened to Babington's offer that he and Ballard would become spies for the secretary, if allowed to visit the continent. Their object was to ascertain that preparations were made for the invasion, before the murder of the queen was attempted. Walsingham caused Ballard to be apprehended before he left England; but with consummate art, persuaded Babington this was only occasioned by the discovery that he was

a priest. Babington was thus induced to cause his associates to delay the attempt at murder, which at the moment they wished to hasten, and he even consented to reside in Walsingham's house, on the pretence of arranging what his proceedings in France should be. The conspirator soon became alarmed, on finding his motions strictly watched, and joined his confederates, who fled in different disguises; but all, except one, were soon discovered. They were examined, confessions were drawn from them, after which they were tried, when the seven principal conspirators pleaded guilty. Babington, Savage, Ballard, and eleven others, were executed. One of them expressly declared, that what he did was only for his conscience' sake, and not for any malice or hatred to Elizabeth; so completely can the bigotry of false religion blind the mind.

Babington's confessions implicated Mary. He had renewed his correspondence, and had written her an account of the murderous design, which she had answered, approving the plan, arranging several matters connected with the attempt, and expressing her anxiety for the safety of the murderers, after the deed should be perpetrated. These letters passed from Chartley, where Mary then was, by a secret contrivance; being deposited in a hole in the wall by one of her servants, they were taken from thence and delivered to the agents of Mary. Information of this means of communication being obtained, the letters and the answers were seen and copied, while passing between Mary's agents and her own servant. Thus there was treachery on both sides. Mary's fate exemplified the truth of Scripture, "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him," Prov. xxvi. 27.

It was determined that Mary should be proceeded against, as sufficient proofs of her concurrence in Babington's plans had been found. Sir Thomas Gorges was sent to Chartley to make the communication to her; he did so when she was on horseback preparing for the chase, and conducted her to Tixall. She attempted to resist, but in vain. Her apartments were searched, her papers were seized, and her secretaries sent to London to be examined, after which she was reconducted to Chartley, from whence, in a few days, she was removed to Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire. There was clear proof that she had corresponded with Babington, had been informed of his murderous designs, and had written to him approving of them, directing that her liberation should be attempted immediately after the design on which "the six gentlemen were at work," as she phrased it. The letters did not rest only on Babington's evidence, a rough draft of Mary's reply, in her own writing, was found among her papers, made for one of her secretaries to copy, and put into the cypher used in the correspondence.

The course now usually adopted by Mary's advocates is, to admit the murderous plot of Babington and his associates, and that Mary participated in the plan for an invasion; but to deny that she was aware of the intention to murder Elizabeth, alleging that her letters, or the parts of her letters, which establish her guilt and knowledge of the plot, were fabricated by her enemies to involve her in the charge. But there are no circumstances which bear out this statement, excepting her own denial, and she extended this still further, asserting a direct falsehood in the first instance. If we are to balance probabilities, there can be no reason to suppose one part of the design would be communicated to her, while the most efficient part of the proceeding was not mentioned. And it was impossible for her to think that an insurrection or invasion could be successful, unless the life of Elizabeth could be sacrificed. But the matter does not merely rest on such probabilities, however convincing they may be. The written documents can only be met by a mere assertion, that her secretaries played her false, which is entirely unsupported, and which Mary herself did not venture to allege, nor were they called to account by her friends as guilty of such a proceeding, though they lived several years afterwards. The conduct of Walsingham in suffering the plot to go forward, and that persons should be induced to join it, after it was known to him, is wholly indefensible, except on the ground of meeting craft by craft, a course that ought never to be attempted; but still it offers no excuse for Mary. Elizabeth and her ministers may be blamed for allowing her to proceed in these guilty conspiracies, but it was in her mind to do so; the plot originated with her partizans, and was taken up by her in a manner which showed her readiness

to join in treacherous and atrocious designs. This was her disposition; it fully bore out the already noticed observation of the French king, that she would not cease from her plots till they brought ruin upon her. The association already mentioned, was a warning for her to desist from any such proceedings. How different was the course pursued by David towards Saul; though the latter daily sought his life, he would not sanction any attempt against the king, even in self-defence. He looked to the Lord for deliverance out of all his tribulation, and he was not disappointed, as he recorded in the beautiful language of the eighteenth Psalm.

Elizabeth and her ministers now resolved to bring Mary to trial, as an offender against the law passed two years before. There can be no doubt that the fatal result to the prisoner was looked for, nor can there be any doubt of her guilt according to that law; but it is equally to be admitted, that she ought not to have been put to death under its enactments; they went too far. A commission was issued to forty-six peers, privy counsellors, and judges. Thirty-six arrived at Fotheringay, on October 11. Mary refused to plead, declaring that, as an independent monarch, she was not answerable to the judicature of another country. To this was answered, that every one, while in a country, was answerable to its laws, and she was warned, that refusal to plead would be considered as an acknowledgment of guilt; and she was urged that, if innocent, she ought to take the opportunity to repel the charge. On the 14th, she consented to plead under a protest against the authority of the court. The charge was, that she had conspired to procure, 1. The invasion of the realm; 2. The death of Elizabeth. Of the first, there could be no doubt. Letters had been intercepted, and others were found in her cabinet, abundantly proving this. The second she denied; the evidence rested on her correspondence with Babington, his confessions, and the admissions of her secretaries. At first she wholly denied any correspondence with Babington; but that being indisputably proved, she denied that the passages in question were written by her, or with her knowledge. Having been confessedly guilty of falsehood, in her first denial respecting this correspondence, it was impossible to place confidence in her more limited negation. As already observed, she could not be ignorant that the murder of Elizabeth was a preliminary, needful to secure the success of any invasion or insurrection. The court adjourned to Westminster, where, on the 29th, she was pronounced guilty. The sentence was communicated to the parliament and sanctioned. On the 25th of November, both Lords and Commons urged that the sentence should be put into execution, while the people at large made public expressions of rejoicing. There never was a measure more earnestly pressed by the general desire of the nation, than the death of Mary. It was a public national act, not one of private or individual revenge.

Elizabeth was irresolute with respect to Mary's fate. She now was convinced, that if the latter continued to live, her own life and her proceedings for the good of the nation, would be in constant danger. Yet to direct the execution of an independent monarch, situated like Mary, was an alternative which her firmness was not sufficient to encounter, especially as the ambassadors from France and Scotland publicly remonstrated against the execution. Two months passed in a state of irresolution, when, at length, the commission to the earl of Shrewsbury, as earl marshal, with other nobles, was directed to be prepared. Still Elizabeth wished that Mary's life could be ended by other and less public means, and even directed that a hint, to that effect, should be given to sir Amias Paulet, and his fellow-keeper, Drury; but though they disliked Mary for her bigotry, and enmity to their queen, they wisely and honestly refused to participate in causing the death of Mary, unless by a legal warrant. On February 1, Elizabeth signed the commission, and directed the great seal to be affixed, without waiting for Paulet's answer. The next day, she told Davison, the secretary, to wait till he received further orders, before the commission was sealed; but, on being told this was already done, she blamed his haste, but did not give any further directions, and on the following morning, told him, with a smile, that she had dreamed of punishing him severely, as the cause of the death of the queen of Scots. He then asked whether she intended the commission should be executed; to which she answered in the affirmative, but that she did not like the respon-

sibility being thrown wholly upon herself. This was on February 3. The council assembled on that and the preceding day, and were informed of what had passed; they probably saw the state of Elizabeth's mind, and resolved to proceed, considering Mary's death to be necessary for the public safety. They sent Beal, the clerk of the council, to Fotheringay, with the commission, and a letter to Paulet and Drury, signed by the whole council. On the 4th, Elizabeth inquired what answer Paulet had sent respecting a private execution. On being informed, she expressed her dissatisfaction. Indeed the histories of that period show that princes often viewed assassination as a method of executing justice, even when no legal conviction of guilt had taken place.

On February 7, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, with their attendants, arrived at Fotheringay in the evening. Mary was immediately informed that she must prepare to suffer death the next morning. She was not surprised at such an announcement, but received it with fortitude, enumerated her sufferings, and protested her innocence as to any plot against the life of Elizabeth. She refused to see the dean of Peterborough, and the commissioners refused to allow her to see her own confessor—an uncharitable act. Mary passed most of the night in writing and in prayer, administering the sacrament of the altar to herself, by taking a wafer, which had been consecrated by the pope, and which she had reserved to be taken in the hour of extremity, viewing it as having been actually turned into the body of Christ, and being endowed with power to procure her eternal happiness. It is painful to reflect that nominal Protestants frequently consider the sacrament as a passport to heaven. At day-break Mary took leave of her servants. Soon after eight o'clock, she was conducted to the great hall of the castle, where a low scaffold had been prepared, covered with a black cloth. About two hundred persons were present. On her repeated request, the commissioners unwillingly consented that she should be attended by two of her women and four of her men servants. She conducted herself with dignity and firmness, declaring that she was brought to suffer by violence and injustice, that she never had contrived the death of Elizabeth, and that she died in the Romish faith, expressing also her forgiveness of her enemies. The dean of Peterborough endeavoured to preach, and offer prayer, but though there was nothing offensive or controversial in his services, Mary refused to listen, repeating passages from the Psalms aloud in Latin. She then prayed in French and English, and holding up a crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." She laid her head upon the block, and at the third blow it was separated from her body. The dean officially and uncharitably declared, in the form usual on such occasions, "So perish all the queen's enemies:" the earl of Kent alone uttered "Amen."

Thus perished Mary Stuart, queen of Scots; her last hours exhibited her character in a more favourable light than any of the former portions of her life. The unjustifiable termination of the proceedings against her, has done much to throw into the shade that censure, which impartiality would otherwise attach to her actions. Nor can the course pursued by Elizabeth and her counsellors be defended upon other grounds than the narrow and unjustifiable pleas of expediency, and retaliation: the situation of Mary, as a prisoner, led to the proceedings for which she suffered, and it would have been a more equitable course not to have put her to death. But those who censure Elizabeth most strongly, do it on untenable grounds. Neither the times nor the circumstances of public affairs allowed her to leave Mary at liberty, and it is too much for men, themselves actuated by worldly motives, to require that the English queen should deliberately expose herself to certain destruction, by giving her rival advantages against her. Indisputable facts also prove, that Mary could not demand better treatment on the plea of innocence and right conduct. If her reign and life are fairly reviewed, without reference to her death, few sovereigns will be found whose conduct has been more deserving of censure. The blame deservedly cast upon Elizabeth's conduct, is not aggravated by any innocence on the part of Mary. The latter had been the offender, though this did not justify, on Christian principles, the extremity of suffering inflicted upon her. And there is no excuse for doing wrong to prevent wrong. But as repeatedly stated already, the causes of those sufferings must be traced very far back, even

up to the course pursued when she was an infant, her removal to France, her education, and the bad principles instilled there. We may pity, but we cannot excuse her.

Elizabeth, in some instances, showed much female weakness. It has been said, "At times she was more than man, and on some occasions less than woman." She was so in her conduct relative to Mary's execution. Instead of resting her defence for what had passed on the crimes of Mary, and her duty as queen of England, she sought a pretext to throw the blame upon others. Her counsellors were severely censured and excluded from favour for some time; but the chief displeasure was shown towards her secretary, Davison. Elizabeth asserted that the commission was not only sent off without her knowledge, but against her will, and that she only intended to have had it ready for execution, in case of Mary's foreign or domestic partizans actually appearing in arms. The blame was cast upon Davison. He was dismissed from his office, fined ten thousand marks, and imprisoned, for having parted with the commission without express order from Elizabeth. Lord Burghley was in disgrace for some weeks; but upon making an humble acknowledgment of error, he was restored to his office. The conduct of her counsellors was the plea offered to the kings of France and Scotland, a mere excuse; but neither of these monarchs cared to interfere; and the plea was more plausible than that offered by the king of France for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The political state of France rendered its sovereign far from displeased at an event which destroyed the hopes of the Guises, while James felt little affection for a mother whom he had never known, who had continually censured his conduct, and who, in fact, desired to exclude him from the throne of England. James's favourite, Gray, writing to Douglas, the ambassador at the English court, attributed James's interference to proceed out of his own good nature, and ventured to add, "I care not, though she were out of the way." Such an interference would cause Elizabeth to proceed rather than to hesitate. The people of Scotland were at first indignant at the national insult, but their minds were soon calmed; while in England, a large number who had not wished to act against Elizabeth, but who deemed Mary their rightful queen, and desired to see a papist on the throne, now were less disposed to disturb the government.

Among other documents existing in reference to this affair, there is in the Vatican a letter addressed to the pope, written by Mary, the day after the sentence of death was first communicated, by which she leaves her right to the throne of England, to be disposed of by the pope and Philip, as they should see fit, if her son refused to become a papist. This would act as a fresh stimulus to Philip, whose armada was now nearly ready to sail; but it was delayed by various causes: among other means, a plan is said to have been resorted to, by the advice of a merchant, sir Thomas Gresham. By causing large drafts to be made upon the bank of Genoa, he prevented the supply of money necessary for the final despatch of the fleet being furnished. Or this delay may have been occasioned by the success of an expedition against Cadiz, under sir Francis Drake, who destroyed a number of vessels in the outer road, and ascertained the extent of preparation going forward. Arrangements were made in England to meet the attack; but they were much inferior to those of the invader, excepting in the general spirit of the people. This was decidedly aroused; very few, even of the most bigoted papists, desired the success of the Spaniards. Ships were hastily built or fitted out; arms and munitions of war collected, and the sea-ports fortified.

The conduct of the earl of Leicester was injurious to the States. Two officers appointed by him were negligent or treacherous, and surrendered the posts committed to their care. Leicester returned to the Netherlands with a reinforcement; but he was not successful against Parma, while his general conduct excited a quarrel with the States, which ended in the queen causing him to resign his command, in December, 1587. Prince Maurice was appointed governor, while the command of the English auxiliaries was given to lord Willoughby, who directed him to conciliate the leaders of the confederated States.

The attention of Europe was now directed to the proceedings of Spain. The armada consisted of one hundred and

thirty-five ships, many of them very large, manned with eight thousand seamen, and carrying twenty thousand veteran soldiers; while in Flanders, upwards of thirty thousand men were prepared, with transports or boats adequate for their conveyance. The whole royal navy of England consisted of thirty-four vessels, of which only five were above eight hundred tons; but the city of London fitted out thirty-three, and eighteen were sent out by private individuals, while about ninety, chiefly small craft, were hired. Lord Howard, of Effingham, was appointed admiral. He was not experienced in nautical affairs; but able officers were placed under him, among whom were Drake, Hawkins, and others who had already acquired fame in naval expeditions against the Spaniards.

Land forces were ordered to assemble, but only one large army was actually embodied. It was stationed in Essex, on the river Thames, to protect the capital and the approach to it. The chief reliance was placed on the fleet, assembled at the entrance of the channel; but the nobles and persons of property were ready to conduct their dependants to any points whither they might be directed. The pious composure of lord Burghley is to be remarked: when the overwhelming force of the Spaniards was noticed, he firmly replied, "They shall do no more than God will suffer them."

On May 29, 1588, the armada, solemnly blessed by popish prelates, and proudly denominated "the invincible," sailed from the Tagus, not only as an expedition to invade an enemy's country; but, as the litany prepared for this occasion was expressly entitled, "against the English heretics." Many friars were on board, with stores of popish trumpery, as well as the muniments of war; and all was prepared to extirpate the Protestant faith of England. Another bull, ordering that Elizabeth should be hurled from her throne, had been issued by the pope Sixtus v., absolving her subjects from their allegiance. Cardinal Allen was sent to Flanders, to cooperate from thence in matters under his control.

A storm shortly arose which compelled the fleet to take shelter in Corunna for three weeks, to repair the damage it sustained. It being reported that the expedition was effectually disappointed, the queen ordered four of the largest ships to be laid up: but the admiral refused to weaken his force, and stood out to sea to obtain correct intelligence of the state of the Spanish fleet. A south-west gale compelled him to return, while the armada, favoured by the same wind, steered for England. The commander, the duke of Medina Sidonia, purposed to attack the English fleet at Plymouth, although his orders forbade him to make any attempt before he had communicated with the prince of Parma; but his intention was laid aside when he found the English ships had been again at sea.

Lord Howard was informed of the approach of the armada, on which he hastened to leave the port. The next day, the Spanish fleet was seen sailing slowly up the channel, in the form of a crescent; the extremities of which were seven miles apart. This was on July the 20th. The whole of the English fleet had not joined; the admiral, therefore, allowed the main body of the armada to pass, while he followed and attacked the rear. The English seamen, being superior in skill, and their vessels more manageable, they were able to do considerable injury to their opponents. One Spanish vessel was burned, another was captured and sent into Dartmouth. More would have been effected; but the English ships were so ill supplied with ammunition, that many of them had to retire from the fight, and go into the nearest ports to procure farther supplies. Some cannonading took place on the following days; but the English admiral resolved to forbear any general conflict, till he could join the ships stationed off Dover. The progress of the armada was slow: on July 27, it anchored near Calais. The Spanish troops were partly embarked in the small craft prepared for them, when on the night of July 28, the English admiral sent eight small vessels, fitted as fire ships, into the thickest of the Spanish fleet. A general consternation followed; orders were given for all the Spanish ships to stand out to sea; they did so in much confusion. Drake closely engaged a part on the following day, when twelve large Spanish ships were taken or destroyed, and many were much damaged. A gale of wind increased their difficulties; the prince of Parma refused to commit his troops to the hazard of the winds and waves, in the doubtful state of the main armament. Medina Sidonia then deemed farther efforts

useless, and having called a council of war, it was resolved to return to Spain, by sailing round Scotland and Ireland. The fleet was reduced to about eighty sail, many of them much damaged.

The Spanish invincible armada then took flight; the English fleet pursued till their ammunition again failed, but what their force could not accomplish, the elements, under the Divine command, effected. A storm came on; but most of the English ships were in harbour, while the armada was fully exposed to the rage of the tempest. Several of the Spanish ships were wrecked on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, the crews being mostly drowned, or killed by the natives. In September, the poor remains of this numerous and mighty armada returned to Spain; but only fifty-three vessels reached home, and those in a shattered condition. Such was the result of this remarkable expedition, in which we see the hand of Divine Providence again stretched out for the preservation of the English queen and her subjects; for though her fleet, inferior as it was, fought gallantly, yet numbers and combined effort must have prevailed, had not God willed otherwise. The queen ordered this signal defeat to be commemorated, and the cause piously acknowledged, by a medal which bore the impress of a tempest-beaten fleet, with the motto, "Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur;" "God caused the winds to blow, and they were scattered." The sublime strains of the Psalmist, uttered in reference to a deliverance of God's people of old, became literally applicable to the experience of Protestant England.

"For, lo, the kings were assembled,
They passed by together.
They saw it, and so they marvelled;
They were troubled, and hasted away.
Fear took hold upon them there,
And pain, as of a woman in travail.
Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish
With an east wind.
As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God:
God will establish it for ever," Psa. xlviii. 4—8.

Would that England had duly thought of the loving-kindness of God in the midst of his temple. The queen, indeed, went in solemn procession to St. Paul's, to express thankfulness for this great deliverance, on a national thanksgiving day appointed for the purpose, and the nation rejoiced at the time: but God's mercies are soon forgotten.

The king of Scotland showed his wisdom on this occasion, by refusing to unite with the enemies of Elizabeth. He expressed his full conviction of the fate which would be reserved for him, as the utmost favour to be conceded to a Protestant prince by confirmed Papists, namely, that like the promise of Polyphemus to Ulysses, it would only be, that he should be devoured the last. James plainly saw, that the real interests of his subjects as well as his own were indissolubly connected with England.

The universal loyalty displayed throughout the English nation on this occasion, speaks in favour of the general policy of Elizabeth's government. A queen, such as Mary's favourers falsely assert her to have been, could not have so commanded the hearts and lives of her people at such a crisis. Elizabeth prepared to take the field herself, and visited her army at Tilbury, under the command of the earl of Leicester, on August 9, before the final dispersion of the armada was known. She appealed to the affection of her subjects, declaring her resolution "to lay down for her God, for her kingdom, and her people, her honour, and her blood in the dust." With the lofty bearing of the Tudors, she addressed the assembled multitudes, and declared that though her person was "that of a weak woman, she had the heart of a king, and a king of England too!" and that she thought it "foul scorn, that Parma, Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of her realm." Popish historians endeavour to narrate the history of this soul-stirring crisis, so as may best serve, in their opinion, to deaden its influence on the hearts of the English nation; but rightly detailed, and duly considered, it speaks irresistibly—it shows how hateful popery was to the nation, and how signally the Lord of hosts interposed to defeat the machinations of the enemies of true religion. If a Papist will but fairly consider the result of the mighty and unremitting efforts made by the leaders of Popery against England, as a Protestant nation, especially during the forty years of Elizabeth's reign, he must confess that the words of the Psalmist are applicable:

"If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
When men rose up against us:
Then they had swallowed us up quick,
When their wrath was kindled against us;
Then the waters had overwhelmed us,

The stream had gone over our soul:
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul," Psa. cxxiv. 2—5.

And ought not the English Protestant to respond?

"Blessed be THE LORD
Who hath NOT given us a prey to their teeth.
Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
The snare is broken, and WE are escaped," Psa. cxxiv. 6, 7.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. IV.

THE general suitableness of manner, in the different books of the Jewish lawgiver, to the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, seems to supply a proof of authenticity at once natural and convincing. But there are coincidences of a less obvious nature, more circuitous and indirect, which occur in the statement of particular facts, and deserve to be accurately attended to, as supplying still more decisive characters of truth and authenticity.

In delivering rules about the leprosy, it is said, Lev. xiv. 34, "When ye be come into the land of Canaan, which I give to you for a possession, and I put the plague of leprosy in a house of the land of your possession, ye shall do thus, and thus." I notice this instance, because that a house is spoken of, not at all with a design to mark the circumstance of their not yet being come into the land of their possession, but is of necessity introduced from the nature of the case. The subject here is the discovery and the purification of leprosy. As to this, particular directions are given with respect to a house, but nothing is said of a tent; whereas, with regard to the impurity contracted by the presence of a dead body, all the directions relate to a tent, and nothing is said of a house, Num. xix. 14; also compare 11 and 21, which prove the rules as to a dead body were of permanent obligation. Now this difference is, by a little attention, easily accounted for; the writer applies the rules about the purification from a dead body to the object then most familiar with him, a tent. And as its lying in a house would produce no effect different from its lying in a tent, and require no difference of purification, he says nothing about a house; but leaves the nature of the thing to suggest the regulation when it should become necessary. Whereas, in detailing the rules for discovering and purifying the leprosy, all the materials of which tents are made, wool, Lev. xiii. 47—58, and canvass, ib. 48—59, and leather, are particularized, as exhibiting each peculiar symptoms of the plague; and this being done, it was unnecessary to say any thing of a tent itself; but as the materials of a house were quite different, and the appearances of infection in it peculiar, this required a particular specification. All this has the appearance of reality, and is exactly the way in which an eye witness would have spoken; but it is such a difference as a writer of fiction would scarcely have thought of.

A similar observation may be made, on the manner in which the service of the Levites, in taking care of the tabernacle, is described, Num. iii. and iv. We find the families of the Levites enumerated, the numbers of each, and the heads of them, and which were to be entrusted with the most holy things. If it should be conceived, that all this may have been inserted in a fictitious narrative, like the catalogues of Homer and Virgil, to preserve the semblance of probability, and compliment existing families, by representing their supposed ancestors in situations of peculiar dignity, yet how can we, on such a principle, account for the exact detail which is given, not only of the arrangement of these families round the tabernacle, but the particular parts of that structure, and the particular sacred vessels which each family was to carry on the the march, Num. iii. 25, 26. 31. 35, 36; iv. 15, 20; and still more, the minuter directions given, as to the mode of taking these different parts asunder, protecting them from the injuries of the weather during the march, carrying and setting them up? How unnatural and irrational would all this appear, in the remote compiler of a general history, who lived long after these marches had ceased, when all such directions were utterly superfluous. Surely we cannot suppose that such particulars as these should proceed from any writer but an eye-witness of the events; nor even from an eye-witness, except he had been engaged as Moses was, in originally directing and constantly superintending these operations.

Different circumstances occur in the detail of these directions, which seem to supply more decisive characters of truth and authenticity; because they display coincidences more minute, or

more circuitous and indirect. Thus it is mentioned, that Aaron, as high priest, and his family, had charge of the ark of the Lord, and the furniture of the holy of holies; but they were to be carried during the progress of each march, by an inferior family; and the writer remarks, these were not to approach them, until Aaron and his sons had made an end of covering them, at the commencement of the journey, Numb. iv. 15. What forger, or mere compiler, would have thought of such a circumstance?

A coincidence still more remarkable on this subject is the following. In the third and fourth chapter of Numbers, the parts of the tabernacle to be carried by each family of the Levites on the march are minutely specified. The fifth and sixth are taken up with a detail of laws entirely unconnected with this subject; the seventh begins with relating, that the different princes of Israel made an offering of six covered wagons and twelve oxen, which Moses employed to carry the tabernacle, and distributed to two families of the Levites, "according to their service," Numb. vii. 5—9; (for the third were to carry the part assigned to them, the furniture of the holy of holies, upon their shoulders;) to one are assigned two, to another four wagons. The reason of this inequality is not specified; but on turning back, we find that the family to which the four wagons are assigned, had been appointed to carry the solid, and therefore heavy parts of the tabernacle, its boards, and bars, and pillars, (compare Numb. vii. 8, with iv. 31,) while that family to which the two wagons are assigned, was appointed to carry the lighter, (compare Numb. vii. 7, with iv. 25,) its curtains and coverings, its hangings and cords. Such a coincidence as this is extremely natural, if Moses, who directed this matter, recorded it; but is it not wholly improbable that a forger or compiler should think of detailing such minute particulars at all, or if he did, should detail them in such a manner as this? The more minute and apparently unimportant such coincidences as this are, the more unlikely is it they should arise from any thing but reality.

Another coincidence of somewhat a similar nature is the following. In the second chapter of the book of Numbers, the writer describes the division of the twelve tribes into four camps, the number of each tribe, and the total number in each camp. He fixes the position each was to take round the tabernacle, and the order of their march: and he directs, that the tabernacle, with the camp of the Levites, should set forward between the second and third camps, Numb. ii. 17. But in the tenth chapter occurs what seems at first a direct contradiction to this; for it is said, that after the first camp had set forward, Numb. x. 17, "then the tabernacle was taken down, and the sons of Gershon and the sons of Merari set forward bearing the tabernacle, and afterwards the second camp, or standard of the children of Reuben." But this apparent contradiction is reconciled a few verses after, when we find, that, though the less sacred parts of the tabernacle, the outside tent and its apparatus, set out between the first and second camp; yet the sanctuary, or holy of holies, with its furniture, the ark and the altar, did not set out till after the second camp, as the direction required. And the reason of the separation is assigned, that those who bore the outside tabernacle might set it up, and thus prepare for the reception of the sanctuary against it came, Numb. x. 21. Would a forger, or compiler, who lived when these marches had wholly ceased, and the Israelites had fixed in the land of their inheritance, have thought of such a circumstance as this?

In comparing the direct narrative with the recapitulation in the last book of the Pentateuch, some differences occur well worth noticing. In the eighteenth chapter of Exodus, Moses, with singular impartiality, gives the credit of originating one of the most salutary and important parts of the Jewish civil government to his father-in-law, Jethro; who, observing the variety and weight of business which oppressed the legislator, from his acting as judge of every private litigation between the people, tells him, "The thing that thou doest is not good. Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou, and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone. Hearken now unto my voice, Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens: and let them judge the people at all seasons.

If thou shalt do this thing, and God command thee so, then thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people shall also go to their place in peace. So Moses hearkened to the voice of his father-in-law, and did all that he had said. And Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. And they judged the people at all seasons; the hard causes they brought unto Moses, but every small matter they judged themselves," Exod. xviii. 17—19. 21—26: such is the direct narrative. In the very beginning of his address to the people, Moses is represented as alluding to this fact, but with this remarkable difference; that he not only says nothing of Jethro, but that instead of representing himself as the person who selected these magistrates, he states that he had appealed to the people, and desired they should elect them. "I spake unto you at that time, saying, I am not able to bear you myself alone: the Lord your God hath multiplied you, and, behold, ye are this day as the stars of heaven for multitude. (The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are, and bless you, as he hath promised you!) How can I myself alone bear your cumbrance, and your burden, and your strife? Take you wise men, and understanding, and known among your tribes, and I will make them rulers over you.—So I took the chief of your tribes, wise men, and known, and made them heads over you. —And I charged your judges at that time, saying, Hear the causes between your brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him. Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's: and the cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me, and I will hear it," Deut. i. 9—13. 15—18. There is a great and striking difference between these statements, but there is no contradiction: Jethro suggested to Moses the appointment; he probably, after consulting God, as Jethro intimates, "If thou shalt do this thing, and God command thee so," referred the matter to the people, and assigned the choice of the individuals to them; the persons thus selected, he admitted to share his authority as subordinate judges. Thus the two statements are perfectly consistent: but this is not all; their difference is most natural. In first recording the event, it was natural Moses should dwell on the first cause which led to it, and pass by the appeal to the people, as a subordinate and less material part of the transaction; but in addressing the people, it was natural to notice the part they themselves had in the selection of those judges, in order to conciliate their regard and obedience. How naturally also does the pious legislator, in his public address, dwell on every circumstance which could improve his hearers in piety and virtue! The multitude of the people was the cause of the appointment of these judges. How beautifully is this increase of the nation turned to an argument of gratitude to God! How affectionate is the blessing with which the pious speaker interrupts the narrative, imploring God that the multitude of his people may increase a thousand fold! How admirably does he take occasion, from mentioning the judges, to inculcate the eternal principles of justice and piety, which should control their decisions! How remote is all this from art, forgery, and imposture! Surely here, if any where, we can trace the dictates of nature, truth, and piety.—*Graves.*

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

JULY.

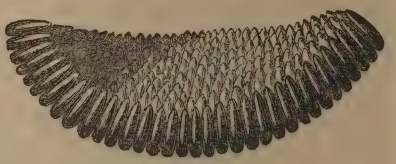
With light and heat refulgent, July opens upon us. Vegetation is in full luxuriance; myriads of insects are glancing in the sunbeams; butterflies, in rich attire, are fluttering over the fields, or hovering around the blossoms; the bees are all at work, collecting honey from the nectaries of the flowers, in the petals of which they bury themselves to obtain the liquid sweets within. It is amusing to watch these insects thus engaged, to see how they examine flower after flower, how quickly they leave those which have been already robbed; and how eagerly they extract the honey from such as afford a supply: in this pursuit, they traverse the fields and gardens, and wander far from their home, returning when their honey bag is filled, and again going forth on the same errand.

On light gauze-like wings the dragon-fly is sweeping over the surface of the water from which he has recently emerged, for,

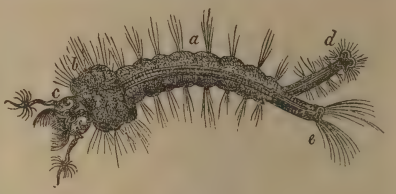
like the ephemera, the dragon-fly commences existence as an aquatic larva; and this larva is very remarkable for the mode in which it propels itself along, without the aid of its external members, which are six in number, and which enable it to creep up the stems of aquatic plants in search of prey; but the mode of progression through the water is a sort of swimming. Appended to the posterior extremity of the body are three or five leaflike appendages, and these the creature continually opens and closes, taking into a cavity at their base, which is furnished with strong muscular walls, a certain portion of water, and instantaneously rejecting it with considerable force. By this mechanical contrivance, the animal is propelled along, on the same principle as that by which a rocket rises in the air; and ingenious attempts have been made to apply this mode of propulsion to ships, by means of the force of steam acting on machinery, constructed so as to throw out a continued volume of water at the stern of the vessel, instead of being applied to paddle wheels; but, as in many other cases, art fails in her endeavours to imitate the mechanism of nature. The difference between the larva of the dragon fly (*Libellula*, order *Neuroptera*) is so great, that persons unacquainted with entomology would not readily believe the two beings to be identical. This difference is shown in the accompanying sketch, which repre-

sents the larva of the dragon-fly; all are familiar with the perfect insect. The dragon-fly is one of the insect tyrants of the air; its flight is rapid and powerful, and it wages incessant war with insects of inferior strength; while the larva is equally destructive in the water.

The gnat, (*Culex*,) of which myriads are dancing in clustered squadrons, at this season of the year, when the coolness of the evening tempts them from their leafy retreats, is also aquatic in its larva state, and abounds in stagnant waters, such as pools, ditches, or large water tubs, and may be easily examined in a watch glass of pure water, by a common magnifying lens. The gnat deposits her eggs in the water, but not singly; her object, so to speak, is to keep them from sinking: at the time of their exclusion, she therefore glues them together, by means of a viscid secretion; and thus joined side to side, their shape being a long oval, they form a little raft, which floats upon the surface. Each egg, at its inferior extremity, or that which is in immediate contact with the water, is constructed so as to form a lid, destined to give exit to the larva, when it leaves this primary habitation. The subjoined is a magnified representation of the egg raft of the gnat.



The figure of the larva is very curious; and its movements, with the head downwards, are singularly quick and active. Still, however, air is necessary for its existence; but the question is, how is it to be obtained? On looking at these larvæ in a quiescent state, we find them invariably at the surface of the water, with the head hanging down, and the tail above. Now, on examining one of them, we see it to be organized as in the accompanying magnified sketch. It con-



sists of a long slender body *a*, dilating into a large thorax *b*, to which is attached a head not much inferior in magnitude *c*, the tail appears as if it were bifid, but one portion is a breathing

apparatus *d*, the other, *e*, is the true caudal termination. To this is appended a circlet of moveable leaf-like processes, so arranged as to sustain the animal at the surface of the water, where they perform the office of a float. The respiratory tube *d*, which is connected with the internal tracheæ, or organs of aëration, is perforated at its extremity, and while the larva remains quietly suspended, is just raised above the surface, so as to take in the necessary supply of air. Thus is this little creature curiously and admirably adapted for the situation assigned to it by the great Creator. The segments of the body and the thorax are furnished with radiating pencils of fine hairs, and on the head are two ciliæ, by the movements of which food is brought to the mouth. It is by the vibratile movements of the body that the animal swims about, and the fine hairs with which it is furnished, seem to contribute to render it buoyant; for when its motions cease, it begins slowly to ascend to the surface without any visible effort.

Several times, before assuming the pupa state, this larva moults its skin, and when this state is attained, it would hardly be recognized as the same creature; the thorax and head are no longer divided, but form one mass, beneath the membranous investment of which the outline of the perfect insect may be detected. The elongated tail-like body is still used as an organ of locomotion, and the pupa floats at the surface, but not in its former position. The creature now swims with the back of the thorax, and not the tail, nearest the surface; and therefore a remarkable modification of the respiratory apparatus now takes place; the caudal breathing-tube disappears, and in its place two tubes rise from the back of the thorax, so as to have their orifices just emerged from the water.

This change of position, and alteration of the breathing apparatus, are preparatory to the last change, the egress of the perfect insect from its pupa envelope, and prepare the way for its escape from its pristine element into the air. This it must accomplish without being wetted by the water, for which it is no longer adapted, and in which it would speedily perish; but how is its escape to be effected? Floating, as we have said, with the back of the thorax uppermost, as the important change draws near, the pupa becomes still more buoyant, till its back emerges above the surface. The membranous integument now begins to dry, and soon to split longitudinally, and gradually to expand, forming a boat, in which rests unwetted and secure the perfect insect; it floats on a coracle of its own skin, which it leaves behind, and rises on fluttering wings, to begin a new existence. How simple, yet how perfect, are these operations of our Creator; and how forcibly do they appeal to the mind in proof of consummate wisdom, power, and goodness! How certain the principles on which they are conducted, how sure is the result! Here have we, in the history of an insignificant gnat, as the thoughtless would call it, a proof demonstrative, that all things are made in wisdom, and that in the meanest insect a lesson upon the attributes of the Creator may be learned. Can the changes in this little insect, which we have briefly detailed, its mode of being supplied with air, the preparatory steps to its last change, the surprising means by which this is safely accomplished, and its triumphal entrance into another element, be reflected upon by the Christian without a feeling of grateful adoration to that God, who thus manifests his care even for the meanest creatures which he has called into being, an assurance in itself, made a thousand fold more so by his word, that man, whom he created in his image, is the object of his especial regard and benevolence?

It may be asked, Is this the mode in which the metamorphosis of all aquatic larvæ is conducted? It is not; that of the larva of the dragon-fly is effected in the following manner. It must be borne in mind, that the outer skin of the larva of insects, once formed, does not grow; it is in fact an extra-vascular cuticle; the true skin, from which it is secreted, is beneath it, and grows with the growing body it immediately envelopes: thus the encased animal, by reason of its growth, necessarily bursts this outer envelope, which is thrown off, a new one formed on the true skin then taking its place, to be broken and cast off in its turn. During this process, several times repeated, the insect is becoming more and more developed; and when the pupa state commences, (the last change excepting one,) the wings and general form of the imprisoned animal may be more or less plainly discriminated. In this condition, then, imagine the aquatic pupa of the dragon-fly; the period of the last metamorphosis

is at hand: directed by unerring instinct, as though it anticipated the assumption of structural perfection, and the commencement of a new mode of existence, it creeps out of the water, and fixes itself on some plant or stalk, and waits its change; the outer envelope splits, the head and body emerge; the wings, as yet incomplete, are drawn from their cases, and the legs, from their former teguments; and the old covering of the animal is left a useless relic. As yet the wings are small, soft, and crumpled; soon, however, they expand, the nervures harden; the animal vibrates them, as if to try their strength; and then, exulting in its powers, it rapidly soars, and commences its aërial career of destruction.

Mark how the cattle, oppressed by the heat, have sought the grateful shade; some are standing in the pool, enjoying the luxury of the water, others are reclining beneath the adjacent trees, reminding us of the beautiful lines of Thomson—

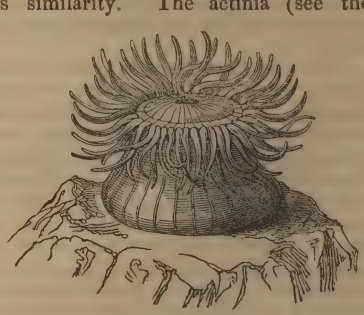
> "——— On the grassy bank
> Some ruminating lie; while others stand
> Half in the flood, and often bending sip
> The circling surface. In the middle droops
> The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
> Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
> The troublous insects lashes with his tail."

At this season of the year cattle are much annoyed by insects; but their terrible enemy is the gadfly, (*Œstrus Bovis,*) the female of which deposits her eggs beneath the skin of the ox, by means of a boring instrument, or natural auger, composed of four tubes, entering one within the other, and armed, at the extremity, with three hooks and two additional parts for piercing. The instrument, thus adapted for boring into the skin, is the ovipositor of this fly, and by its means the insect deposits an egg in every puncture. The larva, when hatched, finds itself lodged in a sack, filled with a purulent fluid, which constitutes its nourishment; this sack enlarges with the growth of the larva, the presence of which is to be known by the tumours on the skin of the ox, indicating its ravages beneath. The appearance of a single gadfly is sufficient to terrify the whole herd, and send them scouring over the fields.

Another species of œstrus now abounds, which proves very tormenting to horses, by trying to enter their nostrils and lips. In some wooded districts these flies are so numerous, and so much distress the horses, especially during the heat of the day, that if at work, they become impatient to such a degree, that it is often necessary to suspend their labour: this œstrus lays its eggs on the lips and about the nose of the horse; when the larvæ are excluded, they attach themselves to the inside of the lips and the tongue, and gradually pass down the æsophagus into the stomach, where they fasten themselves to its lining membrane often in great numbers, clustered in a bunch together, and living upon the mucous fluid secreted.

But let us visit the shores of the ocean; and when the heat of midday is past, and the refreshing sea breeze invigorates the exhausted frame, wander along the beach, and pursue our observations on the various objects which are there to be seen, many of which are full of interest. The seashore is the last place in which the lover of nature can be idle; such a multiplicity of beings, varying in form and character, in habits and manners, and in the design of their existence, here surround him, as fully to employ his time and his attention. Yet how many annually visit the sea, some for the sake of health, some for amusement and pleasure, who leave it, without having examined the natural productions with which it teems, an investigation of which would have well filled up many an hour of ennui, and afforded both gratification and instruction.

The retiring tide has left bare a low cluster of weed-covered rocks, with little pools between; let us approach them; we are sure of finding there something worthy our scrutiny. How numerous is the flower-like actinia, a species of polyp, which, from the radiation of its tentacula, has been called sea anemone, sea sunflower, and other names, indicative of its similarity. The actinia (see the



engraving) consists of a soft fleshy cylindrical body, attached by its base to

the surface of the rock, the opposite extremity having a mouth, or oral aperture, surrounded by several rows of tentacula, or arms, which are capable of being expanded or contracted, or moved about as may be required. When the tentacula are fully expanded, the appearance of the actinia is very beautiful, and the effect is increased by the fine colours which these arms often assume, and which vary in different individuals. The structure of the actinia is much superior to that of most other polyps: the body is furnished with distinct muscular fibres, highly contractile; their digestive and aërating organs are complicated; and the young are produced from eggs, which are in clusters, on a membrane of a riband-like form, in the respiratory chambers.

These curious animals are endowed with the highest sensibility, contracting not only when touched, however delicately, but even when a dark cloud passes over the sky, as if apprehensive of impending danger from the sudden obscuration of the light. If a person endeavours to disengage them from the rock to which they are attached, by their sucker-like base, they forcibly contract themselves into a firm round mass, with a slimy surface, and are not easily to be removed without injury. They are not, however, so fixed that they cannot change their situation; they can slowly glide upon the surface of the rock, or they can detach themselves entirely, and filling themselves with water, so as to become nearly of the same specific gravity as their native fluid, suffer themselves to be carried by the current, to another spot; and it has been asserted, but on very doubtful authority, that they can turn themselves, and crawl along by means of their tentacles. They can elongate their bodies, and turn, with expanded arms, from side to side, either to enjoy the rays of the sun, or in quest of prey.

The actinia is very voracious; it seizes and swallows animals, with which it might appear to be totally unfit to contend, such as crabs, and other crustacea, and shellfish; and for these it waits with expanded tentacles, ready to grapple them, at the moment of contact. In clear water it may be watched thus engaged; and it is curious to see how instantaneously the wandering crab, brought by chance within the grasp of the animal's tentacles, is seized, and how pertinaciously it is grasped, the arms closing gradually around it, and by their contraction forcing the prey within the expanded mouth, which opens to engulf it. The work of digestion is rapid; but the shell and hard portions of the victim, after the softer parts are dissolved, are regurgitated through the mouth. Voracious as the actinia is, and rapid as are its digestive powers, it endures long abstinence without apparent inconvenience, though it is probable that the animalcules, which abound in the water it tenants, may contribute, in some slight degree, to its nourishment. However this may be, actiniæ may be preserved in a vessel of sea water (duly changed) for upwards of a year, without having visible food; but woe to the muscle or crab that is offered for their reception! A crab, as large as a hen's egg; or two muscles, shells included, will serve one for a meal; in two or three days the shells will be disgorged, not a particle of the soft contents remaining.

With regard to the structure of the actinia, its external part consists of bundles of muscular fibres, running in various directions, some perpendicularly, some transversely, and the intervening spaces between these fibres thus interlaced, are numerous small granular bodies, apparently of a glandular nature, which are universally distributed, except upon the sucking base or disc. Over this musculo-glandular tissue is a mucous layer, forming a species of outer skin or epidermis, which appears to be thrown off at intervals and renewed. The tentacula, which are hollow, have the same structure. The stomach is a simple membranous sac, which appears to be a continuation of the external tissue, but modified in structure.

The tentacula, as above noticed, are tubular with a minute orifice at their extremity; and their interior communicates with a compartment, between the stomach and the external tissue, or wall of the body; a compartment not single, however, but divided by longitudinal membranous partitions into numerous chambers, between which there is a free communication. This chambered, or divided cavity, is the aërating receptacle, and is filled with the sea water taken in through the tubular tentacula, and expelled, when the animal contracts, through the same tubes, a fresh supply being absorbed on the dilation of the body. The respiratory apparatus appears to be thus under the creature's volition; and it has been observed, of examples kept in vessels, that as the fluid, in which they are confined, becomes deficient of air, and consequently less fitted for the purpose

of aquatic respiration, they fill themselves with it almost till they burst, resembling an inflated bladder; and this evidently because it is only in a great volume of such fluid that the quantum of air necessary for the support of life, (and which a much smaller volume of unexhausted water would supply,) is now contained.

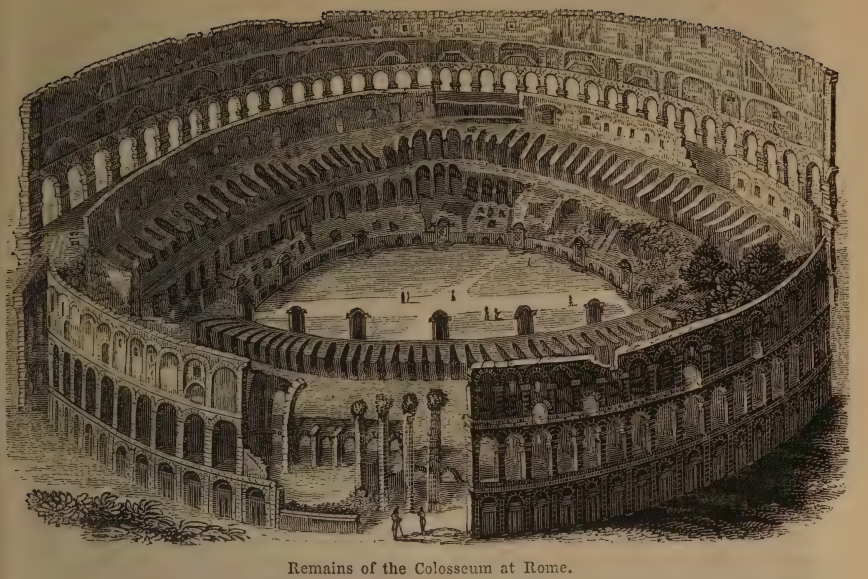
In these respiratory compartments are the eggs, arranged in clusters on a delicate convoluted membrane; and it appears, that on the detachment of the eggs from this membrane, they either pass, by means of a minute orifice, into the bottom of the stomach, whence they escape, or are transmitted through the tentacula. This point, however, remains unsettled. It is said, by some authorities, that the eggs are hatched internally, the young being extruded; by others, that the eggs are hatched after expulsion. There is, indeed, much in the economy of these animals to be investigated. The actinia may be divided with impunity, each part becoming a perfect animal; but when transversely cut asunder, the basal portion is about two months in gaining its rows of tentacula. Some traces of a nervous system appear to have been seen in the actinia; but on this subject nothing has been positively demonstrated.

Such then is a sketch of the actinia, of which thousands gem the rocks of the low water near the shore; an animal curiously organized, and interesting from its habits and instincts.

From the water let us turn to the air: see how the sea gulls are wheeling and hovering around; how easy and buoyant their flight; every few minutes one may be observed to sweep down to the surface of the water, and rise again into the air, having most probably picked up some luckless fish, some marine mollusk, or some putrescent morsel. Several are lightly floating on the curling waves; though they thus swim, they do not dive, but merely collect their food from the surface, or search for it on the shore, when the tide has retired: some of the species, as the common gull, (*Larus canus*,) often fly inland to a considerable distance, and feed upon earthworms, grubs, snails, etc. The birds of this group are eminently gregarious, breeding together in large companies; but each species has its peculiar situation. The kittewake gull, for example, (*Larus rissa*,) selects the narrow ledges which jut from the face of perpendicular rocks, or cliffs overhanging the sea; but others, as the lesser black-backed gull, (*Larus fuscus*,) and the herring gull, make choice of low, flat, and exposed rocky islands, which they sometimes almost cover with their nests. The black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*) retires from the sea far inland to breed, making its nest among the herbage of fresh water pools and marshes.

There skims a flock of terns or sea swallows, the "Hirondelles de mer" of the French. Of this genus several species annually visit our coasts, to breed, and of these, one of the most frequent along our eastern and southern shores, is the arctic tern, (*Sterna arctica*,) which tenants, in great numbers, the Fern Islands; to which others of the species also resort. The flight of the tern, and its general appearance on the wing, reminds the observer of the swallow or swift, and is strong, rapid, and enduring. We have seen them, in rough weather, sweeping over the rolling waves, and occasionally plunging in with such force as to disappear for several seconds: it is thus that they take their prey, which consists of small fishes, upon which they dart, when within a certain distance from the surface. The terns, like the gulls, congregate in large flocks during the breeding season, and make their nests close together, so that it is sometimes impossible to cross the ground they occupy without breaking the eggs, or treading upon the young. Low solitary islands, along the coast, are their favourite localities.

But mark the returning tide; slowly and gradually, but surely, are the waters of the ocean advancing, and we must retire. How grand is the roar of the rolling billows! how sublime, from its immensity, the spectacle presented by the mighty sea, stretched out till its dim outline blends with the horizon,—image of eternity! Yet mighty in its force, terrible in its storms, and overwhelming as the ocean is, there is One, who is "mightier than many waters," than "the mighty waves of the sea;" it is the Maker and Preserver of the universe, who has appointed the ocean its limits, and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," Job. xxxviii. 11. Let us, then, see Him, the Creator and Lord of all, both in the great ocean, and in the living creatures with which it teems, and thus "look through nature, up to nature's God." M.



Remains of the Colosseum at Rome.

THE COLOSSEUM.

The first thing, among the antiquities of Rome, that usually strikes the traveller in coming from Naples, after he has once passed within the walls of this renowned city, is the Colosseum. It is said to have derived its designation from its colossal size. This edifice is altogether the most imposing structure that remains at Rome, among all the various monuments of other times. I may truly say, that no relic of former greatness, no monument of human art, no memorial of ages that have gone, ever spoke more forcibly to my heart than did this massive pile. There is an air and majesty about the whole structure, that I cannot describe. It strikes you as an emblem of ruined grandeur. Time has overspread its massy walls with rich hues. The Colosseum stands apart from modern Rome in solitary greatness, surrounded with the ruins of the imperial city. It stands at the termination of the Sacred Way, between the Cœlian, Esquiline, and Palatine hills, where the bases of these approach each other. Ruined temples and triumphal arches are on every side of it. Dilapidated walls, broken arches, and mighty fragments of granite columns, half buried in the earth, here and there meet the eye, and give increased effect to the emotions awakened by viewing this gigantic structure. The Colosseum has now stood about two thousand years. Its walls were battered by the war engines of Vandals and Goths, when the proud city of the Cesars had to open her gates to those northern hordes. During the middle ages, the various factions sought protection within its impregnable sides. At a later period, entire palaces, and not a few of the most distinguished mansions, in modern Rome, were reared from materials torn from its walls. And yet the Colosseum, at this moment, stands before you in such perfection, and in such vast and gigantic dimensions, that you are led to wonder to what height it must have towered, and in what majesty it must have shone, when, from the foundation to the cope-stone, all was entire and unmarred. On one side, portions of the top of the walls have been quite broken off. Over these broken arches, and dilapidated walls, the long grass trails down; and here also bushes have sprung up, and, waving in the wind, present, in their verdure and foliage, the appearance of a lofty hanging garden.

The Colosseum was built for an amphitheatre. I believe it was commenced by Vespasian, and finished by Titus, A.D. 80. Its shape is oval or elliptical. The circular exterior wall which surrounds the whole consists of three rows of arches one above the other, with half pillars between each arch. Still higher

than this was a fourth row of pilasters, with forty square windows, but without arches. The Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders were successively employed in the first three rows. The pilasters of the fourth row are also Corinthian. This exterior wall rises up nearly two hundred feet in height. Within the outer walls are two other concentric ones, not so high as the former. These three walls constituted the framework of the building, and together formed a double row of porticoes running round the whole, which communicated with each other, and received light from the outside. The entrances were by eighty arches in the outer wall, which opened into the first portico. From thence the people might pass, by as many arches, into the second, where they found, at intervals, staircases leading to the seats. All the spectators sat upon the bare stone, with the exception of the senators. The seats, rising one above another from the bottom, only went as high as the third story, above which were staircases leading to a gallery, in the fourth story, for the common people. Though the ancient amphitheatres usually had no canopy above them but the heavens, there seem to be fixtures and contrivances which show that an awning was, on some occasions, stretched over the heads of the people.

The size of the Colosseum is immense. Several guide books state, that it exceeds seventeen hundred feet in circumference, being six hundred feet in length, and five hundred in width. The space in the middle, where the shows were exhibited, is called the arena. It is said to have taken this name from the sand which was strewn over this place to absorb the blood of the wild beasts that were slain there in such vast numbers. The arena, like the outer wall, is oval in shape, being three hundred feet in length, and one hundred and ninety in width. Into this vast arena, elephants, lions, panthers, bears, and all the various kinds of wild beasts found in the deserts or forests of Asia and Africa, were introduced for sport. When thus brought out before the people they were irritated and maddened, and made to fight each other; or, what afforded still higher sport to the Romans, to fight men, who often, unarmed, engaged with these infuriated beasts in desperate death struggles. This was a punishment frequently inflicted upon the early Christians, who, after having been convicted of renouncing idolatry, were condemned to fight with wild beasts in the amphitheatre. When I first stood and gazed upon this arena, I could not but think of the thousands of martyrs who had bled and poured out life, on this very spot, for the love of Christ, while the arches above rung with shouts of delight from the assembled thousands, who thirsted for these scenes of cruelty and blood. I could not but remember the fate of the sainted Ignatius, who was brought from Antioch in the reign of Trajan, for the very purpose of being thrown among wild beasts, upon this very spot. It was here that he met his fate with such composure and firmness, sacrificing every thing for the love of Christ.

It will be recollected that this immense structure would seat more than one hundred thousand persons, and it was seldom opened for the exhibition of bloody sports when it was not crowded to the topmost seat. When it was first completed, it was opened one hundred days in succession, and it continued to be filled day after day, during all this period. What was it that attracted such immense crowds, not simply of the lower class of people, but of refined and cultivated ladies, emperors, priests, vestals, senators, magistrates, and all the various classes of the higher orders of society? It was this strange passion to witness scenes of strife and blood. Every body loves excitement; and the scenes acted by the gladiators meeting each other in deadly conflict in the amphitheatre, and the rage of wild beasts maddened to desperation, encountering each other, or some naked human foe, furnished a kind of excitement that seemed suited to the Roman taste. These were scenes in which the inhabitants of this renowned city, in her proudest and most palmy days, sought their favourite amusements. Notwithstanding these spectacles were attended with cruelties sufficient to shock the most abandoned mind, such was the passion for them, and so great the eagerness to secure good seats and eligible stations, that multitudes flocked to the amphitheatre the evening preceding the day of these sports, and continued there all night, that they might be present at the commencement of them, and witness them without any obstruction.

As I stood at one end of the arena, I could not but recall, in imagination, the scene that must often have been witnessed here, of more than one hundred thou-

sand spectators assembled within these walls, arrayed in the splendour of Roman costume, and ranged in five concentric tiers of seats, rising one above another, from the podium to the gallery. From those vomitories, still visible, issued the wild beasts, brought from some African, Parthian, or Dalmatian forest. In one corner a group of human victims stood trembling, consisting of captives, slaves, and early Christians. Apart by themselves stalked forth the volunteer gladiators, accoutred for the fight, and scowling a look of proud defiance upon the vomitories now opening to let out the roaring lion and the fierce tiger. As these savage beasts appear, growling, snuffing in the air, and looking wildly round upon their prey, the whole heavens ring, and the air is rent with shouts of applause; and then the work of blood and destruction commences! Oh the very picture which imagination draws is enough to sicken the heart! This is the kind of happiness which they seek who have no Bible to guide them, who depend merely upon the light of learning and science to direct their feet in the way of happiness and peace.

The interior of the Colosseum presents many marks of desolation. By means of broken staircases, I was enabled to climb up to a considerable height, and found myself at length almost lost in the labyrinth of ruins. It is said, if viewed by moonlight from one of these points, when the shattered fragments of stone and the shrubs which grow upon them are seen in alternations of light and shade, the mind receives impressions of gratification and melancholy which, perhaps, no other prospect in the world could produce. I was, however, too much of an invalid to make the experiment, especially as the evenings in February and March are very damp in Italy. The first time I visited the Colosseum was a bright, sunny morning. The whole scene was very imposing, and the view from the top of this gigantic structure was exceedingly grand. While traversing the circling corridors of this immense structure to gain the highest practicable part, I was enabled to catch through the opening arches, now and then, glimpses of the ruins that lay strewn around me, and also of the dark pines and purple hills of the distant country. The whole Colosseum seemed like one vast solitude. The grass had grown thickly over the arena below, which had been so often wet with blood. I felt that I realized the scene, and could appreciate the sentiment of a former traveller. "The clear blue sky in calm repose above our heads breathed its serenity into our minds; the glorious sun shed its beams of brightness on all the surrounding objects with undiminished splendour; nature was unchanged; but we stood amidst the ruins of that proud fabric which man had destined for eternity. All had passed away—the conquerors, the victims, the imperial tyrants, the slavish multitudes—all the successive generations that had rejoiced and triumphed, and bled and suffered here. Their name, their language, their religion had vanished; their inhuman sports were forgotten, and they were in the dust."—*Rev. J. A. Clark.*

GREENWICH HOSPITAL; OR, "NOTHING TO DO."

My first visit to the metropolis was in company with my uncle Barnaby and cousin Frank. The former kindly determined that we should be gratified by visiting most of the objects of curiosity and interest in London, not then quite so numerous as at the present day. Some of these I have since often seen, some of them never; but of all I retain a very distinct and vivid recollection. I think, with a very slight effort of memory, I could now write a journal of the whole month—from the morning when Mrs. Rogers tied the silk handkerchiefs round our necks, and furnished us with ginger cakes to keep out the cold on our journey, and repeated her charge to us to be sure and not lose sight of my uncle in the streets, lest we should lose our way, and get taken away by kidnappers, or gipsies—to the evening when we again drove into the grounds; and I felt as though I could have kissed the grass, for very joy to see the country once more.

We spent a long morning in Westminster Abbey, surveying the architectural beauties of that venerable pile, and the monuments of the illustrious dead. A vast deal of time and money are spent in vain on sights, especially with the professed intention of gratifying children; and that, not because the objects are in themselves void of interest, but because they are not rendered interesting by being made in-

telligible. Often have I pitied the children taken out for "a day's pleasure," and dragged with wearisome indifference through halls, and libraries, by pictures and statues, and painted windows, of which they knew nothing, nor were likely to learn anything from the showman's monotonous gabble about gothic arches, tessellated pavements, and composite pillars, and the celebrated sir Christopher Wren, or the famous sir Godfrey Kneller. How gladly, if it had not been for the name of the thing, would such a day's pleasure have been exchanged for a ramble in the woods, or the fields, to fly the kite, or gather cowslips, or do whatever else they pleased!

Sights seen in my uncle's company were never uninteresting. He had such a happy art of awakening the curiosity of young people, keeping up their attention, and storing their memory by anecdotes connected with the objects they beheld. Westminster Abbey has been called a dull sight for children; and it is so, if they have a dull conductor. My early visit there with uncle Barnaby, imparted a reality to the persons and events there mentioned, more vivid and interesting than I should have acquired in seven years by reading English history as a school task, and committing to memory chronological tables. From that day, I took delight in the study of history; and so identified it with my relative, and Westminster Abbey, that whenever I met with a name that I recollected as recorded there, I invariably went to my kind uncle to make further inquiries about that person as of a common acquaintance.

Frank was particularly interested in every thing connected with naval history; I think I have heard that he had once some notion of entering the navy, but relinquished it in compliance with the wish of his mother. We staid long, and with deep but melancholy interest, before the tombs of sir Cloudesley Shovell and admiral Kempenfelt, while my uncle related to us the affecting loss of these two brave men and their companions. He repeated to us Cowper's beautiful verses on "the loss of the Royal George." I do not know whether that did not rouse my spirit to relish poetry as much as my uncle's anecdotes gave me a relish for English history; I could have staid all day to listen to the melancholy dirge. My uncle, however, intended taking us to Greenwich that afternoon; so we left the interesting Abbey, with feelings that were pensive, yet far remote from the weariness of indifference.

We took a boat at Westminster bridge, and gliding down the majestic stream, surveyed with admiration many of the buildings of the great metropolis; and then the trading vessels of every description, bearing into its port the commerce of the globe. Alas! we saw too (for it was during the time of the revolutionary war with France) some vessels of war preparing to go forth on the errand of destruction. It was piteous to think, that of the brave men then embarking, perhaps not one half would revisit their native shores; and that even the victory and glory for which they panted, if attained, must be purchased at the price of human misery and human blood. How would my good uncle, who then so feelingly lamented the horrors of war, have rejoiced to see, as in the present day, British vessels go forth freighted with Bibles and missionaries, to spread over the globe those benignant principles of the gospel of peace, under the influence of which the fulfilment of prophecy is to be effected, that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," Isa. ii. 4. We could scarcely pass a vessel of any considerable size, but the old waterman who rowed us claimed her as an old acquaintance, and had some story to tell of her captain and of his gallant crew, until the appearance of the domes and colonnades of Greenwich Hospital cut short one of his "long yarns."

"What a noble pile!" exclaimed Frank, as we came in front, so as to take a full view. "Yes," replied my uncle, "it is one of the finest specimens of architectural magnificence that England affords; but few of her nobles, or even her princes, possess palaces equal in splendour to this stately edifice, assigned as the tribute of national gratitude to the wounded and worn-out sailor." We landed, and surveyed every part of the building, usually shown to strangers, and some to which we had access as a special privilege, my uncle having an introduction from his friend, admiral ——.

Most of the rooms are occupied in common; but each sailor has a cabin

exclusively his own. Almost every one of these bore some distinguishing mark of the individual character of the proprietor. Many had models or drawings of ships, some more neatly, and some more coarsely executed; generally the vessel in which the old seaman had the honour to sail, with such or such a commander, which was victorious in so many battles, and brought home such and such French, or Spanish vessels. Some displayed the picture of a long lost wife; some exhibited their own, taken in early life; some had a few foreign curiosities; some a grotesque tumbler, or pair of nutcrackers, or perhaps a ludicrous print, or a naval ballad. In a few instances, the long forgotten attachments of childhood had revived, and the cabin window of the veteran mariner exhibited pots or boxes of mignonette, stocks, or carnations; and in a few, the well-worn Bible, the book of devotion, or the treatise on eternity, on repentance, or faith, or the "sweet fiction and sweet truth" of the heavenly "Pilgrim," indicated the spiritual taste of the inhabitant of the little domicile. Equally various were the occupations in which we saw the old pensioners engaged. Some were reading; some netting; some shaping models of vessels; some cutting notches in sticks, apparently without any design, except as a mere pastime; some sauntering about with an uncomfortable expression of countenance; and some lying on the benches, chewing tobacco.

The gentleman who accompanied us told my uncle the particulars of their allowance, which is in every respect liberal, and amply provides for every comfort they can desire. My uncle expressed great delight with the kind and munificent arrangements, and rejoiced to think that such an asylum was provided for worn-out British seamen, in which they might comfortably and profitably pass the closing years of their mortal existence.

"I regret to say," observed our conductor, "that the old men are not in general characterized by a cheerful, contented spirit. Those that are so, are rather the exceptions than the general standard."

"To what can this be attributed?" asked my uncle. "Certainly not to any want of regard to their comfortable provision, nor to any irksome restriction or confinement. I should think, if the old men had planned their own lot, it could not have been, in every respect, more eligible."

"No; nor do I by any means accuse them of complaining. I believe almost every one of them, should you dissect the arrangements of the establishment, and present them to him one by one, would express himself satisfied with every item; and would say that altogether he had nothing to complain of. And yet I think that most of them are strangers to that kind of satisfaction, which the labouring man enjoys when he comes, weary with his day's toil, to a home far less commodious, and a table far less liberally spread than that of the Greenwich pensioner; but for which he depends on his own daily exertions, and which he shares with those he loves. Such a man has the stimulus of hope, fear, and contrivance, which to man, constituted as he is, forms a large portion of enjoyment. In short, many of them are unhappy, because they have 'nothing to do.'"

"That I can easily conceive," observed my uncle. "I know that the most uncomfortable moments of my own existence have been when obliged to remain for a time without employment. I was once, when a young man, sent by my father with his phaeton to meet a friend, who was to come by coach to a certain point in the road, three or four miles from our house. I reached the road, as was fitting, a few minutes before the coach might be expected, and paced backwards and forwards very contentedly until it came up; but our friend was not there. Another coach would pass in half an hour, and he would probably come by that: there was another coach, too, that came a different road, but would arrive at that point at the same time, and he might come by that. At all events, I must wait, and the time seemed an intolerable burden on my hands. I had not a book, nor a pencil with which to amuse myself. I could not get down, and botanize, for my father had charged me not to leave the horses a moment, nor could I even ride about, lest, losing sight of either road, I might miss the coach. It was a trivial circumstance; but it so impressed on my mind a sense of the wretchedness of having nothing to do, that I have never since failed to carry about my person something that would furnish me with interesting

employment for leisure time, that might be unexpectedly thrown upon my hands. Two gentlemen of my acquaintance," continued my uncle, "on a tour of pleasure, were driven, by a heavy fall of snow, to seek a night's lodging at a little obscure cottage in Wales. During the night, the snow continued, and by morning had risen to such a height as completely to imprison the inmates of the cottage. Retreat was impracticable, and there they were obliged to remain for several days without employment, without a book to beguile the tedious hours, without even a spade or pick-axe, with which to attempt their liberation; the very toil of which would have been incomparably preferable to the wretchedness of having nothing to do. At length, one of them having a most active mind, devised for himself an amusement, by making the poker red hot, and with its point burning figures in the wooden settle. Before their imprisonment terminated, he succeeded in sketching a tolerable likeness of his friend, and has since carried on his newly discovered art to a considerable degree of perfection. I can easily imagine that the more active and energetic of the Greenwich pensioners would devise for themselves some kind of interesting, though perhaps mischievous employment, according to their several tastes; and those of a more indolent cast would become gloomy and diseased, for want of stimulus and exertion."

"I wonder," said Frank, "that some kind of employment is not furnished to them by the institution."

"That," replied my uncle, "would be quite improper; it would entirely alter its character, and defeat its object. There must be nothing that could be construed into degradation or compulsion, or the retreat would at once lose the character of an honourable and well-earned reward for the British veteran, and assume that of a workhouse."

"No, no; that would never do," rejoined our conductor; "they must be left free to choose their own employment. However much it may be regretted that any of them should adopt a course of listless indolence, which we know to be most unfriendly to happiness, we cannot compel them to be happy. Liberally to furnish them with the means of comfort, is all that can be done; the rest must depend on themselves."

After taking leave of this gentleman, who had showed us much polite attention, we rambled awhile in the park, and fell into conversation with several of the old men, whose remarks fully confirmed all he had said. Some of them we found very cheerful, contented, and happy; they were uniformly busy, benevolently busy. One was writing a letter to his aged mother, and enclosing in it a one pound note, saved from his weekly allowance for tobacco. The tears filled his eyes, as he spoke of her; she had been a good mother to him. He told us of her early instructions; her exertions to fit him out decently; her anxieties and her prayers on his behalf; her joy at once more welcoming him to his native shores, though with mutilated limbs: and now his gratitude for having a comfortable asylum for himself, which he seemed chiefly to value as enabling him to contribute to the comfort of her old age. Another was making a chain of cherry stones; and displayed for sale little grottoes of sea shells, and several other little ingenious and beautiful articles. A fine little boy of five or six years old was endeavouring to assist the old man in his work. The affection that evidently subsisted between them seemed almost like that of parent and child. We learned, however, that the little fellow was the orphan child of an old messmate; and that the veteran devoted the produce of his ingenuity and his merchandize, in assisting the widow to support and educate her children. There was one interesting little group, consisting of three old men; two of them, hale and hearty; the third had been much shattered. His companions had placed him on a bench in the shade; he was reading aloud to them in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." One of the two sat with his elbows lodged on his knees, both hands supporting his head, and his eyes eagerly fixed on the reader. He was deaf; but seemed to listen with his eyes, watching every motion of the lips, and so assisting the dull ear to guess at the sound conveyed. The other listened not with less attention, but with less difficulty; he was at the same time netting. When the chapter closed, each brushed away a tear from his weather-beaten cheek; and the two, with admirable dexterity and tenderness, assisted their crippled comrade in changing his position. My

uncle took the opportunity of entering into conversation with the hoary tars, and congratulated them on the pleasures of Christian friendship, which they were evidently enjoying. It was truly pleasant to find how they were mutually serviceable to each other, and how each found his own happiness in promoting that of others. The cripple spoke gratefully of the kindness of his comrades. He said they were always at hand to attend to his wants and help him about into an easy position; and they did it with the skill of a surgeon, and the tenderness of a nurse. The other two old men were equally prompt in their expressions of obligation to their disabled comrade. One complained of having in his youth had no opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of reading; the other owned that he had then no sense of its value; but "Jack, here," they both agreed, was "a fine reader; he had learning enough for a chaplain: and by their joint savings they had purchased some choice books, which, by Jack's plain reading, they could well understand, and found them right comfortable to their poor ignorant souls." The produce of the netting we found was devoted, together with a portion of their weekly allowance, to the purchase of a valuable Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, then coming out in numbers. It appeared evident that the pious reading, in which they took so much delight, had been made really profitable to their minds. They had become acquainted with Him whom to know is life eternal, and they were rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. These men were happy, and verified the remark of the gentleman who had accompanied us through the establishment, that if the whole community "could be brought impartially to exhibit the degrees of happiness which prevail amongst them, we should find that he was the most happy man, who was laying by the greater portion of his little pittance for a heart that he loved, and was building up his own happiness by a preparation for eternity; while he was the most miserable who was most exempt, in the common acceptation, from care, and who had acquired as much passing gratification as he could obtain."

On our way back to town, the topic of our conversation was the happiness of being well employed, and the wretchedness of having nothing to do. "Have you ever thought, my boys," said my uncle, "how much our happiness depends on having something to do, and doing it?" We both acknowledged that we had never before been so forcibly struck with that sentiment, as on the present occasion; but even our own short experience and limited observation would serve to corroborate it. I recollected seeing my little brother look very unhappy, and asked him what was the matter; he replied, "I have got nothing to do." Mrs. Harris, the superintendent of our nursery, immediately said, "Come to me, dear, and I will give you a nice raspberry tart." Employment was what he wanted, not food; of course, the tart pleased him just as long as he was eating it, and no longer. He soon relapsed into his former discontented mood.

"Yes," said my uncle, "and thus it often is that children acquire habits of indolence, discontent, and gluttony. They are made to eat when they are not hungry, to save the lazy nurses the trouble of finding them employment. I do think parents should consider it an imperative duty to see that their children are furnished with suitable employment, such as will agreeably stimulate them to constant activity."

"My poor mamma," I said, "does attend to that as much as ever her health will allow; and so does papa, when he is at home. We are never dull for want of employment, when we can be with them." My uncle, I am certain, had not intended to convey any unkind reflection on my parents. In their case, it was unavoidable, much more so than it usually is, for children to be left to the care of servants. I felt at the moment grieved by my uncle's remark; but I afterwards felt convinced that this was one of the many evils resulting from that arrangement. My uncle observed, that a physician who had lately been visiting at his home, when speaking of the beneficial effects of activity in promoting health and cheerfulness, had said that gentlemen's coachmen and porters were often unhealthy, and assigned this reason for it, "They suffer from excess of nourishment, they eat more than they work. Having often to wait for their masters, they fill up their time by filling up the stomach."

"Uncle," said Frank, "do you think

such a thing ever really happens as for a person to have nothing to do?"

"No, Frank, indeed I do not; it is quite an imaginary evil. The consequences resulting, however, are sufficiently real and mischievous."

"Your friend, uncle, in the Welsh cottage."

"True, Samuel; he was placed in circumstances unfriendly to activity; but the energy of his mind overcame them, and he found something to do. The circumstances of the Greenwich pensioners are not favourable to activity; but you have seen that they are not uncontrollable. Some of the men yield to them, and are indolent and discontented; others rise above them, and are active and happy."

"Uncle," said Frank, "I know you in general object to our making remarks on absent persons; but since we have been talking on this subject, I have so often thought of Captain Tankerville, that I cannot help asking you whether you do not think that his being so discontented and tiresome is owing to his having nothing to do?"

"Yes, Frank, indeed I do; the very best cure that I can think of for all his troubles would be the obligation to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow; and I have more than once told him as much. I do not like to make unfavourable remarks on an absent person; but when a person so glaringly and constantly displays the defects of his character, it is but just that those who are exposed to danger by his example should be guarded against it by being told that it is evil. The captain is a miserable and a despicable man, and makes every body around him uncomfortable, simply because he is idle and useless. Happiness cannot live within the atmosphere of idleness. All the affairs of the idle go to ruin and decay; and even if they are so peculiarly circumstanced, as to have all their wants abundantly provided for, and their property taken care of for them, they become themselves a prey to lassitude and ennui. Only attach the idea of idleness to any character you can imagine, and you directly pronounce it contemptible and wretched. *An idle servant*—his work becomes a drudgery, it is continually left in arrears and confusion, altogether neglected, or imperfectly finished. He is ever in disgrace, and likely soon to be in destitution; he is a burden to himself, and a nuisance to all around him. 'As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him,' Prov. x. 26. *An idle mechanic*—he undertakes to get work done by a certain time; but he lounges in bed, or he fritters away his time, sauntering here and there with his hands in his pockets, gaping idly after a fiddler in the street, or dropping asleep over his employment. Look at the vacant, wretched expression of his countenance; and you will soon see that he is not happy. Discontented with himself, and all about him, he is going fast to prove that 'drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags, and that the idle soul shall suffer hunger.' *An idle scholar*—you, my lads, are not idle scholars; but you know some who are. Cannot you fancy them, while professedly learning their lessons, shuffling the sand about with their feet, twisting the corner of their pocket handkerchiefs, catching flies in the window, or making dog's ears in their books? and do not you always see those boys at the bottom of the class, wearing every badge of disgrace; the first rules in their grammar worn out with dirty thumbing; and the figures on their slates blotted out with tears? These boys are any thing but happy, any thing but improving. *An idle philosopher*—no, that cannot be; it is a contradiction in terms; a philosopher is a lover of wisdom, and he who loves wisdom, must and will apply himself diligently to attain it; he cannot at any rate be idle. *An idle Christian*—surely this can never be: a Christian, a follower of Christ, who rose a great while before day, and laboured so diligently that he had not leisure so much as to eat, and whose satisfaction it was to say, 'I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do!' Surely if an idle man bears the name of Christian, he gives us reason to fear that he bears it unworthily; and certain I am, that he must be a stranger to pious enjoyment, for that belongs only to the diligent Christian. *An idle minister*—I once knew such a one; and with all his sad defects, I hope and believe his heart was sincere. He might have been, had he improved his talents and opportunities of usefulness, a burning and a shining light, approved of God, and a blessing to men; but he gave way to an indolent, inactive disposition. It grew upon him; and he became too indolent to study, or preach,

or visit his flock; he was a burden to himself and all around him; he sunk into a state of religious melancholy. The last time I saw him, he wished to borrow books suitable to his case; and was eager to purchase, at any price, the excellent but heavy treatises of the seventeenth century, bearing on the subject of spiritual depression. Whether or not he read them, is another question. I endeavoured in vain to persuade him to form some plan of pious activity, and begged him to labour to be useful to others; for I thought it much more likely that the demon of gloom would be charmed away by diligent and benevolent labour, than driven away by studying symptoms, and applying set rules. He said it was in vain for him to attempt to labour for others; he must give his whole time and attention to seeking comfort for himself. He lamented that he had uselessly taken up the room that belonged to a better man; he was conscious of the injury his people had sustained through his indolence, and would endeavour to rectify it by engaging a more active brother to take charge of his professional duties; and by giving a large portion of his property to found schools: but to personal effort he could not be roused. He soon afterwards sunk into a state of lethargy, and was carried off by apoplexy. I have always cherished the hope that disease in some measure was the occasion of his extreme indolence; but it is hard to say whether indolence was not rather the occasion of disease, as in many cases it certainly is. My boys, if you wish to be healthy and happy, cultivate betimes such habits of conscientious activity, as will secure to you, in whatever circumstances you may be placed, something to do, and pleasure in doing it."

The bustle of the streets put an end to our conversation; but before the subject of it had quite passed away from our minds, my uncle mentioned to us two facts which I thought interesting and instructive. One was of a lady of large fortune, who was always in ill health, and suffering from depression of spirits, for which she could assign no reason, being surrounded with every thing that heart could wish, soothed with the utmost tenderness by an indulgent and devoted husband and a circle of affectionate friends, and having at full command the use of every means of health that medical skill could devise: but she derived no benefit from any thing that was tried; indeed she became so extremely weak that she was unable, not only to do a mother's part by her children, but even to bear the sound of their voices or their footsteps. It was expected that she must shortly sink into the grave. At this time, some sudden calamity occurred, by which the family was plunged from affluence to destitution. The shock, it was concluded, must prove fatal to the poor lady. To the surprise of all her friends, she bore it with calmness, and even discovered a degree of energy unknown before. The splendid mansion in —— square was given up, the numerous establishment scattered, and the family removed to a small farm in the country, the sole remnant of their vast property. There, with the assistance of only one servant, it became necessary for every member of the family to exert themselves; and habit soon rendered exertion easy; air and exercise proved the best physicians; and in the course of a few years, the *malade imaginaire* became a healthy, cheerful, busy, farm-house wife and mother; and she, and all belonging to her, had reason to congratulate themselves on the happy vicissitude which had shown what was practicable by rendering it necessary.

The other case was that of the only son of an industrious grocer, in the town near my uncle's residence. He had a well-established shop of the old-fashioned school, kept in days of yore by old Mr. ——, who had begun the world with five pounds, but had risen to the possession of many thousands; of this, however, no indication ever appeared in the style of the shop, the furniture of the parlour, or the habits of the inmates. The old man was unmarried; his household consisted of a niece, and a shopman, who had formerly been an apprentice. In course of time, the shopman and the niece made a match, with the consent of the old gentleman, who, on that occasion, took his new nephew into partnership; on the condition, however, that he should not be too proud still to open and shut the shutters, and to sweep the shop, and that his wife should still do the work of the house. Thus they went on for many years, with the addition to the circle of one little boy. This child, as soon as he was able, was sent out with

goods, and employed in every possible way in the business, perhaps beyond his strength and his years, so as to occasion a feeling of oppression and disgust. Children are naturally active, and they do not take a dislike to work, unless it is injudiciously and oppressively forced upon them. The boy was nine or ten years old, when the old head of the establishment, after toiling as usual, to a late hour on Saturday evening, and while in the act of receiving a penny from a customer, said, "I am very tired," sunk down, and died. His partner, who now succeeded to the entire charge of the business, followed the same drudging, penurious habits, and endeavoured to drill his son into them. Perhaps the boy was taught by his mother, that there was no need for him to be a slave to the business, like his uncle and his father. Be that as it may, the boy loved play, hated the shop, and had many a severe reprimand and heavy punishment from his father, who insisted on binding him apprentice. Scarcely was he out of his time, when the father died, not so suddenly as the uncle, but after a very short illness; and now the business and the property devolved upon the son. The former he had little inclination to attend to, the latter he had no objection to spend. His mother, an active woman, and withal as indulgent as most other mothers to an only son, agreed that there was no occasion for him to confine himself so much to business; two smart shopmen were engaged, and an errand-boy; the widow undertook to look after them, and the son went about to take his pleasure. This went on a few years, when his mother died, and then the son thought it better to give up business, while he had enough to live upon; for he had the sense to perceive it would go to ruin if left to servants; and he did not intend to confine himself to look after it. Accordingly, at about twenty-five years of age, he disposed of the business, and retired to live upon his fortune; but he had no plan of living, no occupation for his time and energies. He went, he scarcely knew whither, took a house, furnished it; grew tired of it, moved to another neighbourhood, bought another house, sold it; bought carriages, and never rode in them; books, and never read them; became restless, gloomy, irritable, and wretched, solely for want of something to do. Thus, said my uncle, he has gone on year after year, merely to vegetate and consume the property which his ancestors spent their lives in amassing; and which he is employed in scattering, without enjoyment to himself or advantage to others. My uncle closed his remarks on the pleasures of industry, and the misery of idleness, by observing, that the happiness of heaven consists in well-directed activity. The servants of God "serve him day and night in his temple," Rev. vii. 15; and this is the wretchedness of hell, the inhabitants have nothing to do. "Observe," said he, "these three things: 1. Always be doing; there is always something to be done, no time to spare, no idle moments; every moment has a duty, and every moment must be accounted for. 2. Do what is right, else activity is but mischief. 3. Act upon right principles, from right motives, and to a right end; act from a sense of duty, a conviction of the value and importance of time and opportunity; cherish a benevolent desire to do good to others; esteem it a high privilege to be useful; and whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, and to the glory of God by him." C.

PARENTAL DUTIES.

Remember those whom you would benefit are naturally depraved and sinful creatures, fallen intelligences, degenerate spirits, impaired and mutilated in their moral faculties; tending awfully to ruin in their strongest propensities and first elements of action. Their corruption is inherent and native. Its date is coeval with their being. They have inherited its defilement from the womb. Dear as they are to yourselves, they are apostates, "children of wrath," fatally estranged from God, and subject to the infliction of his anger. Tender as you feel their alliance, and gladly as you would give your very life for their redemption; yet you cannot stay, by all your efforts, that current of impurity and death, which flows so awfully within them; and it is only an Almighty arm which can snatch them from perdition. Further, they have derived that heritage of guilt and misery immediately from you. They have brought into this world of sorrow only your rebellious nature. That disease

with which they sicken, you have imparted. Their blood is tainted; but it has flowed first in your veins. Their very soul is darkened with sin; but its virulence and its malignity you have communicated. Yet are they prisoners of hope, "the children also of the promise," not "strangers from the covenant, not aliens from the commonwealth of Israel." Think of that animating declaration, "Else were your children unclean; but now are they holy." "Ye are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and your offspring with you." There is strong confirmation, then, to establish your best purposes, and ample encouragement to sustain your holiest anticipations. Again, their welfare is intrusted specially and immediately to your fidelity. Their relation to you is the nearest parallel to that which you bear to God. You are chargeable for their salvation. Woe is unto you if, through your neglect, they perish. But how delightful the thought! the ministry with which you are invested is not left to your unassisted fulfilment. The power that has appointed it is pledged for its discharge. What is demanded of you is faithfulness, not success. What may be confidently looked for from its great Author, is the effectuation of the purposes for which it was enjoined. Those purposes can never deceive you; they are infallible. Let but your will be subordinated to that of an all-perfect mind; let it be brought into subjection to a counsel which, though inscrutable, is incapable of error; let it yield acquiescence to those unsearchable decrees, which, if revealed with their accompanying reasons, would call forth your unhesitating and most joyous complacency: and you too shall "see your desire;" the work of your hands shall prosper, and the plenitude of your satisfaction shall at last be complete. Once more; the period of your charge is limited, not alone by the duration of life, or of youth, but by that also of moral susceptibility—a power which, alas! by inconsideration or forgetfulness, may be soon worn out and forfeited. If you would secure for the understanding the just supremacy of truth, it must be before prejudice or falsehood shall have first wrought its perversion. If you would enshrine within the heart an elevated and sublime devotion, it must be before it is imbruted by sensuality, and defiled by lust. If you would witness in action a noble and a manlike piety, or purposes of exalted benevolence, filling their path with light, it must be while yet the throne of conscience has not been usurped, nor the affections blunted and chilled, whether by selfishness, or vanity, or guilty pleasure. Your relations towards your children will remain; but your position will suffer a rapid and inevitable change. In a little while, the superiority you now fail to exert may be denied or challenged; and the very power you should convert to an ally may become your most implacable and dangerous enemy. Thus your own future peace may be invaded, and the tranquillity of your last hours, if you neglect to turn to full account the present short and most important season. And such, too, may be the bitter harvest which you reap, when other scenes shall have opened, and other issues are revealed. It is not long before the phantoms of this bewildering dream shall vanish, and we find ourselves spirits formed for an eternal duration, with those amongst whom we are now briefly sojourning. And oh; with what emotions shall we then contemplate that participation in each other's destiny, which casts an air of such mysterious grandeur over the pilgrimage of life!

Let us commence, then, the process of amelioration, as nearly as possible at the same period with the earliest developments of sin. Even from the cradle, let us labour to nurture and train up the heir of glory. Let our efforts be perpetually directed to crush the demon of innate depravity. Let neither the gushing tear of infancy, nor the throb of childhood under the hand of gentle chastisement, nor the blushes of youthful shame at the detection of its lighter follies, nor the sting of conscience in the breast of early manhood, disdainful and self-dishonoured at the sense of its deep pollution, disguise from us the fact, that in all these changing forms we encounter an evil of more formidable magnitude than the most dire and terrible of physical agencies. Our first, our chief design should be, to counteract this influence; to disclose its existence, gradually and wisely, to its subjects; to arm them against its assaults; to rouse up all their better principles in strenuous resistance; to exhibit its dangers, and apprise them of its end; and thus, "chastening them

while there is yet hope," to anticipate the evil day, when, confirmed by indulgence, and fortified by habit, it would bid defiance to our efforts, and laugh at the withering of our hopes. Let us put forth stedfastness, fortitude, and the perseverance of invincible affection. It may plead with us for tolerance towards all but wilful obduracy, when we think how ruthless is that domination which, by contact with ourselves, has enthralled, and manacled, and threatens to destroy. What might excite to anger, may thus awake to pity; and we may gather lessons of forbearance, even from the provocations which would inflame resentment, or harden in despair. Actuated by these convictions, let us undisguisedly announce them. Let it be known to our children, that we have penetrated the secrets of their history, and are acquainted, better than themselves, with the operations they inwardly experience; that our end and aim is, the detection first, and the expulsion afterwards, of a malignant power, which, while they feel in action, they know not how to overcome; and that, struggle as they will against us, we will never be repelled or vanquished, till, by the aid of Almighty grace, we witness their deliverance. But above all, let us abound in the exercise of fervent and believing prayer. Let aspirations mingle with our instructions; and acts of secret intercession with every chastisement and reproof. Let us lay fast hold of those securities which seal to the children, even through successive generations, the blessing of the God of their fathers. Let our urgency of supplication be such as to forbid denial, and to make the Divine veracity an inviolable guarantee for our success.

I have spoken of believing prayer. It is this we chiefly need; on this we must chiefly rely. The lack of faith it is, that entails upon us every other deficiency. We do not honour the Divine fidelity: and our punishment is an universal penury of spiritual good. Oh that we could overcome that almost only obstacle! and that parents who may have tried in vain a hundred other expedients, and are now ready to give up their last hope, retiring this night from the sanctuary, humbly resolved and confident, would strive and wrestle even with Omnipotence, importuning with a father's earnestness, at the feet of the almighty Father! Arise, Christian parent! "Let tears run down like a river; give thyself no rest; let not the apple of thine eyes cease; arise, cry out in the night. In the beginning of the watches pour out thine heart, like water before the face of the Lord: lift up thine hands towards him for the life of thy young children," Lam. ii. 18, 19. Emboldened, not by despair, but by an affection stronger than death, resolve—"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And, remember, it is the last triumph of mercy yielding to the force it has itself administered, to utter the animating declaration: "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed," Gen. xxxii. 26. 28.

If we reflect upon those instances, supplied so strikingly in Scripture, of the efficacy of unwearied and persevering prayer, we shall find several, even of the most affecting of them all, such as bear directly on our subject. For whom was it that the Syrophenician endured the bitterest humiliations, and the most disheartening delays, until at length her faith and fervour called forth so signally the testimony of the Saviour's approbation? Was it not for a daughter, bound and oppressed by Satan? Mark vii. 25, etc. What was the unconquerable impulse which sustained that Jewish ruler, when, in spite of its apparent hopelessness, he came and worshipped him, and preferred not in vain this singular petition: "My daughter is even now dead; but come, and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live?" Matt. ix. 18, etc. It is needless to multiply examples; but there is one so singularly applicable, and which may seem to touch the case of parents agitated by an almost hopeless solicitude for the spiritual welfare of their children in so many separate points, and in a manner of such striking adaptation, that I cannot pass it unnoticed. I refer to that urgent, and, as it seemed, remediless extremity, wherein our Lord, descending from the mountain of transfiguration, found his disciples surrounded by the cavilling scribes and an incredulous multitude, in the midst of which there stood a suppliant and half-desponding parent, with his demoniac son. How great was that parent's disquietude! how heart-sickening his affliction! A fury, altogether uncontrollable, maddened the spirit, over which he had watched and wept

from its first dawn of intellect. A malignant and resistless influence had bowed even the body to the earth, cast it into the fire, ingulfed it in the waters, and sought its destruction in a thousand ways. And now his last dependence seemed utterly to fail. He had brought his melancholy burden to the followers of Jesus; they could not administer relief. The populace, indignant at their incapacity, questioned, upbraided, challenged them to the proof; while every scornful objection, and every unsuccessful endeavour, brought him nearer to despair. His knowledge was still imperfect, respecting the power of that great Prophet, whose help at length he despondingly implored, "If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us, and help us!" Bitter were the tears with which he uttered that memorable confession, than which there is none more consolatory to the afflicted and the tempted soul, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." And his cup of anguish appeared to have received its last agonizing ingredient, when, at the command of the Redeemer, compelled as he was to surrender, the possessing demon gathered his utmost rage, put forth the last and fiercest demonstration of his energy, and left his prostrate victim convulsed and breathless in the dust, so that a murmur ran throughout the horror-struck assembly, that the strife was over, and that life had departed. But oh, how encouraging the issue! Who will any longer despair of the rescue and salvation of his child? Who will desist from his entreaty, because of the confirmation of those evil habits, or the present exasperation and recklessness of that infuriated spirit, whose ravages he can only deplore? Mark ix. 14, etc.

Let us rest, therefore, no longer in that so prevalent and paralyzing adage, "that we cannot give grace to our children;" true in itself, but in its operation frequently a most pernicious falsehood. Far from us be the apathy with which many a professor looks upon the irreligion of his household, content, as himself would express it, "to wait God's time," without rousing himself to diligence in God's appointed way. We yearn with compassion for the distant heathen. We send our missionaries, and establish schools. And when we have gained here and there a convert, feel that our sacrifices are infinitely overpaid. We have begun to deplore the misery of multitudes dying at our very thresholds; and the best feature of the age unquestionably is, the enlightened and active concern of Christians for the salvation of their hitherto neglected countrymen. But shall we rest contented, while even our own offspring are withering beneath our eye? Because we cannot save, shall we abandon them to perish? Shall disheartening calculations have place here, which elsewhere we should reject with a wise and holy disdain? We may fail in these exertions; have we any certainty of direct success in others? And does not feebleness of effort, the natural product of diminished confidence, invite and necessitate that failure? Where else is so properly our field of labour? Where is there demanded so small an expenditure of our resources? Where so ready and complete an apparatus? Where so impulsive a stimulus? or where so blessed a reward?—*M'All.*

OLD HUMPHREY'S CITY GRATIFICATIONS.

At a future time I will note down some of my many sources of country gratification. We will now, reader, enter the city together, and I will point out a few things there that afford me satisfaction; but wrong me not by supposing me to be an idle lounger in public places; an indolent sight-seer, to whom time is of little value! What I describe will be, for the most part, my occasional recreations rather than my regular occupations. In the busiest life there are seasons of leisure, even in the six days appointed us in which to labour and do all that we have to do; and, for my part, I think it right, wherever I am, to seek innocent sources of enjoyment in town and country. Should you smile at some of the sources of gratification that I shall mention, I give you full leave to do so, while I shall whisper to myself, "Let those laugh that win!"

I like to pick up scraps of conversation as I pass my fellow-pilgrims in the world, whether at St. Giles's or St. James's: to notice peculiarities in form, dress, demeanour, language, or action: to muse on the shrewdness of one man, the oddness of another, the churlishness of a third, and the kindness of a fourth: the Jew with his old clothes; the Mohammedan with his box of rhubarb;

the whining beggar, defended by his matches from the interference of the policeman; the fish woman at Billingsgate; the merchant on 'Change; and the Lord Mayor in his state carriage—all call forth the speculations of Old Humphrey.

I like to look in the shop windows; for many of them supply food for profitable speculation. I like to pause as the plumed hearse and mourning coaches, drawn by black horses arching their proud necks and lifting their feet high, slowly move among the crowded and busy streets, emphatically proclaiming to the passers-by, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not," Job xiv. 1, 2.

I like to look on etchings, drawings, engravings, and pictures, and am oftentimes spell-bound by their influence, feeling regret that I cannot thank those who have so much contributed to my gratification. I like to glance, if it be only at the title page, on the works of authors that are in heaven, claiming kindred with them even there, knowing them, loving them, and longing to be like them. How many a kindred spirit has by its works made my heart beat and my pulse play, and called forth my admiration, joy, and thankfulness, hundreds of years after its translation to glory!

I like to linger at the well-supplied book stalls of those who sell second-hand books, and to turn over the leaves of the volumes exposed for sale, from the two-penny box of all sorts, at the door, to the shelf of folios inside the shop. I like to glide slowly with the living stream along Cheapside, noting the passers-by, and reading their history in their eyes, faces, and appearance. Twenty men did I meet there last week, every one bearing a broad, heavy board on his shoulder, placarded with the name of a London journal. Oh what a tale did their haggard cheeks, their sickly frames, and their ragged raiment make known! Thoughtlessness, indiscretion, crime, and poverty had doubtless a hand in making most of them what they were.

I like to stand opposite Christ's Hospital, and look through the double row of iron palisades at the boys when they are at play in the court-yard. If it were possible to make a good-looking boy appear ugly, by dressing him up in uncouth clothing, the blue gown, yellow petticoat and stockings, and buckle-garter-like girdle of the Christ's Hospital costume would undoubtedly do it; but, in spite of their dress, the light-hearted, merry-making young rogues find their way into my heart. I remember that I once was a boy, and when they knuckle down at ring-taw, leap the skipping-rope, trundle the hoop, and race after one another, I feel that I could join them at their sport. It was but yesterday that I stood looking at them for ten minutes, afterwards giving them in silence my parting blessing.

I like, when I feel strong enough, but it is an arduous undertaking for an old man, to ascend to the golden gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, and to look upon London below. The incessant rumble of busy life reaches me as an echo of things remote, and my brother emmets beneath me, by their diminished stature, make me feel little in my own eyes. London, the treasure-house of the earth for wealth and power, as the queen of nations, stretches the sceptre of her influence over the east and the west, the north and the south. She is, as it were, the big heart of the breathing world, animating through the peopled avenues of society the industry, the knowledge, and the piety of the uttermost parts of the earth.

I like, now and then, to visit a Christian friend, walking abroad betimes, and breakfasting with him in his quiet and retired habitation in the suburbs of the city. The early hour, and the walk, and the fresh air, give me an appetite, and the frizzled ham or bacon that forms a part of the hospitable meal relishes all the better for the free and cheerful converse that prevails. I like to hear him, with a soft musical voice, read the Holy Scriptures, expound with faithfulness, knowledge, and simplicity, the word of the Most High, and engage in supplication and thanksgivings to the Giver of all our mercies. I like to walk abroad with him in the fields or retired lanes, discoursing freely, as the case may be, of the heavens, the earth, and the varied objects of creation, indulging in literary projects, and fixing, perhaps, the subject for the next paper of Old Humphrey.

I like to pass along the street when a throng of poor women, girls, and boys, stand with their jugs and cups, their basins and platters, opposite to an eating-house, waiting with their two-pences to receive the broken victuals of the establishment. It would do you good, if you have never seen this daily

exhibition, to gaze upon it; and if you have a kind heart, and twopence in your pocket, I feel quite sure, that some poor widow, or pale-faced girl with her crockery in her hand will soon have your money. What a comfortable thing it is that one can buy such a substantial gratification, as that of lighting up the eye and gladdening the heart of the poor, at the low price of two pence!

I like to stand among the gathered group of merchants and foreigners on 'Change, just long enough for the rolling din of mingled voices and varied languages to make one estimate more highly quietude and peace. I like, now and then, to peep at the parks, commenting, not ill-naturedly, on the gay equipages and well-dressed people assembled. I like to lean over London-bridge, gazing on the steam boats as they come and go, and on the forest of masts that rises from the bed of the river. And I like to pause in Smithfield, ere I go by the spot where the martyr has "played the man in the fire." May I never pass the place without more than common thankfulness to the Father of mercies in sparing me the torment that better men have endured!

I like to visit the cemeteries around the city, and bend over the resting places of the dead. There may the living learn lessons of humility. I like to wander through the Zoological Gardens, and to fancy the different birds, beasts, and reptiles, at liberty in the places they frequented before they were caught and caged: the white bear on his icebergs; the wolf amid the northern snow; the lion in the desert sand; the tiger in the jungle; the orang-outang in the woods; the pelican in the wilderness; the rattlesnake in the thick tangled brushwood; and the crocodile basking on the sedgy banks of the Nile. How infinitely varied are the works of God! How wonderful are the creatures formed by the hand of the Almighty!

I like to examine the new and useful inventions at the National Gallery of Practical Science, and the Polytechnic Institution; to hear the lectures; to gaze on the revealed wonders of the microscope; to look at the life-rafts and fire-escapes among the models; to receive a shock from the electrical eel; and to go down in the diving-bell with a friend who is too fearful to go down alone. I like to roam amid the gathered stores of the British Museum, from the gilt idol to the Elgin marbles, and from the mummies to the manuscripts; to sit in the reading-room with an interesting volume before me, now and then stealing a glance at the authors, artists, and reading world around. I like to visit the India House, and muse on its oriental stores, from the ivory carved hanging gardens, to the skull of the Batta chief; from the hieroglyphic brick of Babylon to the manuscript dreams of Tippoo Saib, though written in language that I cannot understand.

I like to visit the Abbey of Westminster, and to give way to the solemn thoughts the place inspires, without entering into the question of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of erecting in a temple of Christian worship such gorgeous commemorations of the departed dead; for I am no splitter of hairs, no decider of disputed points, no authority in doubtful doctrines of any kind, but a simple-minded old man, well content to keep to what is plain and practical, and to leave to those who are wiser than myself all things that are too hard for me. I like to muse over the dust of good men, and to ponder, though with diminished interest, over the ashes of the merely great; and if the shrill voices of the youthful choir, and the thrilling swell of the harmonious organ reverberate from the sculptured roof and monumental walls, I am carried in my spirit to a heavenly temple, where angels join in the hallelujahs of pardoned sinners, setting forth the praises of the Redeemer.

I like to steal into a public meeting called for a Christian or benevolent purpose, ensconcing myself in a back seat, where from my hiding-place I can see and hear all that passes. I like to look right and left on the beaming faces of the assembled multitude. To hear the remarks, the wisdom and experience of age, and to drink in the impassioned appeals and stormy eloquence of more youthful hearts. I like, on such occasions, to feel my bosom beating, and my pulse playing, as though I alone were the spectator, and to indulge in an ejaculation to the Father of mercies that every foot present may be quickened, every hand strengthened, and every heart enlarged in promoting the glory of God, and the welfare of mankind.

I like to hear the sound of the "church-going bell" on the sabbath morn; to walk in peace to the sanctuary, noticing as I pass along my fellow-pilgrims bound

on the same errand—"To render thanks to God for the great benefits received at his hands, to hear his most holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul." I like to listen to the faithful exhortation of a humble-minded minister of the gospel. These things I like, as well as to join in the triumphant chorus of a thousand tongues.

"Ye know the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure:
His praise at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

Thus might I proceed till I had exhausted your patience, and still leave untold many things that afford me satisfaction. Whatever may be our several tastes and feelings, if our hearts are under a right influence, we shall try to profit by all things, as the bee gathers honey from every flower. It is a fit season, after we have mused on the pleasing objects God's providence has scattered in our pathway, to ponder on his goodness and grace as made known in his word. Well will it be for us all to accustom ourselves to associate in our inmost thoughts, life with death, time with eternity, and earth with heaven.

FAITH.

Right faith is a thing wrought by the Holy Ghost in us, which changeth us, turneth us into a new nature, and begetteth us anew in God, and maketh us the sons of God; and killeth the old Adam, and maketh us altogether new in the heart, mind, will, lust, and in all other affections and powers of the soul: the Holy Ghost ever accompanying her, and ruling the heart. Faith is a lively thing; mighty in working, valiant and strong; ever doing, ever fruitful; so that it is impossible that he which is endued therewith should not work always good works, without ceasing.—*Tyndal, the Reformer.*

SUNSET IN ITALY.

Just before we reached Bolsena, our stopping place for the night, we were favoured with one of the most beautiful and glorious sunsets I ever witnessed. The wind was high, and the waters of the lake were thrown into dark, rough billows. Dense clouds canopied the western heavens, and concealed, almost the whole afternoon, the sun from our view. Just before it sunk, however, behind the western mountains, the curtained clouds were drawn aside, and its broad disc displayed fully to view. As we turned to gaze, we saw directly before us the dark agitated waters of the lake; beyond, the brown dusky hills, above which hung the glorious sun, full of golden splendour; while a little to the right rose the gigantic Apennines, covered with eternal snow. No sooner had the bright disc of the king of day sunk below the horizon, than we were favoured with a view of what may emphatically be called an Italian sky. Previous to this, I had almost concluded that we were to see no such thing in Italy. There was a peculiarity in the heavens which I had never before seen, except west of the Mississippi. There were spots of straw-coloured clearness in the sky, which seemed to carry the eye back to unfathomable depths in the heavens. And then the gorgeous richness of the clouds that hung like drapery over the night-circled west, their ten thousand variegated dyes, the deep amber, the rich purple, the golden orange, the ultramarine blue, mingling together with hues so rich, and tints so bright, as no pencil can spread over the canvass—and the scene varying every moment, like the changing kaleidoscope, presenting a view perfectly enchanting. This bright vision, however, like all earthly enjoyments, was soon gone, and darkness settled down upon us before we reached our stopping place.—*Clark's Glimpses of the Old World.*

HOLINESS OF THE GOSPEL.

Can it ever be expected, that the great God should pardon and save those rebels through Jesus Christ who knowingly and wilfully persist in their rebellions? Far be it. The very light of nature will not suffer us to believe this. This would be to make Christ the minister of sin, and to build again the things which Christ came to destroy, Gal. ii. 17, 18. For it is the design of all the blessings of the gospel, to make us conformable to God, and to his law, which is the unchangeable image of his holiness. The great design of it is to make us practise love to God and our neighbour, which is the fulfilling of the law, as far as our state of frailty permits, Rom. xiii. 10.—*Dr. Watts.*

VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY

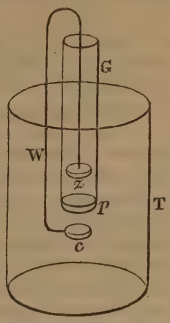
ADAPTED TO ENGRAVING, ETC.

No. II.

In a former paper, we attempted to trace the history of discovery in this new but important application of voltaic electricity, and in so doing we have confined ourselves as much as possible to the account which has been published by the inventor, in many parts of the description quoting his own words. We have at the same time introduced such explanations of facts or principles as were necessary to be understood, and were, probably, unknown to some of our readers. It is our intention now to describe the manner in which the working in metals by voltaic electricity may be performed, so as to produce any effect that may be required. But previous to doing this, it is necessary that the experimenter should know how to manage his battery. We have already explained the construction of a voltaic battery, and have described the method of using it in these experiments; but it will, perhaps, be more satisfactory if we give a sketch of those arrangements which we have found most convenient in practice.

In all cases it is important in performing experiments to keep in view the necessity of saving time and expense. Large and costly instruments are not necessary in scientific investigations, although useful in the lecture room, where the object is to instruct a number of persons, and to exhibit such experiments as are likely to impress facts upon the mind, and teach the observers to reason upon what they see. Many of the most important scientific discoveries have been made by the use of the most simple and homely apparatus. The late Dr. Wollaston, who did as much for science as any of his contemporaries, made all his valuable discoveries by instruments that were singularly minute and inexpensive: indeed, we might say, that in this particular he was even affected; for he seemed to pride himself more upon the means by which his discoveries were made, than upon the additions he made to the scientific knowledge of his day. The young need not, therefore, be discouraged in any attempt to investigate for themselves by the want of apparatus, as an ingenious person may always make such as he requires; for although rude in appearance, it may be effective in use. But while we inculcate these principles upon the minds of our readers, we must be cautious to regard them ourselves, and describe only such instruments as may be easily made and used.

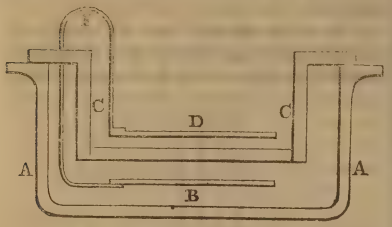
The most simple form of apparatus suited for the experiments we are about to explain, is represented in this engraving,



and is all that can be required when the operations are carried on upon a small scale. T may be supposed to represent a tumbler, or any other glass vessel of convenient form. G is a gas glass stopped at the lower end *p* by a piece of plaster of paris. *z* is a plate of zinc, and *c* a similar piece of copper, a coin, or any other metallic substance to be acted upon; and these two are connected by a copper wire w. The inner vessel may be kept in its place by a cork, or any other means that may happen to be found more convenient. To put this instrument in action, the inner vessel containing the zinc may be about half filled with the solution of common salt in water, and the outer, containing the plate of copper, with a solution of the sulphate of copper. There is no danger in using the green vitriol, by which name the latter substance is also known; but as it is a poisonous compound, the vessels in which the solution is made should be well washed after they have been used, and the liquor thrown away when done with.

Another form of apparatus is represented in the engraving on page 274. It is calculated for the performance of experiments on a larger scale, and is that form and arrangement recommended by Mr. Spencer, whose description we give. We introduce it, not because it will be found necessary to those readers who merely wish to take the cast of a coin or the outline of a small object, but because it

will show how the invention may be employed in large works. The apparatus is represented in section; or, in other words,



the appearance is that which would be presented if it were cut in halves in the direction of its length. A is an earthenware vessel to receive the copper plate, and the solution of sulphate of copper, in which it is to be exposed. C is another vessel of earthenware or wood, of such a size that it may fit into the outer one, as shown in the drawing; the bottom of this vessel being formed of plaster of paris, or some other porous substance, which, while it retains the solution of common salt, may permit the voltaic action to go on without impediment. B is the copper plate to be acted on by the electricity, that upon which copper is to be deposited. D is the zinc plate, and the two are united by the wire F, which may either be done in the manner exhibited in the drawing, or by the use of a binding screw.

Now in the use of either of these instruments, there are several things to be considered. Among these may be particularly mentioned the fact, that the solidity of the deposited metal entirely depends on the weakness or intensity of the electric action. This action, or force, may be regulated by increasing or decreasing the thickness of the plaster of paris which separates the two metals, and by the coarseness or fineness of the material. "I made," says Mr. Cooper, "three similar experiments, altering the texture and thickness of the plaster each time, by which I ascertained that if the plaster partitions were thin and coarse, the metallic deposition proceeded with great rapidity, but the crystals were friable and easily separated; on the other hand, if I made the partition thicker, and of a little finer material, the action was much slower, and the metallic deposition was as solid and ductile as copper formed by the usual methods; indeed when the action was exceedingly slow, I have made a metallic deposition apparently much harder than common sheet copper, but more brittle."

Another fact worthy of notice is, that the rapidity of the electric action is wonderfully augmented by using the solutions already mentioned, quite hot. Mr. Crosse has stated, in the account of his experiments made upon the crystallization of metals, that he best succeeded when the solutions were kept at a boiling temperature; and Mr. Spencer informs us, that by keeping the solutions he employed at a temperature of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, he was able to abridge the time otherwise required, three or four fold.

One or two other remarks may perhaps be, with propriety, introduced upon the management of the apparatus, before we refer to the experiments themselves.

Whatever form of apparatus may be employed, the greatest care will be found necessary in using it; for of all experiments none are more delicate than those connected with the various branches of electric science. Let a perfect, uninterrupted circuit be maintained for the electricity, and let the wire have a perfect metallic contact with the plates which it connects. The zinc may be with advantage occasionally taken out of the saline solution during the operation, and cleaned in water. In the choice and application of the plates, it is better that they should be, as nearly as possible, of the same size, and it is of importance that the zinc should be as thick as the required deposition of copper. That the solution of the sulphate of copper may be continued in the necessary state, crystals of that substance should be occasionally added. When the process is long continued, the solution should be changed, for the sulphuric acid, which is set free by the deposition of the metallic copper, prevents the further action.

TO OBTAIN A MOULD OF ANY COIN OR MEDAL.

Having prepared your voltaic battery, connect the coin, after it has been rubbed with wax, as already described, with a similar piece of zinc, by means of a copper wire, and place them in the solutions: the zinc in the solution of common salt, the coin in that of the copper. After

exposure for a short time, the deposition will commence and may be continued as long as required, subject to the rules already stated.

TO OBTAIN A FAC-SIMILE OF A COIN OR MEDAL.

Take the coin, medal, or whatever other raised surface may be required, and placing it between two pieces of exceedingly clean milled lead, submit them all to the action of a strong press. By this means a mould will be readily formed and a sharp distinct impression of the object. One of these pieces may now be taken and soldered to the wire as in former instances, and immediately immersed in the proper solution.

Another method of obtaining the mould is to take an impression by the fusible metal, which is a compound of bismuth, tin, and lead. This compound must be well known to our readers as that metal of which spoons are sometimes made for amusement, as it melts at a temperature below that of boiling water, so that the spoon suddenly disappears when put into a cup of hot tea. When an impression has been taken in this manner, it must be exposed to the voltaic action, and in a few days a deposit of copper will be found within it. By varying the solution in which the mould is immersed, you may obtain almost any metal that is required; or, if thought necessary, the face of the cast may be of one metal, such as silver or gold, and the interior of one of less value, such as copper. Thus, for instance, let a coating of silver be first deposited over the mould, which will be effected in a few hours, and then remove it into a solution of copper, and that metal will be precipitated, the two firmly uniting together as though they had been of the same nature, and thrown down by the same solution.

TO OBTAIN IN METAL A FAC-SIMILE OF ANY WOOD ENGRAVING.

Upon this process we quote the explanation given by Mr. Spencer to the editor of a local newspaper, after the publication of his pamphlet. "The wood engraving being given, take a piece of sheet lead the required size; let its superfice be about one-eighth of an inch larger all round than that of the wood block. The lead must now be planed with a common plane, just as a piece of soft wood; (the tool termed by the joiner *a try plane* does best;) a clear bright surface is thus obtained, such as I have been unable to get by any other means. The engraved surface of the wood must now be laid on the planed surface of the lead, and both put carefully in the press; should the engraving have more than two inches of superficies, a copying press is not powerful enough. Whatever press is used, the subject to be copied must be cautiously laid in the centre of the pressure, as a very slight lateral force will in some degree injure the process. The lead to be impressed upon must rest on the iron plate of the press, as must the back part of the wood engraving; the pressure to be applied regularly, and not, as in some cases, with a jerk. When the pressure is deemed complete, they may be taken out, and if, on examination, the lead is not found to be completely up, the wood engraving may be neatly relaid on the lead, and again submitted to the press, using the same precaution as before. When the lead is taken out, a wire should be soldered to it immediately, and it should then be put into the apparatus without loss of time, as the less it is subjected to the action of the atmosphere the better: care should also be taken not to touch the surface with the fingers."

It is here worthy of remark, that any number of impressions whether of a coin, medal, or wood cut, may be taken on the same sheet of lead, and by having an apparatus sufficiently large, they may all be cast by the voltaic process at the same time. In this case, however, it would be necessary to coat the intervening spaces with a suitable varnish to prevent the deposition of copper upon those parts. It is not necessary that the casts should be of any considerable thickness; for when a face of sufficient strength has been produced it may be attached to another piece of metal. The only method at present known of obtaining the two sides of a coin, or rather to obtain a perfect fac-simile of a coin, is to take a cast of each side, and then to join them by soldering or otherwise, as may be found most convenient.

TO OBTAIN THE FACE OF A COIN OR MEDAL IN TWO OR MORE METALS.

Let it be supposed that it is required to obtain a cast from a mould, one part in gold and one in silver, the greater mass or thickness being of copper. Cover

the part required to be in silver with the varnish, and expose the mould, which we suppose to be formed of some metal, to the voltaic action in a solution of gold. When a sufficient coating has been obtained, remove the varnish from the part hitherto hidden, and let the action be carried on in a solution of silver. This being effected, the mould may be removed into a solution of the sulphate of copper, and the necessary degree of thickness be thus given.

TO OBTAIN A REPRESENTATION IN RELIEF OF ANY LETTERS OR OTHER FORMS ENGRAVED ON A METALLIC PLATE.

Take a sheet of clean and perfectly polished copper, and cover it with some appropriate cement. Then work upon the surface, a wire being previously soldered to the back, the design that is required, whether it be a name, a figure, or otherwise, and cut away the wax with a graver, taking care that the copper be thoroughly exposed. The plate must then be immersed in dilute nitric acid, that is to say, about one part of nitric acid to three of water. When the required effect has been obtained, which may be known by the green colour of the solution, and the rise of bubbles of nitrous gas, the plate is ready for the voltaic apparatus.

TO OBTAIN A SOLID VOLTAIC PLATE HAVING THE LINES IN RELIEF.

Take a plate of any suitable metallic substance, such as copper or lead, and engrave upon it the subject required, and to the depth which may be thought necessary for printing when in relief. It has been already stated, that in engraving the plate, the common graver must not be used, but one by which the letters or lines may be made flat at the bottom, and they should be as nearly the same depth as possible. When the engraving is complete, coat the entire surface of the plate with a mixture of virgin wax and spirits of turpentine, by placing a piece on it and then exposing it to the heat of a spirit lamp. When cooling, rub off this coating and wipe the plate clean, for there will still be sufficient wax in the pores of the copper to prevent the voltaic copper from adhering. This being done, the wire may be soldered on, and the back and edges should be well coated with a varnish of shell lac and alcohol. Or the plate may be fixed by a bed of plaster of 'paris in a box of the size, the edges of the box projecting just as much above the surface of the plate as the voltaic copper is required to be in thickness. The prepared plate is now ready for the process of deposition, which is effected as already described.

We have now presented the reader with all that is at present known concerning the use of voltaic electricity in working metals, in a condensed form, but we trust in a style sufficiently clear to all who may be interested in the process.

ASPECT OF INDIA—No. I.

It is an expression not confined to the unlearned, which we not unfrequently hear, "The heat of India," or "The climate of India;" whereas Hindostan contains regions as subject to snow, with chilling frosts and cold and shivering blasts, as any part of continental Europe; and presents as great a variety of climate, from the arid heat of a vertical sun, to the inhospitable and freezing atmosphere of the bleak and frigid north. The countries now ruled by, or subject to the supremacy of Britain in the East, extend from the equator, near to which Singapore is situated, or from the southernmost peninsula of Malacca, about two degrees north latitude, to the Himalayas, which range from the twenty-eighth degree, in the Bhotan country, advancing to the more northerly latitudes of Cashmere, Attock, and Herat; and extend in the widest sweep of the river Sind as far as the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth degrees; and spread from the Sylhet frontier (a border which lies as far east as the one hundredth degree) to the mouths of the Indus on the western shores of Hindostan; besides the dependencies in the Persian Gulf and on the Red Sea:—a wide enough field for every change of climate and every degree of temperature under which man can comfortably subsist. While the native of the southern provinces clothes himself in the loose and light robes of cotton, or passes among his people in the bazaars and thoroughfares only partially covered, the hardy northern wraps himself in the woollen or silken stuffs and shawls of Moultan and Cashmere, or in the flannels and broad-cloth of English manufacture; and the daring traveller or mountaineer of

the Himalayas is glad to draw around him the furs and mufflings which are employed to protect against the snows of Nova Zembla or Siberia.

The several presidencies have their separate and distinguishing natural characteristics, and the countries or provinces subject to their jurisdiction differ as they lie east or west, north or south. If we traverse the eastern regions under the presidency of Bengal, we shall find the alluvial, well-watered, and flat plains of Bengal, the hills and dales of Bahar, the Rajmehall hills, and the table-lands with which the province is diversified. Allahabad contains the exuberant district of Benares, the fertile banks of the Jumna and Ganges, and the elevated table-lands of Bundlecund, with the picturesque and isolated hills which range and diverge in groups parallel to the Vindhya mountains. Agra is in some places open and flat, but toward the south and west better wooded, and interspersed with hills and dales; while Delhi is covered with dense jungles and forests in the north-west, but clear, level, and cultivated from the centre to the south-west. The British provinces in Berar are wild and rugged, with steep water-courses, dense jungles, hills, and impassable ravines. The Vindhya and Goundwara, or Sautpora, ranges of hills on either side, hedge in the romantic valley of the Nerbudda for three hundred miles; a rude and uncultured vale, which stretches in breadth nearly twenty miles, and is fringed on both sides to the mountain summits with forests of deep jungle. Malwa is a table-land, generally open and highly cultivated, varied with conical and flat-crowned hills and low ridges, watered by numerous rivers and small streams, and favoured with a rich productive soil and a mild climate, alike conducive to the health of man and the liberal supply of his wants and luxuries. Ahmedabad, Kairah, Baroach, Baroda, and Surat, occupy a wild sea-coast; at certain seasons are cold and unpleasant, and embrace a country mountainous and jungly, with some fertile tracts, especially Guzerat, a flat country, rich and fruitful. Kandeish, Poonah, and Ahmednuggur, are districts of irregular but elevated territory; are intersected by rivers and pellucid streams, which flow through valleys truly beautiful, and are overtopped by hills and native fortresses, which render the country picturesque and variegated; the plain is well-watered and fertile; and the Ghauts present to the view continuous lines of mountain-forest, while the river courses, the Krishna, Toombuddra, Taptee, and Gutpurba, pass through a region exceedingly rich and diversified. In the Concans, north and south, a line of sea-coast extends for several hundred miles, with a narrow margin of productive land, and an abrupt wall of steep, rocky mountains, ascending in some places four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Among, and on the outer verge of these Ghauts, are many fruitful spots, cultivated as rice tracts, irrigated by numerous mountain streams. From Goa throughout the province of Canara to Mangalore, and following the Malabar coast to Cochin, the scenery is romantic and grand. The cataract of the river Shirawati, or Carawooti, which rises in Darwar, and flowing into Canara, falls into the sea at Shadusgur, exceeds in beauty and sublimity every waterfall which has hitherto been made known in Europe. The country around the village of Haliali, or Hullyhale, to the north-west of the fall, about three miles, and on the confines of the Goese territory, presents the richness of a tropical forest, mingled with cultivation. The traveller comes unexpectedly upon the river, and the sudden transition adds to the effect. A few steps of devious winding over huge blocks of granite, bring him "to the brink of a fearful chasm, rocky, bare, and black," down into which he looks to the depth of a thousand feet. The bed of the river is one-fourth of a mile in direct breadth; but the edge of the fall is elliptical, with a sweep of about half a mile. This body of water rushes, at first, for about three hundred feet, over a slope at an angle of forty-five degrees, in a sheet of white foam, and is then precipitated to the depth of eight hundred and fifty more into a black abyss, with a thundering noise. It has, therefore, a depth of eleven hundred and fifty feet. In the rainy season the river appears to be about thirty feet in depth at the fall; in the dry season it is much lower, and is divided into three cascades, of varied beauty and astonishing grandeur, but the smaller streams are almost dissipated before they reach the bottom.

No description is adequate to convey a full conception of the beauty, the verdure,

the wooded and watered glens and vales, of this romantic province. The rolling mountains, which rise and tower in grand magnificence one over another, from the white ocean-margin to the table-lands of the Mahratta, the Coorg, and the Mysore countries; the ever-gushing and refreshing mountain streams which hasten down the steep-sided but plenteous valleys, or through the lower plains covered with cocoa-nut trees, and enter by numerous inlets to the sea; the precipitous and craggy Ghauts, some of them piercing the sky to the height of seven or nine thousand feet from their watery base, exhibiting an umbrageous and verdant forest to their loftiest summits, mock all efforts to delineate or convey an idea of their stupendous magnitude or luxuriant majesty. Travancore advances to Cape Comorin, for one hundred and fifty miles, presenting valleys down to the sea-shore, clothed with perennial verdure; then hills and dales, forming scenes of the most lovely and peaceful beauty, all richly cultivated. The gigantic Ghauts of the western coast recede here further (perhaps forty miles) inland, and are crowned to their summits with stupendous forests of teak, bamboo, etc.; the whole province furnishing the most splendid picture of tropical scenery which any region can display. The blue mountains of Coimbatore, the Nielgheries, lie to the south of Mysore from sixty to a hundred miles; they are free from jungle, and in a high state of cultivation. The most elevated is nearly nine thousand feet above the ocean level, and the lowest is about five thousand six hundred and sixty feet; Jackanairi the lowest, and Moorahoorti Bet the highest among the five. The climate on these hills is mild as is the south of France, and salubrious as Devonshire. To the north of them is elevated the table-land of the ceded provinces, Bellary, Cuddapah, etc., and contains some of the most fruitful districts of the Madras presidency, though, perhaps, it is also the hottest region. Mysore claimed as its capital the fortress of Seringapatam; but Bangalore is more worthy the inquiries of the geographer. It is a plateau of fifty or sixty miles square, with an undulating surface, and nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The climate is peculiarly salubrious and mild, visited by the monsoons of the eastern and the western coast, and possessing the richest soil; its fertility and temperature are not surpassed in any province of British India.

The coast and region between Madras and the Cape Comorin, and from Cuttack to Madras, are perhaps the most fervid and oppressive to the European; but there are no swamps, the atmosphere is not poisoned with malaria, nor is the soil subject to nitrous incrustations. The shore is flat and sandy, comparatively sterile and uncultivated; a parched and naked waste spreads along an extent of six hundred miles from the mouths of the Kistnah to the mouths of the Cauvery. From Nagpore, by Ellichpore, to Jaulnah and Beejanuggur on the north and west, and thence along the banks of the Toombuddra, by Kurnool, including Hyderabad, as far as to the confines of Rajamundry, watered by the Godavery on the south and east, an arable and productive region, extends over nearly one hundred and ten thousand square miles. The soil will grow the strongest grain, and bears the finest wheat, and is capable of the highest cultivation. The climate is generally healthy, and for the greatest part of the year comparatively cool; especially the two northern districts. At Hyderabad, for the three hot months in the year, the thermometer is often as high as one hundred Fahrenheit in the shade, and sometimes even at midnight. Beneath the eastern Ghauts stretch out the lower provinces of the Carnatic, beginning from the northern Circars, and embracing Ongole, Arcot, Combaconum, Trichinopoly, Madura, and Tinnevelly, with the country of Tanjore. The fertility of most of these regions is proverbial, and they abound in the richest produce. The atmosphere is dry, and often parching, yet to a great extent tempered with the breezes from the sea, or affording shelter in the high lands connected with the Ghauts. Though the eastern Ghauts be not so magnificent or picturesque as those on the western shores, there are many lovely spots, nooks, as it were, retired from the wild glare of Indian sands, and the withering heat of a vertical sun, where grandeur and solitude, verdure and shade, fit nurses of the poetic child, furnish a retreat the most peaceful and refreshing.—*Massie.*

SEVRE CHINA.

"Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to

hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in my hand, O house of Israel," Jer. xviii.

This beautiful passage was brought to the recollection of the writer, and forcibly illustrated by a most interesting visit to the china works of Sevre, situated a few miles from Paris. It was a fine sunny morning, the banks of the Seine, and the green park of St. Cloud, as the party passed them, afforded many a lovely picture, and reminded us, that although we had left the verdant landscapes of our own dear island far behind, nature's God was with us still. A short and pleasant ride brought us to Sevre. The works are much on the same principle as those of the English potteries, not large, but very complete. The work people, decently dressed, were quietly pursuing their different employments in well-ordered apartments. All were most willing to afford us what information they could. The forms they were "throwing" and moulding were most graceful and beautiful. Scarcely could we fancy that the rough clay, as we saw it fresh from the pit, in its unrefined state, was indeed the material of those snowy wreaths of buds, leaves, flowers, and fruit, which the "biscuit work" presented in such exquisite forms and unrivalled purity; or that the magnificent vases, cabinets, urns, and rich services, so elegant in shape, and brilliant in gilding and colours, were once shapeless clay in the hand of the potter. At Sevre are specimens of the pottery of other nations, from the clay pitcher of the half savage, ill shapen, hardened in the sun, or badly fired on his rude hearth stone, to the chaste models of Wedgewood, and the classical forms of Greece and Rome. The pliant clay, when placed on the wheel, yields to the slightest pressure of the potter's hand, rises or sinks, becomes a bowl or a jar, a vessel for humble or honourable service, according to the master's design. Now he forms and cautiously preserves it, and now rejects its imperfect shape, and dashes it to pieces again upon the wheel. Thus are the nations of the world, and the hearts of all men, in the hand of the Lord God. After being subjected to the action of the furnace, glazed, and again baked, the ware is then ornamented with paintings, landscapes, groups of flowers, or portraits; and in the more valuable articles these designs are executed with the highest finish and skill; but the colour, when first laid on these beautiful specimens of art, is generally of a very different hue to that which the finished piece presents. The artist's work seemed all confusion: he was apparently laying on red for purple, and brown for pink; but he well knew that the furnace would change these to their proper tints. How frequently do we, in our ignorance, charge God foolishly, and scan his work in vain! How many dark shades in our history have been finished in the furnace of affliction, and gilded our brightest blessings! How often we think God is swerving from his own promise and design, when, in reality, the best means are in operation to bring them to pass.

We were greatly delighted with the whole process of this interesting manufacture. At last the doors were thrown open, and we were admitted to the show rooms. Here a vast variety of elegant pieces of porcelain, all completely and well finished, were to be seen in the perfection of their beauty. Here was the portrait of Louis XVI. and his queen; of Napoleon and Maria Antoinette, with Josephine, and various others, executed in the style of a first-rate miniature on ivory; copies and models from the great masters; vases and cabinets of large dimensions, in exquisite taste, and displaying the utmost ingenuity, fit ornaments for the palace of a king.

Do we covet to be vessels fitted for the Master's use, and to have our station at last in the kingdom above? Then let us now learn to be as clay in the hand of the potter, to yield our rebellious will to the operations of Divine grace. And while the wheel of Providence, as it turns, calls for us to rise and prosper, or to sink low in the vale of humility; while mortifications and denials lead us to cry out, "All these things are against me;" let us recall our rash words, remembering, that the present is an unfinished state, a state of preparation. Let us look forward to the time when the furnace of affliction shall have done its work, and

be no longer needful, but the finished piece be securely placed in the palace of the King of kings. N.

PETRA.

We pause at Petra, the Edom of prophecy, and the metropolis of Idumea. Where is now the war horse of Idumea, with a neck clothed with thunder? Where are the chariots, and the horsemen? Where? An echo, reverberating from the mountains of Seir, repeats, "Where? where?" "Edom is become a desolation," and "a court for owls." Petra is the land of forgetfulness, and the "dukes of Edom are no more." The winding sheet of death covers the capital of Idumea; "emphatic silence," more touching than eloquence, reigns throughout this vast necropolis. Petra, the ancient capital of Idumea, hitherto wrapped up in the deep recesses of solitude, remained until lately unknown. Here was the cradle of commerce seventeen centuries ago; the emporium of Northern Arabia, and the entrepôt between Palestine, and Syria, and Egypt. It was the birthplace of Balaam, and renowned for oracles and auguries; in it, as a stronghold, were deposited the treasures of the sultans of Egypt; and the name of Petra seemed to have become all but extinct, with the declension of the Roman power in the East. Here is a town embosomed amid a fortress of mountains; utter desolation reigns over wonderful ruins, noble in decay, and sublime in their fall. Mount Hor, with Aaron's tomb, surmounts the city of desolations; the metropolis of moving sands, and a blighted desert. The entrance is from the east, through a deep gorge, or ravine, called *El syk*, and the river that supplied Edom flowed through this valley; the wall of rock is from four hundred to seven hundred feet high. The sides of this romantic chasm are clothed with tamarix, wild fig, oleander, and the caper plant, the latter hanging in luxuriant festoons from cracks and crevices; the solitude is only disturbed by the screaming of eagles, hawks, owls, and ravens, which congregate here in vast multitudes. The ruins burst on the eye of the astonished and bewildered traveller in all their awful magnificence; this amphitheatre of mountains is tinged with extraordinary hues, and is at once romantic and picturesque; sepulchres and tombs, sculptures, in all the majesty of art, decorate these "everlasting hills;" more than two hundred and fifty sepulchres are chiselled in the rock: and this is Edom, the metropolis of Idumea! The stupendous ruins, the magnificent tombs, the amphitheatre, the columns, and capitals, obelisks, friezes, all attest the magnificence which once reigned in this mountain metropolis—a city of desolation, which even the bittern scarce disturbs; "lines of confusion, and stones of emptiness." The territory of the descendants of Esau is swept as by "the besom of destruction," and remains a miracle of evidence as palpable as any monument in the history of time. Its eighteen cities are mouldered into dust, and the dwellers among the rocks, that "made their nests among the stars" are brought low. "Thy terribleness hath deceived thee." Laborde mentions that the view from one of the mountain peaks, which surmounts this city of tombs, disclosed "a vast frightful desert, a chaotic sea, the waves of which were petrified," before them stood mount Hor, crested by the prophet's tomb. The attention and contemplation seemed to be here divided between the survey of "nature, who invites attention to her matchless girdle of rocks, wondrous as well for their colours as their forms, and the men who feared not to intermingle the works of their genius with such splendid efforts of creative power."

"I would," says Mr. Stephens, "that the sceptic could stand as I did among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred Book and read the words of the inspired penmen, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, the cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking for fear, as the ruined city cries out to him, in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself in the desolation and eternal ruin around him." "Wisdom hath departed from Teman, and understanding from the mount of Esau!" Who hath done these things? Even he "who cometh from Edom, —travelling in the greatness of his strength!" How terrible is the death of a city!—*Murray.*

The ten Virgins.

ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

"The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps," Matt. xxv. 4.

It is worthy of remark, that the word rendered lamps, in this parable, does not mean what is thus conveyed to an ordinary English reader, whose mind is fixed on the instruments which give light in various circumstances; but that term properly signifies torches. If, however, on this declaration, a difficulty should arise as to the application of oil to such means of giving light, it may be removed by referring to a custom in India.

When persons are about to travel by night, through unfrequented places, in that country, where it is very important to keep up a light, they do not trust themselves, as in a town or station, to a lantern; but a man is hired, who carries in his right hand a kind of torch, having a large head of tow, or some similar substance; and in his left a vessel, out of which he keeps occasionally pouring oil on the lighted tow. Thus a large flame is made, and one much stronger than that of the wick of a lamp. The blaze brightens the whole path, and is neither extinguished by the rain nor the wind.

A remembrance of this fact will prevent the misconception sometimes arising, that oil should be taken in the lamp, which consequently leads to a mis-quotation of the passage: on the contrary, we are to imitate the wise, who "took oil in their vessels with their lamps." The foolish virgins were content with the supply which the torch first received; they thought only of a temporary effect; they made no provision for circumstances which might very naturally happen; whereas, their prudent companions exercised forethought, and took a reserve of oil to feed the flame of their torches when their former stock was exhausted.

Great indeed is the difference between the mere professor and the actual possessor of religion: the one lives only for time, and the other chiefly for eternity; the one leaves all as he enters the grave, the other is provided for the dissolution of the body, and the conflagration of the universe. Here, then, is the wisdom of the saints!

Its infinite importance should lead to prayer. "If any of you lack wisdom," says the apostle James, "let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him." There are, however, petitions which will not avail, for it is added, "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For, let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord." The prayer of faith alone is the acceptable and prevailing prayer.

STAGE COACH DISAPPOINTMENTS.

It is truly interesting and consolatory to read the gracious assurances of our blessed Lord, that the minutest concerns of his people are not beneath his condescending notice and regard; and we have frequent opportunities, in ordinary life, of seeing them strikingly fulfilled and illustrated. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows," Matt. x. 29—31. An interesting record might be formed from the experience of the people of God, in which the overruling hand, and gracious care of our heavenly Father have been displayed in circumstances the most seemingly inconsiderable and contingent. We have many such examples in Scripture: for instance, how much depended on the trivial circumstance of a king of Persia having a sleepless night, Esther vi.; and on a poor woman going, at a certain moment, to draw water for the common affairs of her house, John iv.; and, perhaps, most of us can recollect, in our experience or observation, very important advantages resulting from incidents in themselves as small as the falling of a sparrow, or the loosening of a hair. The following facts, though not so momentous as many that might be recorded, are not devoid of interest. They refer to desirable results, connected with trifling and seemingly untoward circumstances in journeys; disappointments, or mistakes, as to the vehicle or the road intended to be taken.

In one of my early visits to my uncle, I was to be sent home by coach. My father, in his letter, specified the particular vehicle by which he wished me to come, and appointed to meet me at the inn, and take me with him to the house of a friend, where he was going to fetch home my mother and little sister, who had been staying there a few days. I was delighted with the arrangement, as I had long been desirous of visiting that family, having heard much of their splendid collection of natural curiosities. Besides, I longed to see my mother and sister, after being several weeks separated from them. As it was a long stage, and my journey not much more than twenty miles of the way, a place could not be secured for me; but I was waiting on the bridge to obtain, as I thought, the first chance. To my great disappointment, however, the coach drew up to a gentleman's house at the foot of the bridge, and took in two little girls, leaving no room for another inside passenger. The coachman shook his head, and said he was very sorry; but he could not, any how, make room for me: the young ladies were going all the way to London, and their places had been booked several days before. There was no remedy; I turned back with feelings of bitter disappointment, thinking that my parents would be uneasy at not seeing me as appointed; and that, perhaps, even if I should get a place by the next coach, there might be no one at the inn to meet me, or not without great inconvenience; and that, at all events, I should lose the anticipated pleasure of visiting Ashley Court.

My uncle observed my distress, and spoke to me of the duty of reconciling our minds to unavoidable circumstances, observing, that we ought to submit to things that cross our wishes, not merely because we cannot alter them, but from a firm conviction that all, even the most trivial, or the most untoward events, are wisely and kindly ordered for the best. I recollect his using this expression, "Our minutest concerns are arranged by Him who leaves nothing to the decision of chance, and ordains nothing but what is fully consistent with perfect wisdom and love."

I recollected his words with deep interest, when, on my arrival by the evening coach, my parents expressed peculiar gratitude for my preservation, and told me, that a melancholy accident had occurred in connexion with the coach by which I was to have come. The coach was going at full speed, when one of the doors flew open, and a little girl, who was leaning against it, fell out and was killed on the spot. It was one of the two whom I had seen taken up, and by whom I was prevented occupying a seat in the vehicle. We afterwards learned that the subject of this melancholy catastrophe, though one of the numerous branches of a gay and irreligious family, was herself a very amiable and hopeful child. She had been under the care of a pious relative, and was removed to be sent to a fashionable boarding school, her parents being apprehensive that, if suffered to remain with ——, "she would become too good."

I hope I was not altogether unmindful

of the distinguishing care of Providence which, by thwarting my desires, effected my preservation; for had I been in the coach, in all probability, I might have been the subject of the accident; and who can tell but the purposes of Divine grace were answered towards the poor little sufferer, in removing her from the scenes and dangers into which she would have been plunged? I was spared to enjoy, and I hope, improve the privilege of pious parental solicitude: she was taken from the hands of careless ungodly parents, who knew not the value of her immortal soul.

It was not very long after the circumstance just related, that my father was preparing to go to London, on business of considerable importance, when a friend from a distance unexpectedly called, and, his business also being important, detained my father until the coach had passed; or, at least, until it was too late for him to go by it. As we sat at tea, my father appeared gloomy and perplexed at the disarrangement of his plans. It was essential that he should be in London on the following morning: the mail would arrive in time for his business, but it was very uncertain whether there would be room for him. He was half inclined to take post horses, and start immediately.

My mother endeavoured to divert his uneasiness, and encourage him with the hope of accomplishing his object in good time. "Who can tell," she added, "but it may be for some good end that you have been disappointed? Remember, last year, when Samuel came home from your brother's, how often have we been thankful that he could not come by the coach intended!" Scarcely had she uttered the words, when my father went to the window to ascertain the state of the weather. He seemed to see something that attracted his attention; but, without saying any thing, he went out of the house hastily. On his return, in about half an hour, he said, "Yes; there *was* a good end to be answered by my disappointment. I have been permitted the privilege of rescuing two children from destruction."

When my father went to the window, he had observed an extraordinary light in the house of our opposite neighbour. He hastened across, and found that three children had been put to bed in the room where he saw the light. He hastened up stairs, and met the eldest child screaming that the house was on fire. With great difficulty, he made his way to the bed where the two little ones lay, snatched up one in each arm, and brought them forth in safety. He then judiciously directed and assisted in extinguishing the flames, which, although the children had been placed in circumstances of imminent peril, had not extended very far. The mischief had originated in a candle being left and forgotten, a snuff from which had fallen on the toilet cover, and communicated to the curtains. The parents were from home, and the servants engaged in a distant part of the house, where the cries of the children could scarcely have reached them; and but for the coincidence of circumstances, (how trifling in themselves, but bearing marks of the overruling and directing finger of Providence,) by which the attention of my father was, at that particular moment, attracted to the house of our neighbour, in all probability the children in a few minutes must have perished in the flames.

My uncle lived to a good old age; but was for many years afflicted with almost entire loss of sight. His habitual cheerfulness, however, flowing as it did from the perennial spring of piety and benevolence, suffered no permanent abatement. His privation came upon him gradually. While the nature and extent of the affection were uncertain, he was scrupulously solicitous to avail himself of the best professional skill, and to use every proper means for the recovery of his sight; but when once it was ascertained that there was no hope of a cure, he was enabled submissively to acquiesce in the will of his heavenly Father, and to accommodate himself, without a murmur, to his loss. It was delightful to observe how many sources of enjoyment were opened to him, and how fully he realized the characteristic drawn in the lines of his benevolent countenance, of a happy old man.

In consideration of his infirmity, my uncle was never long left alone. The several branches of the families making it a matter of friendly arrangement among themselves, that one or other should be the companion of his abode or his journeys. On one occasion, I had been with him on a visit to an old friend of his in ———shire; we were afterwards to proceed to ——. The coaches for that city pass through ——, about six miles distant from the residence of

my uncle's friend. At that time there were two great coach proprietors. My uncle had a preference for one above the other; and the day before we were to go, he sent his servant to ascertain at which inn the —— coaches stopped, to secure our places by one of them, and engage a post chaise to take us there. All was arranged, as we imagined, exactly according to my uncle's wishes. The chaise driver, who came to fetch us, was again questioned, and assured us that the places were taken by the coach my uncle intended, and would take us to the inn at which he wished to put up. We took our seats, not doubting that all was right. In the coach were already seated a widow lady and her little boy of five or six years old. My uncle soon became sensible of the presence of a child—he was exceedingly fond of children: he patted the head of the little fellow, and entered into conversation with him: they soon became quite sociable together. My uncle's infirmity had not been observed by our fellow passengers, for the lady, addressing herself to him, made some remark on a beautiful and extensive prospect from the top of the hill which we were then ascending. "Yes," replied my uncle, "it *is* a fine prospect; but in that respect, as well as others more important, it has long been my privilege to 'walk by faith, and not by sight.' I cannot discern the prospect you admire."

The lady cast on my uncle a look of inquiring sympathy, and appeared distressed at having given utterance to an expression that might have inflicted pain; but he promptly relieved her embarrassment, by adding, in a cheerful tone, "I am not, however, altogether deprived of the power of enjoying the beauties of creation. Though deprived of my sight, other faculties are mercifully spared to me, which are the inlets to much delight. A remark like that you have just made, though it cannot direct my eyesight to the objects which you contemplate with so much pleasure, sets to work either memory or imagination; and from them I derive pleasures not less vivid than yours. When passing through scenery with which I have long been familiar, memory is put in requisition, and, faithful to her trust, she calls up the wooded hill, the majestic river, the waving corn field, the flowery meadow, the flocks and herds cropping the pasture, the village spire, the stately mansion, the humble cot, just as the scene was impressed on her tablet years ago; and with a freshness and reality scarcely conceivable by those who know not my privation. Well, if travelling where I have never been before, I hear the prospect admired, then I set imagination to work, and group for myself objects as numerous, and various, and harmonious as may be required to form an agreeable picture, with the contemplation of which I gratify myself till some new subject of interest is started. I am not afraid of giving to my imagination a romantic licence. It is impossible for it to conceive of lovelier scenes than actually do exist; and wherever on the wide earth they are found, I hold them mine to enjoy.

> "With a propriety that none can feel,
> But, who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
> Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And, smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'"

The sentiment was feelingly responded to by our fellow passenger. A lively conversation was kept up the whole way; and I do not recollect ever to have taken a more agreeable and profitable stage coach journey.

Whenever there was a break in the conversation, or when any fact was stated, or any remark was made, capable of application to the perceptions and feelings of a child, my uncle invariably had something kind and suitable to say to the little boy. The child appeared deeply interested in what was said, and fixed his intelligent eyes on my uncle with a sweet expression of veneration and gratitude. When we were approaching the termination of our journey, my uncle taking one of the child's hands within his own, and tenderly stroking his head, charged him to be dutiful and affectionate to his widowed parent, and never to do any thing that could give her pain. "Perhaps," said he, "you will not be likely to do it while you are constantly with her, enjoying her tender caresses, sharing her pious instructions and maternal care, and consciously receiving all your supplies and comforts at her hands; but by-and-by you will be separated from her; you will be thrown into other society, and then will be your time of danger. When at school, or in apprenticeship, you will meet with new companions, who may invite you to join them in some pursuit or pleasure, to which you have not been accustomed. Accustom yourself, on such occasions,

always to pause and inquire, 'Would my mother approve of this?' Say to yourself, 'I remember when I was a little boy, going in a coach from —— to ——, with an old gentleman, with silver hair and green spectacles, who charged me never to do any thing that might give pain to my tender mother,— he told me that the blessing of God was always seen to rest on such children as honour their parents, especially on the dutiful and affectionate child of a widowed mother. Would it grieve my mother for me to do what I now feel inclined to do? If so, I must not do it, lest I sin against God.'" The little fellow was evidently impressed by what was said to him. He kept an eye of fixed attention on my uncle while he spoke, and then cast one of tearful tenderness on his mother, that seemed to say, "I will never give her pain." As a means of fixing on the young mind the impression to which it now appeared so pleasingly susceptible, my uncle, as soon as we reached our destination, having ascertained the name and residence of our fellow travellers, purchased a handsome pocket Bible, and sent it as a present to the little boy, inscribed with his name, and these words, "To be read with earnest prayer to God, that he may thereby be made wise unto salvation." That child is now a man; I am acquainted both with him and his mother: and I have the pleasure to know, that his journey from —— to —— has never been forgotten; nor has his Bible been neglected, nor the admonition of his venerable fellow traveller been disregarded.

But I must add, that on our arrival in ——, the coach drove up to the inn to which my uncle did not wish to go; and it proved that we had been deceived by the people at ——, and had travelled by a different coach from what we intended. Was this by mere accident? or was it not rather among the trifles connected and regulated to produce desirable and important results?

I will mention one instance more. We were leaving London for the east, and my uncle took a fancy to go by sea, by way of testing the modern improvement in accommodation and speed in that mode of travelling, of which he had heard so much. At the appointed time we accordingly presented ourselves, with our luggage, on the wharf, and inquired for the vessel, when, to our great mortification, we heard that, on account of an unfavourable passage up, the vessel was delayed a day on its return. It was important that my uncle should reach his destination at the time appointed, having some engagement to attend to on the following day: so we were obliged to make the best of our way inland. One corner of the coach was occupied by a young man, very much muffled up, and apparently in very bad health. The fourth seat was afterwards taken by a modest-looking, well-behaved young woman. As there was nothing particular to draw the attention of my uncle to our fellow passengers, for a considerable time he addressed his conversation only to me. After touching on several topics, he was led to make a remark on the beautiful harmony that universally pervades the works of God. This roused our invalid companion, who had hitherto leaned back in profound silence, and seemed to pay no attention to what was said. The young woman had appeared to listen with some degree of interest. "But is it so?" asked the young man, with a contemptuous sneer, which, together with his subsequent remarks, indicated that he had imbibed the poison of infidelity. He spoke with appalling flippancy of the constitution of nature, the confusion of events, the indifference of human conduct, the improbability and inconsistencies of Scripture. My uncle was just the man to answer the rashness of folly with the meekness of wisdom, and to meet spurious fallacies with sound arguments and speech that could not be condemned. The unhappy young man was familiar with Scripture, and said that he had received a religious education, and had been connected with several bodies of professing Christians; but he had now cast all aside as delusion and priestcraft, and referred to the Bible only to raise some stale quibble against its evidences or its doctrines. The conversation lasted the whole day; for the young man having once begun it, would not suffer it to drop; but, as fast as he was driven from one fallacious argument, with an air of triumph he brought forth another, which he professed to deem unanswerable. His impious words were frequently interrupted by a hoarse and hollow cough, which intimated the near approach of that solemn period which would, in his experience, put beyond a question the principles of the Christian and those of the infidel. To that period my uncle, as we drew near the end of

our journey, adverted, appealing to the conscience of his antagonist, whether he was not the subject of some gloomy apprehensions in prospect of death. He spoke of the supports and consolations of the true Christian, of which we had just witnessed a delightful instance in the case of a beloved friend, who was sinking into the grave, under a painful and lingering disease; yet whose mind was kept in perfect peace, being stayed upon God, and realizing all the sweet consolations which the gospel reveals. For the last few minutes of our journey the infidel was silent and thoughtful. What impressions the conversation had produced on his mind, I know not. However, at parting, he accepted a little book which my uncle put into his hands, promised to give it an attentive perusal, and thanked him for his benevolent solicitude.

My uncle also presented to the young female Cecil's "Reasons of Repose," hoping that it might be useful in counteracting any injurious effects produced on her mind by the conversation of the sceptic.

Why was it, that we were compelled, against our intention, to take our journey inland? Was it a mere matter of chance? I think not. Was it not, rather, that an opportunity might be afforded to a mature and judicious Christian to give a reason of the hope that was in him, either for the conviction of the sceptic, or for the establishment of the young woman, who would otherwise have been exposed, alone and unprotected, to the insidious attacks of infidel sophistry? For my part, I do not feel conscious of enthusiasm, in professing my belief that all these seeming trifles, that interfere with our plans and purposes, are not too minute to enter into the wise arrangements and subserve the gracious purposes of Him who does all things well; and that they are among the many subjects on which what He does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter; when the full developement of the Divine conduct will issue in perfect satisfaction and praise. C.

ASPECT OF INDIA.—No. II.

A SURVEY of the great natural outlines which bound and distinguish India would be incomplete without a glance at the peaked summits of the majestic Himalayas, literally, "the seats of snow;" and a passing sip of the sacred streams, or a sail down one or the other of the magnificent rivers which water the plains of India. The elevated ridges which separate Tartary from Hindostan, and among which the Chinese contend with Britain for supremacy, are so inaccessible, from their rugged heights, their perpetual snows and piercing colds by night, or scorching noontide rays: they are, moreover, so remote from the more busy haunts of mankind, or the marts of commerce, that they were long looked at as gigantic monuments of nature's power, rather than tracts which were to be traversed and explored. Enterprising Englishmen have broken the silence, and invaded the secrets of those mountain recesses, and ascended to some of their loftiest regions. They have followed as far as the track of vegetable life can be traced, and beyond where any exhibitions of animal existence, residing and subsisting, could be marked. They have contended with the exhausting and oppressive atmosphere of the Alpine regions, the precipitous, shelving, and instable rocks, the often fatal and always perilous mountains of snow, and the hostile or suspicious natives of these inhospitable climes; and they have returned in triumph, bearing to us the results of their inquiry, the measurements of the highest summits, and the altitudes and bearings of the mountain sources of the greatest Asiatic rivers; they have brought us specimens of the natural productions, and a description of those regions where the last link in vegetable life has been passed. The minerals, lead and iron, gold and copper, plumbago, antimony and sulphur, have been found. The elevation of the highest peak has been noted as reaching to nearly twenty-seven thousand feet, five miles in perpendicular height, above the level of the sea! while the Simla, now a delightful British station, is about seven thousand five hundred feet, whence is obtained a highly interesting view of the snowy range. The principal passes among these mountains are Lasseha, Hangarang, Gunass, and Majang La, respectively thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-eight, fourteen thousand seven hundred and ten, fifteen thousand four hundred and fifty-nine, and seventeen thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; what,

then, will be their relative peaks? It is presumed that these are the loftiest mountains on the surface of the earth; piled in appalling confusion, and scattered in detached masses, they present on their exalted summits diluvial deposits and organic remains, which bespeak confirmation to the Mosaic testimony, how "the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered" during the flood. On the northern side, villages are found as high as thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea: cultivation has been conducted six hundred feet higher; there are fine birch trees fourteen thousand, and furze bushes for fuel flourish seventeen thousand above the ocean level. The highest balloon that ever soared into the regions of space, had not ascended much higher than these furze bushes, till Guy Lussac, in 1804, rose to the height of twenty-three thousand one hundred feet; the aëronauts, Messrs. Monck, Mason, Rush, and Green, dared to venture no farther than the peaks of some of these mountains in their most adventurous exploratory flight among the regions of clouds. Messrs. Green and Rush returned from their ascent, when they had measured twenty-five thousand one hundred and forty-six feet, not so high as the presumed elevation of Dhawala-Giri. On the 21st of June, a captain Webb found extensive fields of barley at an elevation of eleven thousand feet; and at eleven thousand six hundred and thirty feet above Calcutta, he pitched his tent, on a clear spot, surrounded by rich forests of oak, pine, and rhododendra, with a vegetation which was rank and luxurious, and as high as the knee, extensive strawberry beds, beautiful currant bushes in flower, and a profusion of buttercups, dandelions, crocuses, cowslips, and every variety of European spring wild flowers. In the villages of Kunawar, almost sixteen thousand feet high, with a poor and rocky soil, apples, pears, raspberries, apricots, and other fruits abound; and pines, with a circumference of twenty-four feet and a height of one hundred and eighty, flourish in forests even higher. While the summer heat is so strong as to melt the snow, and lay many of the mountains bare, the winter cold is frequently so intense as to split and detach huge masses of rock, which roll from mountain to mountain with loud and terrific reverberations. At Samsiri, on the banks of the Shelti, fifteen thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, a halting place provided for travellers, there is a beautiful landscape, with verdant hills and tranquil rivulets, banks of turf and shrubs, cheered with flocks of pigeons and herds of deer. A recent traveller visited a village fifteen thousand feet high, and found the finest crops of barley, reared by the aid of irrigation and solar heat. Men and animals appeared to live and thrive luxuriantly; bullocks and "shawl" goats seemed finer than at any other place of his observation. "On the north-eastern frontier of Kunawar," he says, "close to the stone bridge, I attained a height of more than twenty thousand feet without crossing snow. Notwithstanding this elevation, I felt oppressed by the sun's rays, though the air in the shade was freezing. The view from the spot was grand and terrific, beyond the power of language. I had anticipated a peep into China itself; but I only beheld the lofty frontier, all arid, and bare, and desolate; it was a line of naked peaks, scarce a stripe of snow appearing." But it is on the cessation of the periodical rains that the scene is most striking; the tops only remaining covered, glare their radiant snow at the powerless sun in calm, desolate grandeur. Greater part of the bare rock is then disclosed, and the vast, dim mass, just crowned by gelid points, appears like the curling crest of an enormous wave rising out of a sea of mist; traces of snow extend down the hollows, and accumulations repose far below, while steep cliffs project their bare sides even to eighteen thousand feet. The geology of these giant mountains seems to mock the speculations of all philosophers.

Dr. Gerard's tour has been recorded in the Asiatic Journal, and is full of interest. He had entered the bed of the Chandera Baga, "the river of the moon." The traveller was "now struck with the change of the climate and the alteration in the appearance of the inhabitants. The configuration of the country assumes a new form, and the eternal snow gradually recedes to the summits of the mountains. Even the skies have a deeper and more resplendent blue. Nothing was green but the crops; the vegetation being scanty and

arid, and the sun's rays powerful. In the former part of their route, they had been daily shrouded in rain and mist; vegetation was luxuriant, and the slopes were vested with pine forests. Here, however, not a tree was visible but the drooping willow, which was planted. The soil was destitute of verdure, and the air felt dry and elastic." On the 2nd of September, he reached the last inhabited spot on the course of the Sooruj-Baga, "the river of the sun," at an elevation of eleven thousand feet. The valley was prettily enamelled with villages and cultivation. The inhabitants, however, appeared poor, greasy, and ragged. He was hospitably greeted by a thakoor, or chief of the place. "It was now constant sunshine, and the temperature increased with the elevation; they were still in the vicinity of enormous masses of snow. Darcha is the last village in the dell; and the sun's rays, reflected from the barren sides of the rock, raise the temperature to eighty-four degrees in the shade." He traced the Sooruj-Baga to its source in a lake. "In crossing this lofty ridge, the wind blew piercingly on one side, while the sun's rays were scorchingly ardent on the other. The extremely thin, dry, and cold air checks the vital energy with fearful rapidity. On the sixth day's journey from the inhabited limits, they ascended the Laitchee long range, which rose up abruptly, like a vast wall, from the bed of the Chandera-Baga. Along this tract are found marine fossil remains. At length, after a most toilsome journey over rugged and sterile mountains and rocky tracts, for the first time, he pitched his camp upon the plateau of Tartary, at an elevation of nearly sixteen thousand feet. In front was a black ridge, having the uniform height of three thousand feet above his camp, yet there was no snow on its summit. The soil was almost without any vegetation, baked, hard, and thirsty. The skies were of the most resplendent indigo tint, and the air highly transparent." Alps on alps seemed to rise before him to interminable heights. His associates fired at a wild horse which passed them, but the report was hardly audible, from the rarified atmosphere. A pack of wild dogs, quite red, was seen stealing along in a gulley. His progress was arrested by the wuzeer of Ladak, whose deportment, dress, and manner were showy, his conversation frank, and his appearance altogether prepossessing, and who, on the whole, seemed a jolly *bon vivant*. He had come to prevent any advance by the exploring party; but he desired to effect his object without rude interference; yet his anxiety to remove Dr. G. fairly out of his sight, and away from the precincts of his capital, was extreme. The route in return was uncomfortable, from their exposure to cold night air in such a savage country; groups of wild horses passed them as they approached a dell opening upon lake Chimorerel, where they encamped, and from which numerous herds of shawl goats, sheep, horses, and yaks (Tartar bulls) were seen. The dell, save towards the lake, was land-locked on every side, and the Chimorerel spread out its blue expanse to the foot of precipitous mountains. Their path skirted the shore of the lake, the whole circumference of which is embayed by mountains; but hillward, on its north-eastern shore, the mass of elevated land rose abruptly from the water's edge, and entered the regions of snow where their uniform margin was nineteen thousand feet high. This lake and Mansarowur have no efflux; but the absorbing power of the atmosphere is here so increased by rarefaction, that it serves to carry off the supplies derived from the vicinity. Upon the tableland of Thibet, the air is so dry that frost is not visible upon the soil or grass, though the thermometer may stand at the zero of the scale. Repeated tours have recently been made among these grand and wonderful monuments of Almighty power; and it is hoped that a pathway for commerce with Tartary and China may yet be opened, so as to afford facilities for intercourse, and the means of improvement.

As descriptive of the present mode of travel and discovery, the following sketch will interest:—"The Tidung, at its junction with the Nungalti, when visited, presented a furious, rapid stream of great declivity; for six or seven miles, the fall being three hundred feet per mile, and in some places double; huge rocks were whirled along with frightful velocity; nothing visible but an entire sheet of foam and spray, thrown up and showered upon the surrounding rocks with loud concussion, and re-echoed from bank to bank with the noise of the loudest thunder; around,

the blue slate mountains tower eighteen thousand feet, in sharp, detached groups or pinnacles, covered neither with vegetation nor snow, and exhibiting decay and barrenness in its most frightful aspect. Here was a Tartar village found, called Huns. Where the dell was narrowest, there was so little space for the river that the road continued but for a small distance on the same side; and over this frightful torrent, the English travellers had repeatedly to cross on ropes, or sangas, loosely hung from rock to rock on either side. Messrs. Gerrard, one while, picked their way upon smooth surfaces of granite, sloping to the raging torrent; at another time, the route led among huge masses and angular blocks of rock, forming spacious caves, where sixty persons might rest: here the bank was composed of rough gravel, steeply inclined to the river; there the path was narrow, with precipices of five or six hundred feet below, whilst the naked towering peaks and mural rocks, rent in every direction, threatened the passenger with ruin from above. In some parts of the road, there were flights of steps, in others frame-work, or rude staircases, opening to the gulf below. In one instance, the passage consisted of six posts driven horizontally into clefts of the rocks, about twenty feet distant from each other, and secured by wedges. Upon this giddy frame, a staircase of fir spars was erected, of the rudest nature; twigs and slabs of stone only connected them together,—no support on the outer side, which was deep, and overhung the terrific torrent of the Tidung, the rapid rolling and noise of which was enough to shake the stoutest nerves. Some of these passages had been swept away, and new ones had to be prepared on the spur of the moment for the British discoverers. From the confluence of the Tidung with the Sutlege, the town of Ribe has a charming appearance; yellow fields, extensive vineyards, groves of apricot, and large, well-built store houses, contrast with the neighbouring gigantic mountains." At Zinchin, sixteen thousand one hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea, where their progress was arrested by Chinese guards, the travellers observed about two hundred wild horses, sometimes feeding and sometimes galloping on the tops of the heights; eagles and kites were soaring into the deep blue ether; "large flocks of small birds, like linnets, were flying about, and beautiful locusts jumping among the bushes. At times, the sun shone like an orb of fire, without the least haze; the stars and planets with a brilliancy, only to be seen from such an elevation; and the part of the horizon where the moon was expected to rise could scarcely be distinguished before the limb touched it; the atmosphere sometimes exhibited the remarkably dark appearances witnessed in polar latitudes." Vegetation and animal life appear in far higher regions on the faces of these mountains toward the north, than on the faces of the south—towards Tartary, than towards Hindostan.—*Massie.*

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

AUGUST.

AUGUST was emphatically called barn-month (Ꮗ|ɒn Ꮗ|onaþ) by our Saxon ancestors, because it is the season for reaping and gathering into barns. The harvest is already ripe for the sickle; and the pious observer, as he contemplates the waving sea of yellow corn, spreading wide around him, and holding out a goodly promise of "seed to the sower, and bread to the eater," will remember the assurance of the Almighty, that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease," Gen. viii. 22. Thus has it been since that declaration of the Lord of the harvest; and through a long series of revolving years, nations, too often forgetful of the Author of all their benefits, have marked with anxiety the return of this season, but without one spark of gratitude to Him who has given to man "the kindly fruits of the earth," that he "may enjoy them." As we pass through these corn fields in our way to the shore, let us not forget the God of nature and of grace, who "giveth liberally," and who "causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth," Psa. civ. 14.

The harvest has already commenced; the reapers are at their labour, and the gleaners are picking up the scattered ears of corn, which the benevolent will not deny them. If he be a Christian,

to whom the produce of these fields is intrusted, he cannot deny them, for he will remember, and remember with no common feeling, the solemn injunction of God, to the Jewish husbandman; "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the Lord your God," Lev. xix. 9, 10. Who can forget Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz?

But come; the shore is our destination, and though wild flowers are blooming around us, and though the sky-blue corn flower, (*Centaurea cyanus,*) the scarlet pimpernel, (*Anagallis arvensis,*) and the corn sowthistle, (*Sonchus arvensis,*) with its large, golden corolla, which folds at noon; together with the yellow goat's beard, (*Tragopogon pratensis,*) and other wild plants now in bloom, and profusely scattered over the banks, and along the sides of the fields, of which the small bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*) is peculiarly graceful,—though these may make us linger, yet let us hasten on, the tide is retiring, and many a nook beneath the cliffs, many a little pool among the jutting rocks, which they enclose and overhang, shadowing the placid water, will present us with subjects of the highest interest.

Observe those floating masses of jelly; who would suppose that they were living animals! Here one is left on the shore; let us examine it: it is one of the medusæ, the blue gellyfish. The acritous* division of the animal kingdom comprehends, among others, a class of animals, termed *acalephæ*, (sea nettles,) so called from the stinging sensation which most of them produce on the hand or any part of the skin that comes in contact with them; and hence the title of *urticæ marinæ* (also meaning sea nettles,) given to them by the older naturalists. The *acalephæ* form several groups, and of these, one, the *pulmonigrada* (from *pulmo*, a lung, and *gradior*, to advance,) is represented by the medusæ, of which there are various species, popularly termed gelly fishes, or sea gelly.

* From two Greek words, *α* (*a*) *not*, and *κρινω*, *krino*,) *to perceive*, in allusion to the absence of any apparent nerves in the composition of the animals included in this section.

The structure of the gelly fishes, or medusæ, considering that they are living beings, and capable of certain voluntary movements, is most astonishing, when we reflect upon it; and proves to us how little we yet know of the recondite laws of organization. The present medusa, for example, which belongs to a section termed *Rhizostoma*, often attains to the weight of several pounds, measuring from a foot to two feet in the diameter of its umbrella-like surface; but if this animal be removed from the sea, and exposed to the sun and air, it seems to melt away, and it will be found that its ordinary bulk and weight are owing to the presence of sea water with which numberless filmy cellules are replete, and which drains off gradually in a clear unaltered state; in a short time, this fluid will entirely escape, and leave only a delicately fibrous, or rather filmy tissue, so inconsiderable in quantity, as to weigh but a few grains. This almost imperceptible tissue is then the solid matter of the animal, or rather the animal itself, which may be regarded as a maze of filmy cells, in which the sea water, by some mysterious process, becomes an efficient in the maintenance of the creature's vitality, and instrumental in the performance of the various functions connected with its economy.

The usual form assumed by the medusæ (see engraving) resembles very closely

that of a mushroom; they consist of a large, circular gelatinous disc, or umbrella, convex above, somewhat concave on the under surface, from which various processes hang in a pendent manner, and are organs for the absorption of nutriment. The nutritive apparatus is simple

in the extreme, and appears to serve both for the purpose of aëration, and the absorption of aliment. In the rhizostoma, there is placed beneath the disc a pendent peduncle, or footstalk, which is divided into eight foliated laminæ, or processes, and each of these processes is found to contain numerous canals, opening on the external surface by minute absorbing orifices; these canals ultimately merge into four large trunks, communicating with a central cavity in the disc, which is the stomach, or digestive cavity. It is then by the absorption of fluid, containing myriads of animalcules, through the minute apertures of the foliated peduncle, (this fluid being conveyed to the stomach,) that the nutrition of the animal is provided for; hence its name rhizostoma, (from Ῥιζα, *rhiza*, a root, and στόμα, *stoma*, a mouth.)

The stomach, it may be observed, is a cavity of considerable size in the centre of the inferior surface of the disc, at its union with the peduncle, and it is either really or apparently divided into four compartments, by means of a filmy membrane; it is usually found to contain a yellowish and almost fluid pulpy matter, which is regarded as the digested aliment, destined to supply the demands of the system through which it circulates, traversing certain large tubes or vessels, which radiate from the stomach towards the circumference of the disc, subdividing into smaller branches, and forming numerous junctions with each other, so that upon the margin a complete mesh of tubes is established.

But besides these, there is a large circular canal (of which a trace is seen in the sketch) which runs round the disc, at a short distance from its margin, establishing a direct communication between the main radiating tubes, for the more free and unobstructed circulation of the nutritive material. This simple arrangement seems to combine in itself the digestive, the arterial, and the aërating organs of higher animals; the radiating tubes being in the place of arteries; while their delicate mesh or network, following the thin margin of the disc, and permeated by fluids, exposed, from the filmy nature of the tubes, to the action of the air contained in the water in which the animal floats, fulfils the office of a respiratory apparatus.

But besides the tubes already described, there is a cluster of tubular bodies, having no external orifices, connected with the commencement of the radiating tubes: these are by some regarded as organs for the secretion of a fluid analogous to bile; that is, as biliary organs in their lowest stage of developement: but others, and among them Eschscholtz, consider that the rudiments of a biliary system are to be found in certain little glandular, or apparently glandular bodies, placed in depressions round the margin of the disc, and asserted, by the above-named writer, to communicate by means of very minute tubes with the nutritive canals. It is evident, however, that these are mere opinions, based upon no satisfactory foundation.

The disc of the rhizostoma, and of other medusæ, is an organ of locomotion, an apparatus for enabling the animal to float steadily on the surface. Gelatinous as is its texture, it is nevertheless capable of certain contractile movements; and these are essential to the swimming of the animal on the surface, for on suspending them it immediately sinks. The movements in question are an alternate contraction and expansion of the disc, resembling the partial opening and shutting of an umbrella, and are repeated with great regularity; about fifteen flapping, or contractile movements taking place every minute. If the surface be calm, this extraordinary animal can propel itself along in any direction, for it can strike the water obliquely; but it is generally seen floating in shoals, passively carried onwards by the wind or current. Such is the substance of all that is at present known respecting it. After a storm, great numbers may be often found dead on the beach; in a short time, however, they dry away, or are washed back into the sea by the next tide.

Observe that singular creature, slowly creeping at the bottom of a little basin in the rock, filled with clear sea water; and in which, until the tide returns, it is imprisoned, not because it cannot escape, but because it will not voluntarily leave its native element. It is a star fish, (the *asterias rubens*,) and belongs to the class *echinodermata*; let us take it out, and examine it more attentively. It consists of a central portion, or disc-like body, from which five rays, capable of flexion and extension, branch out; its external covering is a horny, or coriaceous integument, with calcareous

portions thickly interspersed throughout its texture, giving a roughness, or tuberculated structure to the surface, and forming spinous processes around the mouth and along the rays. The integument is tinted in various species with different colours; in the present with a red pigment, doubtless one of its secretions, as is also a reddish fluid which exudes from the surface of this starfish, and which is of a caustic nature, producing considerable irritation on the hands of persons who roughly grasp the animal.

The integument, horny as it is, is evidently sensitive and contractile, shrinking on the application of stimuli, or of the knife; it can readily change its form, the rays can be bent or extended, or turned in various directions, and these motions appear to depend on the presence of fibrous bands, extending along the covering of the rays, from the central body, or axis. Besides the investment described, and which protects the internal parts, each ray is farther supported by a sort of rudimentary skeleton, or calcareous framework, composed of a series of distinct portions, like the spinal column of vertebrated animals; these portions are fitted to each other, and united by ligament, so as to produce a succession of joints, extending down the under surface or floor of each ray, beginning from a circular framework of the same character which encloses the mouth. The arrangement of each of these portions, or plates, is such as to admit of certain little apertures, like pin holes, between them; and these apertures form four rows extending down each ray in a groove, which groove is termed the *ambulacrum*, or avenue, and the holes, are called ambulacral orifices.

Through these orifices the animal is capable of protruding small, fleshy suckers, or feet, (each terminating in a sucking disc,) which are the principal agents of locomotion, and also of securing the prey within the folds of the rays. The manner in which these suckers are protruded and withdrawn is very curious, and yet extremely simple: they are muscular and tubular, closed at their extremity by a disc; but internally they communicate each with a sac, or reservoir of fluid, itself being muscular and contractile. When the animal wishes to protrude these suckers, it contracts these sacs, forcing the fluid into the tubes, which thus become distended, and pass through the ambulacral orifices; but on the expansion of the sac, the fluid leaves the tubes, which contract so as simultaneously to expel it, and are immediately withdrawn through their respective apertures. The sacs in question derive their fluid from a system of vessels distinct, according to most physiologists, from those of the arterial system; but whether the fluid is a peculiar secretion, or merely sea water, is a point not established.

The mouth of the asterias is seated on the under surface of the central disc, or body, and the osseous or calcareous portions around it give firmness to its margin, and perhaps act to a certain extent as teeth, or assist in the prehension of food; it leads into a very wide œsophagus, or gullet, longitudinally folded, and this expands into a capacious stomach, which, instead of being confined to the central portion or disc of the animal, is carried out by means of curiously convoluted or arborescent tubes, plaited on a delicate membrane, which both lines the external investment of the animal, and is reflected over all the internal organs. Each ray contains two of these arborescent prolongations of the stomach, the nature and use of which do not appear to be clearly understood, though they are probably destined, like the intestinal canal of higher animals, for absorption of the nutritive particles of the digested food, which is taken up by a system of veins, abundantly distributed like a fine net work over them, throughout their course.

The great sac of the stomach is furnished at its base with a small biliary apparatus, opening into it by a free orifice, whence issues the bilious fluid. The veins collect into a large circular vessel, a sort of common trunk sweeping round the central disc, which communicates with another vascular tube encircling the mouth, by means of a large canal; this canal is highly irritable, and is probably analogous in its function to a heart; the oral circle being the commencement of the arterial system, whence vessels are distributed to every part of the system. Besides these vascular tubes, there is a calcareous tube, connected with the circular oval vessel, and called the *sand canal*, within which are two convoluted laminæ of the same calcareous texture;

but of its use nothing positive is ascertained. The aëration of the circulating fluids of the sea star is effected by the free admission of sea water into the general cavity of the animal through multitudinous minute tubes which open externally, protruding through pores, upon the outer surface; through these the water passes into the membranous cavity, and bathes all the viscera, its oxygen acting upon the fluids circulating in their vessels.

The membrane which lines the horny covering, and that investing the viscera, are covered with multitudes of minute fibrils, or *cilia*, the continual action of which produces currents in the sea water absorbed; these cilia, however, are not limited to the general lining, or as it may be termed, peritoneal membrane, but are also distributed over the cavities of the suckers, or feet, over the inside of the stomach, and its prolongations, and over the external surface of the body. Of the purpose which these cilia serve in the economy of the asterias, a presumption only can be formed; it is, that they are agents in the aëration of the vital fluid, and by their action ensure a perpetual change in the water, so that every part may be supplied with it fresh, and unexhausted of air.

We might here enter into other minutiæ respecting the organization of these creatures; but enough has been said to show how wonderful their structure is, and how much yet remains to be investigated. A few words with regard to their habits and manners will not prove uninteresting. It may be observed, then, that they are highly carnivorous; they feed upon putrescent substances, and make shell fish, crustaceous animals, (as crabs,) and small fishes their prey; they are very voracious, and, though apparently inert, are capable of overpowering the struggles of the most active of their victims.

When watching for their prey, they rest with the rays gently bent towards the mouth; and these, when a crab or shell fish is within their range, are folded closely over it, drawing it towards the mouth, which is dilated to engulph it: still, if active, it might escape, or, by dint of strength, force itself from the grasp of its deadly antagonist; but no, no sooner do the rays fold over it, than all the suckers, to the amount of more than three hundred in each ray, are protruded, and fixed tenaciously upon it; its efforts are in vain, and struggle as it may, it is dragged closer and closer, and forced into the mouth, which closes over it. In a short time, all the soft parts of the prey are dissolved, the hard and shelly portions being rejected. Crabs and shell fish of a considerable size are swallowed entire, for the stomach is amazingly dilatable; but shell fish of great size, as large oysters, etc. are not the less its victims, though it cannot swallow them whole.

The destruction which the sea star commits among oysters was indeed well known to the ancients, who believed that it obtained the mollusk by inserting one of its rays between the valves of the shell, when the creature happened to lie with them partially open, and that it then gradually forced itself in, till its prey became in contact with its mouth. Though the fact of its destroying large shell fish is unquestionable, the mode by which it obtains the mollusk, shut up in its strongly closed shell, is not easy to be understood: certainly it is not by the method which was supposed by the ancients.

Some degree of light, however, has been thrown on the subject, by M. Deslongchamps, (see Bullet: des Sciences de M. le Baron Ferussac, vol. x. p. 296,) who on one occasion saw on the shore (when the tide having retired, had left only a few inches of clear water on the sand) considerable numbers of this species, (*Asterias rubens,*) rolling about in compact balls, five or six being fastened together by the interlacement of their rays. Not a little astonished at this, he proceeded to examine these balls, and found that in the centre of these knots of star fishes, there was a large, bivalve mollusk, (*Mactra stultorum, Linn.*) grasped closely round by their united rays; the valves were partially open, the mouth of each asterias was in contact with their edge, while between the valves were introduced large rounded vesicles of a thin membranous texture, and filled with a transparent fluid.

On examining these vesicles more attentively, it was found that they were ranged round the mouth of the asterias, being attached by peduncles, and were five in number, but of unequal sizes, two being as large as filberts, the other three not larger than peas. At the extremity of each was an aperture, through

which oozed, drop by drop, the fluid contained within. On detaching the asterias from its prey, these vesicles collapsed, and became no longer visible. The query is, What were these vesicles? and why were they introduced into the shell, or how could they be so without being injured? The probability appears to be, that they contained a poisonous or paralyzing secretion, by which the vital energies of the mollusk were destroyed; and that they were insinuated by degrees, as the mollusk, clasped in the arms of its destroyers, and absorbing some of the poison poured out upon the edges of the shell, became enervated; when the adductor muscles, that close the shell, would lose, first by degrees, and then more rapidly, their power of contraction; death ultimately supervening. That this is the way in which the process was accomplished seems the more probable, from the circumstance that some of the mactræ examined, although apparently little injured, were either dead or rendered perfectly torpid, the adductor muscles being quite relaxed. Whether these vesicles have been detected and examined by other naturalists, we are not able to determine; but we have a clew, in M. Deslongchamps's account, to the means by which the asterias is enabled to destroy and devour the mollusk of the oyster, and other large bivalve shells.

The use of the suckers in securing prey has been noticed; they are also, it may be added, organs of progression, by means of which the animal glides securely over the surface, or up the perpendicular sides of rocks, however smooth or slippery. In the performance of this operation, the rays are extended to their utmost, the suckers are all protruded through their ambulacral orifices; and, each having independent power of action, are employed in fixing and detaching themselves alternately, their curious movements reminding one of those of the limbs of a millipede, (*Julus terrestris,*) a regularly gliding progress being the result. If placed in a large vessel of clear glass, filled with pure sea water, the curious and interesting motions of the suckers of the asterias may be contemplated with advantage. But enough of this animal.

Mark now those large dark-coloured birds, winging their way landwards from the sea. They are cormorants, (*Phalacrocorax carbo,*) and are returning to their roosting place after a fishing excursion, in which, no doubt, they have been very successful. The cormorant is a beautiful bird, and may be as easily reclaimed and taught to catch fish as falcons to take partridges. It has been so employed in China, and has been also trained for the same purpose in England, but for the sake of amusement only.

The cormorant swims with its body immersed; its tail, composed of stiff, elastic feathers, serves the purpose of a rudder, and is an efficient agent in enabling the bird to turn, to dive deeper, or ascend, as it pursues its prey beneath the surface, which it does with great pertinacity, occasionally rising to breathe. The wings in diving are not idle, but are used as vigorous oars, the bird striking the water with them, in order to make rapid way. When scarcely half fledged, the young, if thrown into the water, invariably attempt to escape by diving, and, using their wings as their fully-fledged parents, continue for a long time their subaquatic course. As, however, an account of this bird may be found in most works on ornithology, and among others, in a work entitled, "An Introduction to the Study of Birds," (published by the Religious Tract Society, 1835,) reference may be made to it.

The evening draws on apace, and we must return. See how gloriously the broad bright harvest moon lights up the dark waters of the sea, throws her radiance over the wide spread corn lands, and silvers the sombre foliage of the trees, and the tall spire of the church, embosomed in their shade. How beautiful is such a night! how lovely such a scene! Who can behold it unmoved? who gaze upon it, and not feel his heart glow within him, nor experience a profound emotion of gratitude to the God of all power and goodness, whose mercies are over all his works, and who in all his ways claims our warmest adoration! M.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

The hammer of the law may break an icy heart; but the sunshine of the gospel dissolves it into tears. Peter was melted by a love-glance of Christ.—*Dingley.*

BAY OF HONGKONG.

This is a noble harbour, about forty miles from Macao. It is formed by the island of Hongkong, which is a small, but lofty island. It is composed of trap, and has a beautiful waterfall on the western side. The word *trap* signifies a stair, and refers to the perpendicular ledges and escarpments, which are so frequent in mountains formed of this material. Over these ledges, or down these escarpments or steeps, the moisture that has distilled upon the lofty ridges, often rolls in a headlong current, and then we get a cascade or waterfall, an object that never fails to inspire feelings of sublime delight in the mind of all beholders. The bay of Hongkong was latterly the anchorage of all outside ships, which used formerly to lie at Linton, or in a harbour a few miles from it. The people on the shore are noted for their civility and the absence of all contemptuous feeling or abusive language towards foreigners. In fact, the Chinese inhabitants of this place have not been lessoned by their rulers in the art of thinking meanly of what they do not understand, nor of railing at what they have not seen. In one of my walks, I entered a small village, which lay at the end of my route; the people pressed around the stranger to study his person, and ask his business. A sad contrast to the general cheerfulness and good humour was presented by an opium smoker, who, in broken English, demanded the reason of my coming. The ill-looking cast of his face made me take him for a foe; but I was mistaken, perhaps, for he brought a stool, and sitting down upon one end of it, begged me to rest myself upon the other. But whatever may have been his sentiments, he saw that the kindness and gentleness of my carriage had won the favour of the crowd, and was wise enough to think it would be in vain to resist the popular current. The Chinese are timid, and cautious, and free institutions have not fostered what we call public opinion; but an intense feeling seems, on some occasions, to supply the place of it, and sets in with such a heady and overbearing tide, that the magistrates are obliged to use all their resources to soothe and divert it. This poor victim of intemperance understood the temper of his countrymen, and thought it would be better to lead than to oppose their inclinations. The Chinese admire a fair complexion exceedingly; and the ear of the traveller, who understands a little of their language, is often saluted, as he passes by, with allusions to the whiteness of his skin. While the stranger and the circle of bystanders were exchanging civilities, a poor woman, at a little distance off us, was observed to be very busily engaged in surveying her own complexion. She had pulled up her sleeve, and seemed to be comparing its fairness with what she remarked in a stranger. A white skin, the characteristic of Europeans, appears to be held in admiration most among those who have it not; a fact that shows that there is a greater approximation to identity in the tastes of different nations, than we might at first be led to suppose. The more carefully and comprehensively we analyze the sentiments and practices of different nations, the more shall we find reason to think and conclude, that God "fashioneth their hearts alike," Psa. xxxiii. 15; and "as in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man." It is always useful to a traveller to remember this; for it constitutes the "mystery" of his profession: it is of the highest importance in China, where we have so many curious opportunities of seeing, that in despite of hearsay, or first impression, God has made all men of one blood, to dwell upon the face of the earth.

Ducks are hatched in China, as [chickens] in Egypt, by culinary heat, and are reared in boats, or, as is more frequent, in pens, near a splash of water. In this way, the brood can indulge their favourite propensity without giving the keeper any trouble to fetch home the strays. The owner of one of these broods, whom I met in one of my walks, was surrounded by his children, and seemed to be happy enough in his occupations and his cares. Among his sons was a clever boy, who spoke with a spirit and clearness of intonation, that mightily recommends a Chinese to a stranger, somewhat initiated in their language. It seemed a pity that so much talent should be left to run wild without any training, so I asked the father why he did not send his son to school. "Because I have no money," was the reply. "No money!" said I; "why, sell a few of these ducklings, get a little cash, and give it to the *seen jhang*, or schoolmaster, that he may teach your

child to read." The father rejoined, with a good-humoured laugh, that he had no money. For a parent in China withholds education from his children only under the stern interdict of poverty. He looks upon learning as one of the most lovely and most useful things in the world. I afterwards visited the school to which I recommended the native just mentioned to send his son, and found about ten boys assembled to receive instruction. I gave the master, who received me with the usual urbanity of a Chinese, two copies of the New Testament, which consisted of four volumes each.

In one of my visits to the island, on the opposite side of the harbour, I took with me a single copy in four volumes, as not anticipating that I should find more than one or two readers in a place so remote from the general pale of education. I met with an intelligent native on the beach, to whom I at once offered the Testament. He appeared well pleased with the gift, and asked many times if it were sold or given. He carried it to the best house in the village, where I saw him afterwards among a group of his neighbours, and was glad to observe, that Providence had led me to bestow the book upon one, who seemed to be at the head of the rest in "readiness of mind" and intelligence. He gave me in return a paper of sweet cakes, which had come by sea from Macao. These I divided among the children, to the great admiration of some of the bystanders; while the rest, especially my new friend, said, it was not good, as wishing me to enjoy them myself. I left them with a hope, that the recollection of this pleasant interview would lead them to set a higher value upon the books, and as little things, under God's blessing, are sometimes the cause of great ones, to study them with interest and patience.

In one of my rambles on the main land, I saw a thorough-paced opium smoker, easily recognised by the yellow paleness of his lank visage, and the indifference with which he regarded every thing around him. The neighbours were charmed with my box of flowers, and the appearance of my books, though they could not make use of them. But he, turning with inexpressible nonchalance from these things, opened a little brass box filled with opium, in a fluid state, and pointed to it as the chief good, the sum total of all his happiness. Half the population here were said to be addicted to the intoxicating use of this drug; but this statement must be cautiously accepted, for it may only mean an occasional recourse to the fumes of opium to enliven the spirits, or to soothe the mind when it flags in weakness or despondency. Few among the lower orders can well afford this expensive indulgence; and as by far the greater number enter with cheerfulness into some industrious pursuit, the body never falls into that pining waste which destroys the sense of hunger; nor does the appetite feel that insufferable longing, which is experienced by those who, devoid of every pleasurable occupation, give themselves wholly up to its sway. The poor wretch, to whom we have just adverted, had by some means obtained more than enough, and his success became his misfortune. Poverty has become a greater blessing than usual in China, where it is, in the absence of religion, the best safeguard against the solicitations of this most bewitching vice.

G. T. L.

RIGHTEOUSNESS OF FAITH.

Before we can have a right to any thing in Christ, we must be one with him; we must be joined with him as our Head, being dead to the law and married to him. And as this union is accomplished only through faith, his righteousness which we receive, and which becomes ours in this way, is therefore called "the righteousness which is by faith of Jesus Christ," "the righteousness of faith," and "the righteousness which is through the faith of Jesus Christ." It is called the righteousness of faith, because faith is the only instrument which God is pleased to make use of in applying his righteousness. It is not called the righteousness of any other grace, but of faith: we never read of the righteousness of repentance, of humility, of meekness, or of charity. These are of great price in the sight of God; but they have no office in justifying a sinner. This belongs solely to faith; for to him that worketh not, but believeth, is righteousness imputed, and faith is the gift of God.—*R. Haldane.*

Oxnead Hall. Built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Clement Paston.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Continued from page 249.)

THE last period of Elizabeth's reign presented many busy scenes, but it was less unquiet than those which preceded it. The first event of importance was the death of Leicester, which took place immediately after the flight of the Spanish armada. When that event was clearly ascertained, the army encamped in Essex was disbanded, and Leicester proceeded towards his castle at Kenilworth. He was taken ill on the journey, and died at Cornbury park, in Oxfordshire. Some have attributed his end to poison, administered by his wife and her supposed paramour, Blount, whom, it is said, he had attempted to assassinate. To the account already given of this nobleman, nothing need here be added, excepting that his character continued enveloped in mystery till the very last. We must, however, remark, that his boldest accusers are popish writers, who have blackened his memory by relating circumstances that involve contradictory improbabilities.

The preparations for resisting the Spanish invasion occasioned a large expenditure; this obliged Elizabeth to apply for a considerable grant, which was made by the parliament; but with that jealous resistance of interference with the royal prerogative, which her family had ever shown, she refused to allow a reformation of the malpractices in purveyance, which was a right then largely exercised, claiming of provisions and other atricles, for the royal household at low prices: some regulations of the exchequer were also subjects of complaints. The queen, it is true, promised to redress these grievances; but they were allowed to continue.

When the Spanish invasion threatened, apprehensions were felt respecting the more bigoted Papists whose attachment to Popery was stronger than their patriotic feelings. It was necessary to secure some of them from doing mischief; but Elizabeth refused to do more than place them under restraint, and when the danger was over, they were mostly liberated. Among the number were some seminary priests, and others, who were found to be involved in treasonable practices. Six of these suffered death, with some of their abettors, under the law which forbade such characters to enter the kingdom. Many more were in England, but these examples, it was considered, might be sufficient. The nation had then just narrowly escaped from the results of that combination of foreign and domestic enemies, which the Papists themselves called "the great plot;" if that had been successful, by their own

account, the proceedings against the Protestants would have been incomparably more severe. The earl of Arundel, son of the duke of Norfolk, who was executed in 1572, was then in the Tower, and was charged with having corresponded with the invaders. He was tried by his peers, and found guilty of high treason. At the request of her counsellors, the queen spared his life; but it was not then safe to allow the head of the English Papists to be at liberty; he was detained in the Tower, where he died in 1595. A modern popish historian has exaggerated the extent of the sufferings inflicted upon the recusants; but even from his own representation, they were very different from those endured by the Protestants during the reign of Mary. In 1586, it was found that many of the recusants were unable to pay the fines they had incurred. One, a gentleman of Suffolk, offered to pay every year the sum of forty pounds. We find that he continued a recusant till the year 1600; but the utmost personal suffering inflicted on him was, detention in the castle of Ely, three times, for short intervals, when the Spaniards were expected to invade England. One of these was in 1594; in the autumn, he was suffered to go to his own house for fourteen days; he then was to choose the house of some friend, where he was to remain, engaging not to go more than six miles from it; and to appear before the council at any time, within ten days after notice had been left at the house appointed for his residence. The account continues: "In 1595, he procured the indulgence of having his own house for his prison, (observe, under the same liberty of going six miles from it,) and in 1598, was permitted to leave it for six weeks." How widely different from the treatment of the poor Protestants in queen Mary's reign! The particulars just stated, are related by the Papists themselves; and the severest proceedings against the recusants ceased, if they would but state that they did not consider the pope had power to depose Elizabeth: to maintain a contrary opinion assuredly was treasonable.

The nation was now eager to attack the Spaniards, and desired to weaken Philip by wresting Portugal from his power. At any rate, such an attempt would assist in diverting him from continuing to stir up troubles in England and Scotland. The expedition was set forth in a singular manner. The queen only furnished six ships, and granted 60,000*l.* towards the expense. The rest was supplied by private adventurers, who calculated upon a profitable return from plunder, or in rewards from Don Antonio, the claimant of the Portuguese throne. The whole fleet amounted to one hundred and fifty sail, with twenty thousand men, under the command of sir Francis Drake, as admiral, and sir John Norris, as general. It is painful to reflect, that in all warlike proceedings the suffering falls on the inoffensive inhabitants, rather than upon those whose ambition and hateful spirit excite the conflict. The expedition against Portugal failed, but much havock was made at Corunna, Vigo, and on the neighbouring coast. The fleet returned victorious, after some months' absence; but more than half the men, who at first embarked, perished, chiefly by disease. The projectors were disappointed of the unlawful gains they greedily looked for. This expedition brings into notice the young earl of Essex, who, though forbidden by the queen, joined it, with many young men of rank and family as volunteers. His mother, Letitia, the widowed countess of Essex, had married the earl of Leicester, who introduced her son at court. He soon attracted the notice of Elizabeth, who made him master of the horse, and appointed him, though under twenty-one, captain general of the cavalry in the camp at Tilbury. On the death of Leicester, he became the favoured courtier, and soon showed the wayward tempers of a spoiled child.

The singular changes of worldly politics were manifested this year, by the English nation being called upon to aid both the kings of France and Scotland against their subjects. In France, the Guises and the bigoted popish faction, who had formed what they called "the holy league," openly rebelled against their sovereign, who sought the aid of his Protestant or Huguenot subjects. Henry III. had been guilty of blood, by causing the duke of Guise to be assassinated in December, 1588, considering him a notorious traitor, though uncondemned by any legal proceedings. The king himself soon after perished in like manner, being stabbed by Clement, a Dominican monk, whose superiors induced him to believe it would be a meritorious act to kill his monarch. Henry IV., who

succeeded to the French throne, was one of the greatest monarchs of his day: at that time he was a Protestant, which caused many of his subjects to withhold their aid against the league, in which extremity he applied to Elizabeth. She sent him aid in money, and four thousand men from the Netherlands. By supporting the king of France, Elizabeth strengthened herself against Philip, who continued her determined enemy. But the aid rendered was not sufficient to settle the contest. It is only of late years that the plan of deciding a war by one strenuous effort has been resorted to. Additional aids of men and money were granted from time to time: one of the best organized divisions was commanded by Essex.

In 1590, sir Francis Walsingham, secretary of state, died. He was one of Elizabeth's most efficient ministers, a determined opponent of the Papists, whose craft he did not hesitate to meet by craft. He carried the employment of spies to a greater extent than any English minister before or since. The persons occupied in these intrigues were usually unprincipled characters, men of desperate fortunes: among them were many who contrived to gain employment from both parties, thus increasing their profit, and at times diminishing their danger; but frequently causing unfounded suspicions, and even entering into false plots, to deceive their employers. With all his care, Walsingham was under great disadvantages, compared with the pope and the Romish princes. The Jesuits were far superior in ability to any other emissaries or spies, and actuated by far stronger motives than those of mere pecuniary interest. Yet even from them the English secretary contrived to obtain some assistance, though liable to be deceived; for the Jesuits were his superiors in the arts of dissimulation, and the sixteenth century was eminently a time of crooked policy. Walsingham died poor. When his decease left the office of secretary vacant, Essex endeavoured to have Davison reinstated, or Bodley appointed; but lord Burghley desired the appointment of his son, sir Robert Cecil: the queen settled the matter, by requiring lord Burghley himself to take the office, and allowing him the assistance of his son.

The troubles from popish emissaries continued; they seem to have increased during the latter years of this reign. In 1589, the government received information that Parkyns, an English Jesuit, had declared there were seven ways or means agreed upon by the pope and his confederates for murdering the queen. The various garb and characters assumed by these emissaries, often baffled suspicion. They took every appearance, from the highest to the lowest, as it suited their views. Thus a seminary priest appeared at the Croydon races, in 1591, "in green and velvet, well mounted, with a pistol at his side," like one of the gallants, or sporting men of the day. Others were disguised as soldiers, sailors, or even as galley slaves, just liberated, begging for their bread. This mode of warfare involved less risk and expense than military proceedings, and was carried forward by men who considered the welfare of their souls connected with their diabolical efforts! As before observed, it would be wrong to make light of the sufferings of the Papists, but we must always remember that they were solely on political grounds; the government lowered the spiritual tone of the Reformation, in order to comprehend the Romanists, and did so satisfactorily to the bulk of them, till the pope interfered. By demanding absolute submission to his mandates, and requiring the dethronement of the queen, he placed every Romanist under the necessity of being accounted a rebel against one or the other; the pope enforcing, of course, obedience to his bulls, by threatenings against the eternal happiness of his slaves. The English Papists themselves felt this, and published an appeal against the unjust hardships inflicted upon them by the arbitrary mandates of the pope. Unceasing efforts also were made by the Jesuits to subject James of Scotland to popish influence. Notwithstanding all these provocations, no Romanist perished, in England, excepting for his treasonable practices. Many suffered heavily by pecuniary fines, when they made themselves prominent; but, as already observed, what are fines, however severe, compared with the total loss of life and property inflicted on the Protestants by Mary I.? Yet, under all these intrigues, the comparative safety of Elizabeth and her government says much to explain the general desire of the nation for the execution of Mary Stuart; it certainly was considered a matter of safety, and needful for the peace of the realm. After her death,

the English Papists more decidedly separated into two classes. The older party objected to the rising influence of the Jesuits, who now were known as the Spanish party; their undisguised object still was to re-establish Popery in England under a popish prince. The king of Spain, and his family, presented the only source from whence such a bigoted and persecuting monarch as they desired, could be sought with any hope of success. Parsons, their leader, prepared a book to this effect; it was published under the name of Doleman, another Jesuit, and asserted that the profession of the Protestant faith was a sufficient cause for setting aside any lineal claim.

The hard measures dealt out to the Puritans, also require notice. In 1593, a severe law was enacted, which applied to them as well as to the Papists. All persons absenting themselves from the public services of the Established Church for a month, were to be imprisoned; if they did not subsequently conform, they were to be exiled; if they returned, or refused to go, they were liable to suffer death. In unison with this proceeding, when a bill had been brought into the House of Commons for the reformation of abuses in the high commission, and other ecclesiastical courts, the queen stopped its progress, and caused the mover of the bill to be imprisoned. Such proceedings deserve our censure; they show the spirit of the age, preventing the advance of constitutional liberty, which, as yet, was unknown in England. This parliament farther offended the queen, by desiring some settlement of the succession to the crown. The leaders in this matter were also imprisoned. So annoying were liberty of speech and free discussions, to the arbitrary notions of Elizabeth, that she intimated her wish that the rising spirit of debate could be stopped, and the members only allowed to say ay, or no, to the matters brought before them! But the many advantages her subjects enjoyed under her government, began so to develope the energies of the nation, as effectually to prevent her stopping the march of improvement.

We notice, with regret, the proceedings relative to the Puritans. Archbishop Grindall was succeeded by Whitgift, in 1583. He was charged by the queen, as she declared, to "restore the discipline of the church, and the uniformity established by law, which, through the connivance of some prelates, the obstinacy of the Puritans, and the power of some noblemen, is run out of square." Agreeably to this charge, Whitgift's first proceeding was to direct, "that all preaching, catechising, and praying, in any private family where any are present beside the family, be utterly extinguished." No books or pamphlets were to be printed without a bishop's licence. The whole of these documents are recorded by Strype, and we need not enlarge upon them. Even at that day they were considered illegal, and disputed by the civilians. Whitgift, following up his proceedings, had the hardihood to declare, that the books called Apocrypha, were holy writings, void of error. These measures still further reduced the number of efficient ministers in the church, and entangled many in difficulties.

The council, on more than one occasion, interfered with the antichristian measures of Whitgift, and Aylmer, bishop of London. The latter, in his visitation, in 1584, suspended thirty-eight of the parochial clergy in Essex; one of them was sent by him before the High Commission Court, for stating that, in the compass of sixteen miles in that county, there were twenty-two non-resident clergy, thirty insufficient, and nineteen silenced who were able to preach. Lord Burghley interfered in behalf of two clergymen from Cambridgeshire, whom he advised to go to Whitgift, and answer candidly to any questions that might be put. His letter, recorded by Fuller, shows the course pursued by that prelate. "They say, they are commanded to be examined by the register at London; and I asked them whereof? and said, Of a great number of articles; but they could have no copies of them. I answered, that they might answer to the truth; they said, The articles were so many in number, and so divers, as they were afraid to answer them, for fear of captious interpretations. Upon this, I sent for the register, who brought me the articles, which I have read and find so curiously penned, so full of branches and circumstances, that I think the inquisitions of Spain use not so many questions to comprehend and to entrap their prey. I know your canonists can defend this with all their particles; but surely, under your grace's correction, this juridical and canonical siftner of poor ministers is not to edify and reform. And

in charity, I think they ought not to answer to all these nice points, except they were very notorious offenders in papistry or heresy. Now, good my lord, bear with my scribbling; I write with testimony of a good conscience, I desire the peace of the church, I desire concord and unity in the exercise of our religion. I fear no sensual and wilful recusant; but I conclude that according to my simple judgment, this kind of proceeding is too much savouring the Romish inquisition, and is rather a device to seek for offenders than to reform any." Such a statement from Burghley who was always inclined to enforce strict uniformity, strongly shows the persecuting spirit then abroad.

We must pass by the particulars of Whitgift's proceedings, observing that he obtained a new ecclesiastical commission, by whose authority numbers were sent to the prisons, many of whom died in those noisome receptacles. These measures caused an attempt to take up the matter in parliament, already related; when that was silenced, various efforts were made to obtain relief, but in vain. Whitgift even objected to allowing marriage at all times of the year, as contrary to the old canons, though the church of Rome had abused them by exacting money for licences to marry at the forbidden periods. He said that to grant such a permission tended to the slander of the church, as having hitherto maintained an error! The angry spirit on both sides increased. A private press was set to work, to print violent pamphlets against the bishops and their proceedings, under the name of "Martin Mar-Prelate." They contained, as Neal states, many sad truths; but delivered in rude and unbecoming language, and with a bitter, angry spirit, breaking forth into sedition. After much anxious search for the press, which was moved from place to place, it was discovered at Manchester. Several divines and others were prosecuted for being concerned in these libellous publications; some were fined, and others hanged for their part therein. Udal died in prison in 1592: he had been found guilty, of what was called "a wicked, scandalous, and seditious libel," in declaring that it was more free in those days to be a papist or a wicked man, than a sound Christian. The moderate Puritans publicly disowned these books, and condemned the spirit in which they were written; but they were brought into trouble, while many were driven to still more angry proceedings.

Barrow, a lawyer, Green and Penry, two ministers, were singled out and prosecuted on the statute against recusants, also in 1592, being charged with sedition. They vainly declared their loyalty towards the queen, but refused to retract their views on religious discipline. They were executed early in 1593. The first two had been nearly three years in prison; and when Dr. Reynolds, who attended their execution, reported their behaviour to the queen, she expressed regret that she had consented to their death. Penry was a zealous opponent of the prelates; he was considered to have had a large share in the libels of Mar-Prelate; but he was not apprehended till 1593, when he returned from Scotland to present a petition to the queen. The draft of this was found on him, and was made the ground for his condemnation. Whitgift was the first to sign the warrant for his execution; he was hanged on May 29, 1593, in the afternoon, having only had notice to prepare for death while at his dinner. These executions raised such an odium against the persecutors, that it was resolved to proceed in future on a different statute, by which they were subjected to banishment. Thereby many excellent men were forced to take refuge in Holland, in the same manner as the Flemish refugees had found shelter in England.

These particulars have been narrated, since it is as necessary for a faithful historian to record them as the sufferings of the martyrs in Mary's days. Both reflect discredit on the persecuting bigots of the respective periods, though certainly in a different degree. It is painful to find, that when the original exiles were gradually called from their labours to their reward, men of a fiercer and more bitter spirit came in their places, commencing proceedings, which, before many years elapsed, led to a fatal reaction. How humbling the consideration, that human nature is always inclined to persecution; and that Elizabeth, who in her youth had tasted of this bitter cup, in her latter days showed herself disposed to follow her father's example! And how painful to think that she was urged forward in this course by Whitgift, who, beyond any prelate, urged the extreme doctrines

of the Reformation, framing in 1595 what were called the Lambeth articles. These were nine propositions, chiefly framed with respect to the Divine decrees; they were arranged, and sought to be imposed as explanations of the thirty-nine articles. Surely we may ask, did not these proceedings reflect more discredit on Elizabeth, than those against Mary Stuart, which, however unjustifiable, the conspiracy of foreign potentates and domestic traitors led her counsellors to urge her to adopt?

Henry IV. conformed to the church of Rome in July, 1593. This was done as a matter of political expediency; and for the time, it enabled him to possess the throne of France in quiet. Elizabeth wrote a strong remonstrance to her ally, in which she asks him whether he could reasonably expect that Providence would grant a happy issue, adding, "could you entertain a jealousy that the Divine Being, who had so long supported and preserved you, would fail and abandon you at last?" Only seventeen years passed, and not without various disquietudes, when Henry perished by the hand of an assassin, prompted to the deed by the popish bishops whose favour the king thought to conciliate by this act of apostacy!

The deaths of the earlier favourites and ministers left lord Burghley almost alone. The court was in a divided state; on the one side were Burghley and his son, sir Robert Cecil, with a few more; while the youthful Essex, sir Walter Raleigh, and other forward and active characters, sought to exercise the chief control. Essex, at that time, accused Lopez, a Portuguese physician, in attendance on the queen, of a design upon her life; it was referred for Burghley to examine, who reported that there were not sufficient grounds for the accusation. The queen then rebuked Essex, who rested not till he obtained further evidence, sufficient to convict Lopez and two others of corresponding with the Spanish governors of the Netherlands, respecting such a scheme. Lopez was executed; but he denied any treasonable intentions, declaring that he had informed the queen herself of the effort to engage him in an attempt against her life. This gave Essex some advantage; but while the queen treated him as a favourite, she supported lord Burghley, listening to his advice in matters of state.

It is unnecessary to detail all the expeditions undertaken against the Spaniards, by adventurers assisted by the queen. In 1595, one of considerable magnitude was fitted out under Drake and Hawkins; after various predatory efforts, with different success, the fleet returned in the ensuing spring, both the commanders having died, their diseases being aggravated by disappointments.

Philip was still bent on the invasion of England, for which purpose a large force was prepared in Spain, in 1596, when it was resolved to attack and destroy the Spanish vessels in their own ports. A fleet was fitted out, again chiefly supplied by private adventurers. Essex and lord Effingham were appointed commanders. Many vessels were destroyed; Cadiz was taken. The whole loss to Spain was estimated at twenty millions of ducats; but a fleet from America, with a large amount of treasure, was not intercepted, and the expedition returned without making farther efforts. It is to be noticed, that, by the especial command of Elizabeth, no personal injuries were inflicted on the inhabitants of Cadiz. The nuns and other females were allowed to retire unmolested, carrying with them their clothes and jewels.

A Spanish fleet sailed from the Tagus soon afterwards, for Ireland; but Providence again disappointed the project. A storm destroyed a part, and dispersed the rest. It is remarkable that in the following year, 1597, another fleet designed for Ireland was also scattered by a storm. An expedition from England had previously attacked the Azores with imperfect success. It was originally intended for a descent into Spain; but the ships were crippled by a storm that drove them back into port.

The queen's reception of Essex on his return, implied dissatisfaction, upon which he retired to Wanstead. Among other subjects that annoyed this wayward youth, was the elevation of the lord admiral to be earl of Nottingham, which, by combining the earldom with his official rank, gave him the precedence of Essex. He considered it a studied affront, designed by lord Burghley; nor was he appeased till the queen appointed him earl marshal, which office restored his precedence; then Nottingham, displeased in his turn, resigned his office. Such are the troubles that agitate those whom the world calls great. The queen

was much annoyed by the disputes among her courtiers; but she evidently gave sir Robert Cecil the preference for conducting matters of business, while Essex was the agreeable and favoured courtier. The efforts of the Spaniards in Ireland much disturbed the queen's mind. Fenton, writing from court in 1597, says, "The queen doth not now bear with such composed spirit as she was wont; but, since the Irish affairs, seemeth more froward than commonly she used to bear herself towards her women; nor doth she hold them in discourse with such familiar matter, but often chides them for small neglects; in such wise as to make these fair maids often cry and bewail in piteous sort." Such is the interior of a court!

In the year 1598, peace was made between France and Spain. Henry urged Elizabeth and the States to accede to terms of pacification. This advice was supported by lord Burghley and other counsellors; but Essex and his young supporters urged the continuance of a war which promised to bring what they called glory and wealth to England; forgetful that the plunder obtained in their expeditions was only obtained by a heavy expense, and a serious loss of life, while it was in reality a disgraceful robbery. The strife among the counsellors was severe: lord Burghley took a psalm book from his pocket, and showed to Essex the solemn declaration, that "blood-thirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days," Psa. lv. 23. Essex resented this; but it is a solemn truth, and was remembered by many when his own untimely fate realized the warning. Peace was not made with Spain, though negociations were begun. Instructions were drawn up by lord Burghley, to do nothing without securing the religion and liberty of the United Provinces. This would interpose a barrier against the efforts of the pope and his confederates to injure Scotland and England. Before Henry signed the treaty of peace between France and Spain, he published the edict of Nantes, a decree which ensured the enjoyment of many privileges to the Protestants in his dominions, but which was always displeasing to the Papists.

The rash and hasty temper of Essex was further displayed at this time. He opposed the queen's will respecting the appointment of a deputy for the government of Ireland; when he could not prevail, he rudely turned his back upon her majesty! This was more than the Tudor spirit of Elizabeth could bear. She "bestowed on him a box on the ear," with a rebuke expressed in no courtly terms; Essex put his hand to his sword, and declared with an oath that he would not put up with such an insult. Those present interfered. Essex withdrew from court, refusing to make any submission; and the queen refused to allow him to return without an apology. How plainly this shows, that the indulgence of the passions, especially anger, will lower the most elevated characters! How true are the words of the wise man, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," Prov. xvi. 32. This estrangement lasted for some months.

The autumn of 1598 was marked by the death of Philip, who died at the age of seventy-two, having signalized himself for more than forty years as the bitter, though unsuccessful enemy of Protestantism. With the chief power of the old world, and the riches of the new, at his disposal, he failed in his bigoted efforts to subdue Holland and England. The Almighty said to this proud monarch as to the waves of the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Though the waves toss and roar, they connot pass the seemingly feeble barrier of sand, which is decreed for their boundary. Thus, though Philip was permitted to overrun and pass over many realms, he was not allowed to accomplish the subjugation of England, or the ruin of those who refused to obey him rather than their God.

A few weeks before the death of Philip, his great opponent, lord Burghley, departed this life. How different were their objects; and how different, so far as we can venture to judge, their reward. Amidst all the difficulties and temptations of the principal official post in the kingdom, lord Burghley appears ever to have sought the glory of God, and the welfare of his queen. Of this Elizabeth was fully sensible; she never allowed his enemies to prevail against him, however much they presumed on her personal favour. She called him, "her spirit;" and it is evident that most of the laudable part of the polity of Elizabeth, which secured her the respect of succeeding ages, emanated

from the spirit of Burghley. The path of a statesman is beset with snares; nor can Burghley's long administration of forty years be considered as free from blame: but as no one has since held the highest post of government with an equally sincere desire for the promotion of true religion, so no one has been found equally deserving of honour when all things are considered. We must not make light of his ignorance of toleration; for though he was in advance of his age, he too often acted under a mistaken desire of bringing down all matters of religion to one precise standard, and that in too many respects arranged for political advantage; and he gave way too much to the imperious spirit of Elizabeth in this important matter. But he may be considered as influenced by what were good motives. One of his family thus describes his last hours: "He was in a languishing state for two or three months, but not confined to the house. His great anxiety was, that he might leave his country in a state of peace. His only comfort was in contemplation, reading or hearing the Scripture, psalms, and prayers. About ten days before his death, he was confined to his bed, but without much suffering. On August 4, at seven in the evening, he felt his last hour approach, and said, 'Now the Lord be praised, the time is come.' Then calling his children, he blessed them, and took his leave, commanding them to love and fear God, and to love one another; he then prayed for the queen, and calling Bellot, his steward, delivered his will to him, saying, 'I have ever found thee true to me, and now I trust thee with all.' The steward," as the narrator says, "like a godly honest man, prayed his lordship, as he had lived religiously, so now to remember his Saviour Christ, by whose blood he was to have forgiveness of his sins, with many the like speeches used by his chaplains, to whom he answered, it was done already, for he was assured God had forgiven his sins, and would save his soul." What a contrast to the death-beds of Beaufort and Wolsey! But lord Burghley lived in the fear of God, and found him a very present help in his last hour. A paper of instructions for the earl of Rutland, one of his wards, when about to set out upon his travels in 1570, yet extant, begins with the important statement: "The first, the midst, and the last is, to continue yourself in the fear of God, by daily service of him in prayer." The preamble of his will clearly sets forth his reliance on the Lord Jesus Christ alone for pardon and salvation.

Sir John Harrington, then a young man, rising into favour with the queen, who was his godmother, in a note written at the time, expressed high regard for the character of lord Burghley. He mentions hearing a grave reply of that great minister to Walsingham, when the latter made a jocular remark on Burghley's regularity in attending public worship, "I hold it meet for us to ask God's grace to keep us sound in heart, who have so much in our power, and to direct us to the well-doing of all the people, whom it is easy for us to injure and ruin; and herein, my good friends, the special blessing seemeth meet to be discreetly asked and wisely worn." Harrington adds, "I did marvel at this good discourse, to see how a good man considereth his weighty charge, and striveth to keep out Satan from corrupting the heart in discharge of his duties. How few have such hearts or such heads; and therefore shall I note this for those that read hereafter."

The queen deeply felt the loss of her old and faithful counsellor; she found herself in advancing years, and, under increasing infirmities, obliged to look to younger and far less discreet advisers. Among these, the earl of Essex was one of the foremost; presuming on the favour Elizabeth felt towards him, he behaved like a spoiled child to an over-indulgent mother: the results remind us in many respects of such a case, though being in public life, they were injurious to a wider circle.

Though the queen favoured the young courtiers, she entrusted her government to abler hands. Lord Buckhurst was appointed treasurer; but the chief direction of affairs rested upon sir Robert Cecil, as secretary of state. One, writing from the court about this period, says, "If my lord treasurer had lived longer, matters would go on surer. He was our great pilot, on whom all cast their eyes, and sought their safety." The strongest proof of this was, that lord Burghley sought direction from Him, by whom alone kings reign, and princes decree justice.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

(Scene—*The corner of two principal streets. The* Town Pump *talking through its nose.*)

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the town pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and, at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram seller on the mall at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen! walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cogniac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a farthing to pay! Walk up, gentlemen; walk up, and help yourselves.

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool state. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs; otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, the consequences might have been fearful. Drink, and make room for that other man, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto. Fill again, and tell me, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good bye; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the town pump. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the town pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and, while my spout has a moment's leisure,

I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the wash bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and some to gaze at them afterwards in the mirror which it made. One generation after another cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth place of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and, when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, ladies and gentlemen, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed. The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore, beneath the aged boughs; though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognised by all.

Your pardon, good people. I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their huge drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days. Far be it from me also to hint at the show of dirty faces which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the town pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

Yes; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being one of the grand reformers of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The town pump and the cow! Such is the great copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries. Then poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then sin shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households.

The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor will the future reveal such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard.

Ahem! dry work this speechifying, especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived till now what toil the lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind creature, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. My dear friends, when the world shall acknowledge my claims, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honour of the town pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected every where, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine (and true friends I know they are) who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the cause of the town pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging splashdash into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage, (and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives,) you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach the deep, calm well of purity within.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. Hold out your vessel, my dear. There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"Success to the town pump!"
—*From an American Publication.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Travelling some hundreds of miles from home, I alighted at an inn where I was to spend a solitary evening. Unsurrounded by objects of interest, my thoughts naturally reverted to my own fireside, to the familiar faces of my neighbours, and more especially to the select band which, with an exulting heart, I could denominate my friends. The blazing fire, the obsequious attentions of the host, the meal served with some pretension to style, neither made up for the comforts of home, nor for the delight of being surrounded by those in whose welfare I am interested, and who feel the same friendly concern for me and mine. As the silent hours passed, I fell into a reverie, and as a few of my meditations may possibly serve to quicken the spirit of true friendship, in some who are forgetting what useful friends they may become, I have ventured to write them down as follows.

First. I thought how desirable true friendship is for us, as we pass through a life chequered with good and evil. Scarcely can any state be conceived more lonely than that of a human being without a friend: every enjoyment is enhanced, every sorrow lightened by sympathy. The misanthropic debar themselves from a thousand pleasures, and the selfish defeat their aim, and curtail their own profit. Such might read with advantage the tale of the prisoner, who, after years of captivity, was released; but, on finding every relative and friend he once possessed dead and gone, prayed, in the helplessness of old age, to be taken back again to his cell to die, for liberty had lost all its charms for him. Shall we then, from a sullen humour, or a contemptible selfishness, voluntarily strip ourselves of the delights and uses of social enjoyment.

The mind pines in solitude for want of reciprocal feeling; and, in the absence of better friendship, man will often court the affection of the meanest living thing about him. The solitary captive has been known to cherish and caress a poor little mouse, till it became so familiar as to eat from his hand without fear.

Friendship stimulates us to the performance of duty. We are anxious to merit the approbation of our friends, and to ensure this, we exert ourselves to improve in virtue, to cultivate our minds, and to discharge with credit the claims of our calling. The same regard to the esteem of the worthy will check our evil propensities, and though, when we stand alone in the defence of truth, or in the path of rectitude, we need not care what the world will think of us; yet, when we are in danger of degrading ourselves by some inconsistent word or action, we shall do well to ask, "What will be the opinion of my well-judging friends as to this matter? How shall I commit such folly, and still claim their regard? I shall lose caste among that circle in which I would fain deserve and enjoy respect." The allwise Creator, though he has "assigned to each his share of useful woe," has also indulged us with many sources of gratification; and none perhaps purer, of a sublunary nature, than that to be derived from well grounded friendship. When the mind is weary with study, or harassed by anxiety, can there be a relaxation more rational than intercourse with a friend? How often has it put to flight a mood of vacuity or ennui, bringing back to us our wonted cheerfulness and vigorous tone of feeling. Nor must we forget how profitable we have found wise and friendly counsel in times of perplexity. Well has Solomon said, "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," Prov. xxvii. 17. Let us, then, while we look cautiously around in the selection of friends, strive to render ourselves worthy of such friendship as we covet. We must be at some pains in distinguishing desirable friendship from that which is exceptionable, choosing, above all others, the people of God, and seeking daily the friendship of Him who, in his infinite mercy, has said, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants;—but I have called you friends," John xv. 14, 15.

Some unhappy beings, united in bonds of sin, have sworn fidelity to each other on the road to ruin; and in the midst of guilt and its punishment have displayed a firmness of attachment worthy of better characters. We pass over such instances, to deplore the too frequent case of youth led away to evil courses by bad companions. How great an influence may an early friendship have upon our future life! The tender shoot is easily bent.

Before habits and principles are fixed, the young are liable to be drawn aside from, or confirmed in the ways of wisdom by their associates. In the case of many a youth, moral deformity, proving incurable through life, has originated in an early connexion with the vicious.

Here I beg to say, that the following examples are taken from facts which have come under my own observation.

B—— was apprenticed to a master who set before him the example of gaming, drinking, and licentiousness. B—— grew up a gamester and a confirmed drunkard. His sons, as was to be expected, have closely copied the pattern set before them by their father; a few years, and the sons of each of these will become duplicates, if I may so speak, of the original misguided apprentice. Thus a train of evil is handed down from father to son, increasing at a frightful ratio, unless God, in his infinite mercy, should be pleased to call some of these thoughtless ones to the knowledge of himself. B——, now a miserable man, with a set of rebellious children about him, attributes his first steps in the wrong road to the friendship he formed in early youth with his profligate master.

Nothing is more contrary to the nature of true friendship than selfishness, which will lead us to serve another only when it will cost us no inconvenience, but falls in with our humour. "Mrs. —— is ill," says a selfish friend; "my presence would be of service to her, but it always affects my spirits so much to see any person in her complaint. I have a dread of it; and besides, it is a very wet day; and I am, moreover, interested in some little employment I have on hand; I do not think I can leave it. I will call when she is a little better, when the day is more favourable, and I have finished this fascinating piece of fancy-work. In short, I will call when it will be agreeable to me, not when it will be useful to her."

On the other hand, unreasonable sacrifices are not to be required. "Ah," cries a peevish ungrateful one, "much my friend thinks of me! Oh the dull hours that she might cheer by her company: she knows that I would never have her out of my sight, I love her so well. To be sure, she has to attend to the duties of her shop, and her family; and her health is delicate, so that a walk,

in such wet weather, is likely to make her ill; and when she does call, she steals an hour from other pressing duties, and says, that she always comes when they permit; but, 'where there is a will, there is a way,' and if she really loved me, she might contrive to be with me oftener." These are unreasonable demands.

L——, directly he gains admission to the society of a friend, begins to apply to him for money, to patch up his almost ruined credit; a loan clenches his good opinion; ever so prudent a refusal, to ever so unreasonable a request, severs his attachment in an instant.

K—— surrounds himself with friends, who can afford to give him luxurious entertainments. Take away the good dinners, and choice wines, and the cement of their union is lost.

Fashionable friendships are of all others, perhaps, the most heartless. Mrs. A. calls on Mrs. B.; they flatter and compliment each other in the most fulsome style, and separate to entertain the next circle they meet, by holding each other up to contempt and ridicule. Mrs. M. will not bestow the favour of her invitations upon those whom it would be a credit to know for their piety, their talents, and prudence; but she courts one for her fine house, another for her title, another because she moves in a fashionable circle.

From one she hopes for an introduction; from another the use of her carriage; and, with regard to a third, it will be counted an honour for her card to be left on the table.

To forsake our friends in their poverty is cruel indeed. I know an interesting instance of that genuine friendship, which follows its object from the summit of good fortune, step by step, down into the vale of obscurity, and there sheds its benign influence.

S. and E. were young friends in very respectable circumstances. After the marriage of S., a series of afflictions bowed down her spirit: her friend E. was ever at hand to sympathize. Poverty followed at the heels of other misfortunes; E. was as kind as before the fortunes of S. declined. S. became a widow, with a dependent family. E. was not ashamed to own her friend, or to help her to obtain charity. S. is now living in a very humble abode, her dress is poor and mean; she looks like what she is, a decayed lady. E. moves in the same sphere as she always occupied. S. is received by E. and her friends with the same respect as ever. She is not ashamed to walk with S. through the town, or to seat her at her table when there is company; nor when a haughty female, who employed S., thought fit to wound her feelings by rudeness, did E. hesitate to reprove that person, and assert the rights of her friend, in such a style, as made the proud and harsh behaviour of the other appear most contemptible. Nor is poor S. the only daughter of affliction befriended by E.; she is noted for never forsaking her friends in their poverty, so long as their conduct is correct.

A wise distinction is to be made between the poor, and the ill conducted. Y. is a character whom none of his respectable friends can notice with propriety, not on account of his poverty, though that is the effect chiefly of his ill conduct, but on account of his moral degradation, which is almost complete. Time after time have kind friends, hoping for his amendment, placed him in respectable situations; but he loses one by his idleness, another by intoxication, and a third by carelessness or passion. Meanwhile

> "The clothes that are on him are turning to rags,
> And thus he goes on till he starves or he begs."

Can the best disposed cherish friendship with such a being?

W—— is a charming companion: he has wit at will; has seen life in its varied aspects; he is talented; persons who meet him are delighted with him, and hold themselves in readiness to serve him: but he is touchy and proud; an unintentional word offends him, a thousand would not persuade him to yield.

L—— has the character of being a most friendly woman. I call her a gossip: not a funeral, a lying-in, an hysteric fit, or a wedding, but she is full of officiousness. She seeks excitement, she loves to be amused. The dull routine of duty in her own family, is neglected, and this neglect is interpreted into a disinterested sacrifice offered on the shrine of true friendship; whereas, it is really a personal gratification, partaking of curiosity, (so dear to woman's heart,) novelty, perhaps a portion of kindness, and a great deal of bad taste. "Oh," said L——, when her cousin died in her arms, "what a scene I had to encounter! The children were neglected little objects, their clothes turned to rags

for want of mending; the house dirty from the cellar to the garret; every closet was untidy, nor was there one useful article in readiness; valuable goods were found spoiled by carelessness: my heart ached to see it all." This heart-ache, however, instead of being assuaged by endeavouring to better the condition of things, appeared to be relieved only by making known, to a whole neighbourhood, the faults of the departed, whose dying breath had commended her helpless orphans to the care of this tatler.

How much more charitable would it have been to have cast a veil over the failings of one who could no longer defend herself, and, as a disinterested friend, to have done all that was possible for the house of mourning.

> "Now in that house you're sure of knowing
> The slightest scrap of news that's going."

I fear that this is too true a description of many families, who, nevertheless, pass for worthy people. Suspect, reader, that your's is a gossiping friendship if you are a frequent visitor at such houses, sitting, perhaps, for hours, to the neglect of your duties at home, hearing and communicating gossip; these meetings are hotbeds in which the rank weeds of mischief spring and flourish. G—— knows other persons' business better than her own; she surrounds herself with idlers, who will prate for a whole morning about the dress, affairs, and even motives of their neighbours. G—— has also vanity enough to suppose that she is an object of observation and interest to all about her—a centre towards which almost every action of her neighbours, in some measure, has a bearing. Her first eager question is, "Was my name mentioned at such and such a party?" Her second, "What was said of this, that, and the other person?" Those who will feed her vitiated appetite with a tale of flattery, or call up and join her indignation by repeating how she was defamed, are held to be her sincere friends.

The conduct of R—— always reminds me of a wayward child among its companions, who, if it cannot have its own will, perpetually cries out, "Then I won't play," and whimpering, retires to sulk in a corner. If R —— meets a committee, and the members venture to differ from him, and carry their point ever so fairly, he has been known, two or three times in the course of an evening, to declare that he would withdraw his name, and have no more to do with the society. In his friendships, he shows the same touchy and capricious temper.

H—— loves novelty in friendship; she is introduced to a person respecting whom she knows but little; she is delighted with the manners of this new acquaintance, a rapid interchange of visiting takes place, and she speaks of her new friend with an excitement of pleasure. I know one instance, in which the wife of a swindler, newly settled in the village, became her intimate companion, and proved the source of much discredit and anxiety to her. Another time, she formed a friendship with a stranger, who shortly after embezzled large property, was missing in the night, and has never been heard of since. I believe these proved to H—— the necessity of some knowledge of character before fixing upon her friends; but she still forms hasty attachments, which disappoint her expectations, and are broken off as suddenly as they were commenced.

Let us, in our intercourse with those we value, endeavour equally to avoid too great familiarity and reserve; for each tends to check the growth of genuine friendship.

To take uncourteous freedoms, and utter rude speeches, is surely a bad way of manifesting the warmth of our attachment. To throw off respectful manners is at all times to lay ourselves open to well-merited dislike. The unconstrained ease which should characterize our friendly intercourse, and which forms one of its delightful features, must never degenerate into a habit of taking unwarrantable liberties, which, though the aggressor may not be sensible enough to perceive and avoid, the subject of them may keenly feel, and not hesitate to resent. Let it not be supposed that the writer would here advocate an undue or formal attention to that worldly etiquette, a breach of which is considered to be unpardonable among a certain class: far from it; for this might partake of the nature of fashionable friendship, which has been already deprecated.

Nor would I wish that love and esteem should hide itself under a reserved exterior; rough-handed familiarity crushes the fair flowers of friendship; but a cold and heartless behavour kills the root.

Thus I have endeavoured to point out some few things relating to friendship,

which I have observed as exceptionable. Let me conclude this part of my sketch by suggesting, that in this introductory state of being we must not expect perfection. Alas! we have no right to do so; for "as in water face answereth to face," we behold but the picture of our own in the faults of our friends.

IGNORANCE OF GOD IN SOUTH AFRICA.

We have heard of the praying mantis of the Hottentots, and it has been said that they yielded some kind of homage to that insect. To what extent this homage prevailed among that people, and what was its nature, I have never been able to learn, as I have never met with one of that people who knew any thing on the subject. The Namaquas and Corannas, who lie far beyond the Hottentot tribes, and who are the same people, having the same customs and possessing the same nondescript language, know nothing of such a worship. During my stay among the Great Namaquas, beyond the Great Orange river, where the Hottentot nation may be seen in its original and unmixed state, I have often taken up the mantis in my hand, and put the question to the gentle, the simple, the wise, and the unwise; but the reply invariably was, We never heard of such a worship. The name and the only name which these tribes have for God, is *Tsuikuap*, which, in its etymological derivation, signifies neither more nor less than a sore, or wounded knee. How this appellation was applied to the Divine Being, I cannot conceive; for all that is known of this great *Tsuikuap*, or wounded knee, is, that he was a great sorcerer, or perhaps, with more probability, a chief of ancient renown. The only instance of superstitious fear that I ever witnessed among the Great Namaquas was at a village where I was sojourning. During the night, the village was attacked by lions, and the women were loud and long in their cries and complaints against the sorcerer, who, they maintained, had entered into the lions to revenge their ingratitude to him for some services which he considered were not sufficiently awarded.

The Kafirs on the south-east coast have adopted the same *Tsuikuap*, or *Utiko* of the Hottentots, which evidently shows that their language, a good index of the mind, did not possess a name to denote the Divine Being.

The Bushmen, again, descended, as I presume, from the Hottentot tribes, are, of all the inhabitants of South Africa, the most wretched and degraded. They are the common pirates of the desert, and, in many instances, they have been compelled to become so by the cruelty and avarice of those who have taken possession of their lands, their game, and their wild honey. They have neither house nor hall. Their most delightful home is in the unfrequented desert, or secluded recesses of a cave, or ravine. They remove from place to place as convenience or necessity requires, when a few branches and a little grass constitute the materials of their humble domiciles. They have neither flocks nor herds, and their earthly all the females carry on their backs. Though shrewd in their minds, and active in their dispositions, they have no name nor knowledge of a Divine Being.

When the missionaries commenced their labours among the Bechuanas, a people distinct, and in many respects superior to those tribes we have just been describing, did they find among them any thing like idolatry, religion, or religious awe? No, they found a nation of infidels! They possessed a copious language, a social and patriarchal government, and manners and customs indicating that they had descended from generations farther advanced in knowledge than the present. But was there any thing like legends among them, or altar dedicated even to an unknown god, to which the missionary could appeal? No! I stand here as a living witness to testify, that my ears have been hundreds of times stunned with roars of laughter, when with my veteran and faithful brother Hamilton, I have been labouring to inform their darkened minds, and convince them that there was one mightier than man, even the mighty God, the Creator of the ends of the earth; and my eyes have often beheld their derision and scorn when reasoning with them on creation, providence, and redemption. The name for the Supreme Being adopted by our first interpreters, was certainly the most suitable, and seemed to us to be all that remained of what once was—a name which is nearly the same with the

Syriac, having the same signification, in its etymological import, namely, the high or heavenly One. But the views entertained by the few who knew any thing about it, were the very reverse of what the name implies; for all that they knew on the subject, was what they had heard from people in the north; namely, that this Morimo was a thing that lived in a hole under a hill, and being wise and cunning, sometimes came out and did malicious deeds, in killing cattle and inflicting diseases. But so little reverence had they for this foreign deity, if such it might be called, that I have heard them frequently say, "We wish we could get hold of this Morimo, and we would transfix it with our spears!" This Morimo, known to few, was only kept in remembrance by sorcerers and rain makers, and sometimes used as a bugbear. We could not possibly offend such a people by telling them that their gods were no gods, or that they were an ungodly nation. Our greatest difficulty was to get them either to think or reason with us on these subjects. They were to them sounds without sense, and it only excited their wonder that we should persevere in talking to them about things so palpably inconsistent with all the ideas that ever passed through their minds. I have visited many tribes, and conversed with individuals from many interior nations, but I never could, in one instance, discover that they had the shadow of an idea, that there existed any thing to be feared or loved beyond what could be tasted, seen, or felt. I have, many times over, directed them to the starry heavens, the beautiful order and succession of the seasons, day and night, and the endless variety of the handiworks of God; but alas! they never raised their thoughts so high,—like brutes they lived, like brutes they died. Did time permit, I could give you many instances of their deplorable ignorance, some of them too ludicrous for the present solemn occasion, while we are pleading for never-dying souls, and endeavouring to bring the depth of their misery to bear on your Christian sympathies. Often have I been compelled to smile at their egregious ignorance, while my heart was heaving the deep sigh, to see the image of God so lost, and lost in the grossest darkness. —*Rev. R. Moffat.*

MALTA.

It appears from Homer, that the earliest inhabitants of this rock were the Phenicians. They are fabulously regarded as giants, and "a ruin still exists," says the Rev. S. S. Wilson, "not far from my residence, called the Giant's Tower. In 1519, before the Incarnation, the Phenicians took the island, and held it 448 years; after which they were expelled by the Greeks; these by the warlike inhabitants of Carthage, and the latter in their turn yielded to the Romans in the first Punic war, when Attalus took possession of the place. It was during their occupation that the holy apostle Paul was cast upon these shores, in the reign of Tiberius, and the creek where he was stranded retains the name of St. Paul's Bay. The first time I visited this creek was in 1820, when I killed a serpent near the spot where the blessed man shook one from his hand. Paul planted a church here. One, ten minutes' walk from my house, still bears the name of St. Publius, the individual named in Acts xxviii. Alas! the gospel introduced by St. Paul has been long supplanted by 'another gospel.' Rome has laid her withering hand on the once pure church of Malta, and replaced its truth by a system of paganism baptised with a Christian name."

THE AUTHORITY OF SCRIPTURE.

The Scriptures come to us as absolute truth, pure from any admixture of errors; we are therefore to receive them, not as the words of man, which ought always to be canvassed and examined, but as the words of God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, whose knowledge is truth, and his essence is reality. Every communication from God is not only true, but imperative. It is the will of him whose will must be done. The authority of Scripture is therefore the authority of God. Whatever is affirmed in the sacred volume is proved. "It is written" is a decision which admits of no appeal. Every sentence in the Bible is as much sanctioned by the place which it occupies, as if, like the law given upon Mount Sinai, it were ratified by all the thunders of the heavens.—*Douglas.*

OLD HUMPHREY'S COUNTRY GRATIFICATIONS.

How different are the tastes of different people! I will now tell you a few of my country gratifications; I have already noted down some of those which I enjoy in the town. Solitude has its advantages as well as society.

Times of relaxation may be made doubly sweet if our eyes are quick to observe the beauties of our common scenes, and our hearts grateful to Him, who has scattered about our every day path innumerable objects of loveliness and interest.

I like to sit on the edge of a dry ditch, where the dog rose, and the bramble, and wild convolvolus, are seen; and the chickweed and hayrif grow together, with the dandelion. I like to stand in an old stone quarry, gorgeous with hanging creepers. I love to mutter to myself in the lonely lane, to speak aloud in the fields, and to sing on the wide-spread common, with my heart as well as my tongue—

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys;
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

I like to listen to the simmering sound of the grasshopper; the rapid tapping of the woodpecker against the hollow tree; the creaking cry of the corn drake in the mowing grass; the mellow pipe of the blackbird in the brake; the melodious song of the throstle in the copse, and the sweet melancholy music of the nightingale in the wood.

I like to see the ploughman at his work early, whistling a sprightly tune, while the lark is warbling above him; the shepherd, as he goes forth in the grey of the morning, with his shaggy dog; the hedger, with his mittens, boots, and bill hook; and the mole catcher laden with his traps. I like to look on the mower as he scythes down the long grass; to hear the laugh of the merry haymakers; and to see the reapers cutting the corn, and gathering the sheaves into the garner.

I like to gather field flowers, the pale primrose, the yellow cowslip, the purple violet, and the daffodil, dancing in the breeze; to pick up the snow-white mushroom from the dewy grass, to pluck hazel nuts in the coppice, and the ripe blackberry from the straggling thorn. He who cannot feel thankful to God for a blackberry, has no right to pluck it from its thorny stem.

I like the heath-covered mountain and the moor; the broken ground, thick with the bright yellow-blossomed furze; the red sandy rock, festooned with pendant plants and clinging ivy; and the lonely pond, choked up with long grass, flags, and bulrushes. I like to slake my thirst at the spring in the hollow of the green bank; to see the yellow frog leap from the brink into the crystal water, gracefully diving to the bottom; and to gather fresh green water cresses in the limpid brook.

I like to steal behind the old oaks in a park, approaching unperceived the stag, the deer, and the timid fawn, as they lie in their lairs among the fern, or browze among the moss and tufted grass. To hide myself in the wood, that I may see the nimble squirrel mounting the tall trees, and springing to his dray, or leaping from branch to branch, poised by his spreading tail.

I like to sit in a retired nook, on the brink of a stream, overhung with tangled brushwood, watching the fish leaping from the waves, and the moor hen plashing among the roots of the trees, under the high bank; and to stand on the edge of an old moat, whose dark and neglected waters are covered with the broad leaves of the water lily, when the rat ventures forth, pushing his impeded way to the island in the midst, or plunging suddenly beneath the water.

I like the singing and the flight of birds; the waving of the yellow corn in the wind; the breezy, whispering sound of the leaves on the trees, and the sedge on the river's side; I love the fresh foliage of spring, the ruddy glow of summer, the rich tints of autumn, and the bracing air of a winter's day.

I like to sit on a stile, under a spreading oak, when the sun is somewhat declining in the west; to watch the busy world on the wing, the birds warbling above me, the butterfly fluttering joyously in the sun, the gnats dancing in the air, and the dragon fly darting along the surface of the running stream. I love to fling bits of paper into the babbling brook, and to watch their course; to gaze on the clear bright water as it ripples over the red sand or polished pebble stones; and to follow, with scrutinizing glance, the sharded beetle as he hides himself in the grass.

I like to wander in a wood, when the winds are abroad; when the trunks of the trees bend, the branches creak, and

the rattling sere leaves are rudely scattered by the blast; to watch the rooks, at eventide, as they skim along over farm houses and church spires, hills and valleys, woods and water, on their way to the distant rookery; to stand on the brow of the hill, as the shadows of evening approach, and to listen to the tinkling of the sheep bell, in the valley below.

I like to note the different features of the sheep, as they move about in the fields; to breathe the sweet breath of the cows as they graze, or chew the cud in the meadow; to watch the calves as they uncouthly run their races, scampering along with their tails in the air; to gaze on the broad-chested, heavy-heeled wagon horses, neighing and kicking up their heels on the green turf; and to muse and moralize on old blind Dobbin, as he stands half asleep under the shed, his ribs and hip bones sticking out; his lower lip hanging down, and his off hind foot resting on the tip of his shoe.

I like to pluck a bud from an overhanging bough, and musingly pull it to pieces, admiring its wondrous construction, and thinking to myself, "No mortal eyes but mine have beheld these hidden beauties." To gaze on the sun-lit clouds of heaven, till my cheeks are wet with tears, and my heart yearns for light, and life, and immortality.

I like to see the acorns and oakballs on the knotted oaks; the fruit on the orchard trees; the wiry stems and clustering hops in the hop yard; the straggling poison-berry plant, with its red and yellow berries; and the flowery honesty on the hedges. I love to lean on the gate of the clover field, where the bossy purple blossoms are pleasant to the eye, and grateful to the scent; to watch the bees on the flowers of the peas and beans; and to gaze on the ten thousand green tops that cover the acres of turnips around me.

I like to start off, buttoned up to the chin, with my stick in my hand, on a frosty morning, when the trees and hedges are fantastically hung with rime; when the snow crackles under my feet; when the glossy-leaved, red-berried holly bush looks cheerful; when the fieldfare is abroad; when the redbreast is tame and almost companionable; and the snipe rapidly wings his way along the half frozen brook.

I like to gaze on the moon as she glides tranquilly through the sky; to watch the changing clouds as the night wind hurries them along the heavens, and to think how much of peace, and joy, and happiness there is beyond them. I love to hear the owlet hoot from the hollow oak; to see him winnowing his way, with his long wings, to the old barn; and to witness the stealthy rat and the weasel prowl about the outhouses, and steal among the roots of the hedge-row bank.

I like to stand at the foot of a craggy precipice, and still better to ascend to its very crest, and there seating myself, to look down on the fearful depth below. I love to listen to the turbulent roar of rushing and falling waters, to explore caverns, to descend to great depths in the earth, and to witness the awful sublimities of a midnight storm.

I like to loiter on the sea shore by moonlight, and to look over the wide expanse of water at mid-day, to mark the fisher's skiff and distant sail; to gaze on the swelling fringed waves, till they exhaust themselves on the sands; to follow with my eye the sea gulls as they rise and fall; and to watch the progress of the coming tempest.

I love to visit the mouldering walls of a ruined abbey or castle, without a guide; to ascend the broken steps of the towers, to gaze on the dry ditch below, from its battlement; to ascend into its gloomy dungeons, and to stand "alone, alone, all alone," in the grey silent hall, and call upon those who cannot answer.

I like to visit a country churchyard, to find out the oldest headstone, to clear away the moss that covers the name of the occupier, and to make out the date when he fell asleep. I love to lean on the old sundial; to muse under the old yew tree, and to read the inscriptions on the tombs, from "Afflictions sore long time I bore"—to "The Lord giveth, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Oh that all our gratifications may be sanctified, that in them all we may lawfully rejoice, as the bounties of our Creator, being made more and more sensible of the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost!

SERPENT CHARMERS.

These people are mentioned in the following places in Scripture: "They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her

ear; which will not hearken to the voice of the charmers, charming never so wisely," Psa. lviii. 4, 5. Again by Solomon: "Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment," Eccles. x. 11. And by Jeremiah: "For, behold, I will send serpents, cockatrices, among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you, saith the Lord," Jer. viii. 17. This trade of serpent charming is very ancient; and at an early date Africa was their chief theatre. They were called psylli, and are frequently mentioned by Pliny, in his Natural History. "Thus," he says, "serpents were frightened away by the mere smell of these psylli," book viii. chap. 38. He informs us, that they came over into Italy to show their feats, and even brought scorpions with them, book xi. ch. 29. They are still to be found exercising their mysterious craft all over Asia. But Egypt is probably still their principal abode. Here Bruce saw them, and here their performances were often observed by Mr. Lane. The result of his inquiries may be thus summed up: "I have met with many persons, among the more intelligent of the Egyptians, who condemn these modern psylli as impostors; but none, who has been able to offer a satisfactory explanation of the most common and most interesting of their performances." The most famous snake charmers are durweéshes, or Mohammedan monks. "The charmer professes to discover, without ocular perception, (but perhaps he does so by a peculiar smell,) whether there be any serpents in a house, and if there be, to attract them to him, as the fowler, by the fascinations of his voice, allures the bird into his net." They have been known to do this in broad daylight, and when stripped naked. "He assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with a short palm stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise with his tongue, and spits upon the ground; and generally says, 'I adjure you, by God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, that ye come forth: I adjure you, by the great name, if ye be obedient, come forth, if ye be disobedient, die! die! die!' The serpent is generally dislodged by his stick, from a fissure in the wall, or drops from the ceiling of the room." It is suspected that sometimes a servant carries the reptile. The most expert of them do not carry venomous serpents until they have extracted their worst teeth. Many of them, like Pliny's psylli, carry scorpions in their caps, next to their shaven crowns; perhaps the sting having been blunted. On the prophet's birthday, the durweéshes perform some of their greatest wonders. Among others, they used to eat live serpents; but their present sheykh has put a stop to this in Cairo. During Mr. Lane's first visit, it was often done. Whenever a devotee "ate the flesh of a live serpent, he was, or affected to be, excited to do so by a kind of frenzy. He pressed very hard with the end of his thumb, upon the reptile's back, as he grasped it, at a point about two inches from the head: and all that he ate of it was the head and the part between it and the point where his thumb pressed; of which he made three or four mouthfuls: the rest he threw away. Serpents, however, are not always handled with impunity, even by sáadies. A few years ago, a durweésh of this sect, who was called 'el-Feel,' (or the elephant,) from his bulky and muscular form, and great strength, and who was the most famous serpent eater of his time, and almost of any age, having a desire to rear a serpent of a very enormous kind, which his boy had brought him, among others, that he had collected in the desert, put this reptile into a basket, and kept it for several days without food, to weaken it. He then put his hand into the basket, to take it out, for the purpose of extracting its teeth, but it immediately bit his thumb. He called out for help. There were, however, none but women in the house; and they feared to come to him; so that many minutes elapsed before he could obtain assistance. His whole arm was then found to be swollen and black, and he died after a few hours." Compare with this Jer. viii. 17, as above cited.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

A DREAD of dissolution is the common characteristic of animated nature. In the days of primeval innocence, it was felt by the parents of the human family, and hence they were warned by the solemn declaration in reference to "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil:" "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," Gen. ii. 17. Nor is it difficult to find some, in whom the work of restoration from the ruins of the fall is actually

proceeding, who are in "bondage" from the fear of death. To them, therefore, the following brief narrative is specially addressed, in the hope that it may tend to alleviate their disquietude, and to cast some brightness over the path to the grave.

Among the plants of righteousness which have been raised from the ungenial climate of this lower world, to bloom for ever in the paradise of God, was a devoted Christian lady. She excited no common attention in a sphere of more than ordinary extent. In the case of this individual, there was a natural liveliness of disposition, accompanied by ardent affections. She experienced in the consecration of her youth to God, a high degree of enjoyment, and was soon rendered useful to others. The interesting vivacity of her manners, the amiability of her temper, and the consistency of her conduct, exhibited religion in its own attractive loveliness; and hence it added to the number of its possessors from the ranks of her early friends. Her subsequent course fully realized the expectations thus awakened and sustained; it was that of piety in its simplicity, sincerity, and power; conferring its blessings on herself and on others. Still the fear of death often arose, and to this she frequently referred in the seasons of confidential and Christian intercourse. The issue of dissolution indeed did not excite dread, but it was the anticipation of the shocks which not merely impede but terminate the animal functions; not only producing temporary insensibility, but the absolute separation of the soul from the body, so long united by the most intimate ties in nature—yes, the prospect of these agitated the mind, and caused the spirit to tremble in prospect of the future.

Yet how vain were these apprehensions will be apparent from a slight sketch of the closing scene of her earthly pilgrimage. For four years, health had been declining, and during nine-and-twenty weeks of suffering, she was enabled to display the passive graces of the Christian character, to the comfort and edification of those around. Nothing seemed to produce so much distress as a fear lest she should be suffered to dishonour God, by expressions of peevishness and impatience; and her constant desire was not the removal of pain nor the restoration of health, but grace to bear protracted tribulation without repining or complaint. Once, in a fit of extreme agony, seizing on a moment's interval, she exclaimed, "Oh! this is dreadful, dreadful pain! but what is it to what I deserve? what is it to that which Jesus bore for me?"

On the day preceding her dissolution, seeing that her strength was fast sinking, her husband observed, "All is well, your spirit is safe in those hands into which you have committed it." She answered with emphasis, "Yes, it must be so; I know in whom I have believed; I have believed in Him through whom eternal life is promised, and I cannot doubt that my soul will be safe and happy without making God a liar." Aware how sensibly she felt the shrinking of nature from that mysterious and momentous point of human existence, at which the soul glides out of time into eternity, and passes from the presence of man into that of his great Creator; and having expressed his persuasion that these emotions would subside as that solemn period approached, it was consolatory for him to receive from her own lips, on the morning of the last day she spent on earth, the assurance that her mind was relieved of this burden. "Alfred," she said, "I have lost my old fears of death; nothing of that kind is now left but a little uneasiness lest the last struggle should be hard."

When too feeble to converse, she replied to the inquiry, whether she was happy: "All is quiet and peaceful; I have no fear, but I have no particular joy; I am too weak to think." In the afternoon, she breathed with greater difficulty, and seemed anxious to be gone. Observing the expression of sympathy and sorrow in the countenances of those standing at her bed-side, she faintly said, "Agony, agony; but no sting!" About an hour before her departure, shivering with cold, she said, "The chills of death, the chills of death;" but looking up with an expressive smile, she seemed happy at the intimation thus given of approaching mortality.

At length the crisis came. Having lain some little time with her eyes closed, she suddenly opened them, and looked unutterable things. It was not the mere smile of peace, nor even the glow of hope; it was ecstasy and triumph. Like Stephen's, her countenance appeared to shine as if it had been the face of an angel. There was an effort to speak,

but no sound passed her lips. Had she been able to communicate her feelings, she would have spoken, perhaps, not of death, but of heaven; for it seemed as if she had already crossed the flood, and was planting her first footstep on the celestial shore; or as if the unfolding gates of the city, "which has no need of the sun," had let fall a stream of splendour as a special earnest of "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," to which her sanctified and happy spirit was about to rise. After a few moments, the brightness which had irradiated her sunken and pallid countenance was gone, and, with a gentleness which rendered it difficult to tell when the last breath was drawn, her soul departed to the realms of everlasting day. Reader! are you, as a disciple of Christ, in bondage from the fear of death? Then for this victory over the king of terrors, thank God, and take courage.

ON MUSIC.

To play a piece of music effectively, you must comprehend it well. You must also feel it deeply. It is impossible to excite lively emotions in another's breast, while your own remains untouched. There are two rules which may assist you to attain quick perceptions of what is correct and beautiful, and (with the help of the mechanical rules I have given you) to bring those perceptions out in your own performance. The first is, to cultivate a constant habit of listening to natural sounds. Every thing in nature has a melody which goes to the heart, and from which we may gain some new and delightful ideas. I have called your attention to the song of birds. Then there is the bleating of flocks, and the lowing of distant herds, and the busy hum of insects. Above all, the modulations of the human voice afford us a perpetual source of observation. From thence we may gather the expression of every stormy passion which agitates, and every tender affection which soothes the heart. Nor can we listen to the fairy tones of children, their light-hearted carols, the bursts of tiny merriment, their mimic griefs, and simply told stories, without imbibing some new and charming combinations of harmonious expression. If music brings no lovely thoughts and associations to your mind, you are learning it to very little purpose. If it does, an intimate acquaintance with the music of nature will invest the expression of those thoughts with a grace and refinement, which the most persevering practice will fail to impart. Take lessons of the winds, and of the waters, and of the trees; of all animate and all inanimate nature: so shall the very spirit of sweet sound and expression enter into your bosom, and lie there ready to pour itself forth upon the otherwise low and mechanical music, which the pressure of your hands produces on the instrument. One of Handel's finest pieces is said to have been suggested by the labour of a blacksmith at his anvil, so successfully did he watch for the harmony that lies wrapped in the commonest sounds.

The next rule I shall give you, is to listen attentively to skilful performers, noticing particularly what emotions are excited in your mind by every passage, and by what means they continue to produce the effect which pleases you. The gratification we derive from listening to music, is similar to that which poetry imparts to us. Both these delightful arts call into being a thousand beautiful imaginations, tender feelings, and passionate impulses. But in reading poetry, we are delighted with the thoughts of another person; and though a beautiful idea will give us new pleasure every time we recur to it, still this pleasure is little varied, and depends on the conformation of the poet's mind, rather than of our own. The delights of music are of our own creation. We become for the time poets ourselves, and enjoy the high privilege of inventing, combining, and diversifying, at pleasure, the images which harmonious sounds raise in our minds. The self-same melody may be repeated a hundred times, and inspire each time a train of thought different from the last. Sometimes, it will call forth all the hidden stores of memory; absent friends, voices long silent in the tomb, lovely scenes, pleasant walks, and happy hours, come back to us in all their freshness and reality. Then the future opens its dreary prospects, gilded by hope, and chastened by a mournful tenderness. The exile is restored in glad anticipation to his country; the prodigal sobs out his penitence on his father's bosom; the child of affliction is safely lodged in that mansion where sorrow and cry-

ing are unknown. Sometimes, the past is forgotten, the future unneeded, the mind wrapped up in the present consciousness of sublimity or beauty. Forms of delicate loveliness, things such as dreams are made of, float before the mental vision, shaped into something of a waking distinctness. Thoughts too noble to last, high and holy resolves, gushings of tenderness, alternately possess our minds with emotions all equally different, and equally delightful. The poetical inspiration of Alfieri seldom came upon him but when he was under the influence of music. Haydn's symphonies were all composed so as to shadow forth some simple and affecting story, by which the author excited and varied his own feelings, and wrought them up to that pitch of solemn pathos, or animated gaiety, which to this day inspires all who hear his music with corresponding emotions.

The expression of sacred music comprehends every emotion that can agitate the human heart, and must be felt rather than described. The subdued tones of awful adoration; the impassioned fervour of desire; the humility of prayer; the wailing of penitential sorrow; the glad notes of thanksgiving; and the loud chorus of praise: all these have their own peculiar utterance, and must be pervaded by a depth and solemnity which shall distinguish them from the meaner affections of humanity. I am fearful of touching too lightly upon this hallowed subject. Many young persons, when their feelings are excited by sacred music, imagine themselves to be bettered by such feelings, and to be under the influence of genuine religious sentiments. But if the plain majesty of the word of God does not suffice to kindle an equal fervour within us, when we are reading it silently and alone, we may be sure that the emotions excited by the lovely songs and pleasant instruments of men, are the mere ebullitions of natural feeling, and have nothing to do with religion. Those who would sing the praises of the Lord must sing them with understanding. The undying torch of truth must be lighted up in that faculty before it can set the heart in a flame. There exists not a more dangerous delusion, than to mistake the feverish excitement of the imagination, for the cheerful and steady glow of a rational devotion.

But while I so anxiously guard you against this pernicious error, do not for a moment suppose, that I would shut you out from the privilege which all creation enjoys, of sounding its Maker's praise. Oh! there is a harmony in nature, inconceivably attuned to one glad purpose. Every thing in the universe has a voice, with which it joins in the tribute of thanksgiving. The whispers of the wind playing with the summer foliage, and its fitful moanings through the autumnal branches; the broken murmurs of the stream, the louder gushing of the waterfall, and the wild roar of the cataract, all speak the praises of God to our hearts. Who can sit by the sea-side, when every wave lies hushed in adoration, or falls upon the shore in subdued and awful cadence, without drinking in unutterable thoughts of the majesty of God? The loud hosannas of ocean in the storm, and the praises of God on the whirlwind, awaken us to the same lesson; and every peal of the thunder is a hallelujah to the Lord of hosts. Oh! there is a harmony in nature. The voice of every creature tells us of the goodness of God. It comes to us in the song of the birds; the deep, delicious tones in which the wood-dove breathes out its happiness; the gracefully melting descant of the nightingale; the joyous thrilling melody of the lark; the thrush's wild warbling; and the blackbird's tender whistle; the soft piping of the bullfinch; the gay carol of the wren; the sprightly call of the goldfinch; and the gentle twittering of the swallow. Even now when every other bird is silent, little robin is pouring out his sweetest of all sweet notes upon yonder rosebush; and so distinctly does he thank God, who made the berries to grow for him upon the hawthorn and the mountain ash, and who has put it into the heart of man to love him, and strew crumbs for him when the berries fail, that my soul, too often insensible to its own mercies, is warmed into gratitude for his. The very insect tribe have entered into a covenant, that God shall at no season of the year be without a witness amongst them to his praise. For when the hum of the bees and the chirping of the grasshopper have ceased to enliven us, and the gnat has laid by his horn, then the little cricket wakens into life and song, and gladdens our hearth with the same story till the winter is past. And so all nature praises God,

and is never weary. If then you are able "to make melody in your heart to the Lord," let your hand and your voice make melody too; and let the faculty which infinite benevolence has created for your enjoyment, be converted, as all your other faculties should be, into the instrument of praise.—*M. J. Graham.*

BATTLE ABBEY.

Who can pass the grey towers of Battle Abbey, so thickly clad with ivy, and stained by time, and not read a tale of interest and instruction from its mouldering walls? How faithful a picture of the past does it bring to the mind's eye! How glowing a sense of thankfulness should it excite in the enlightened Christian's heart, that his country is no longer under the yoke of ignorance and crafty superstition! To the man of taste, the ruins of each elegant arch and pillar, roof and window, with their elaborate tracery, must ever be an object of admiration; but the thrill of delight will be checked by a view of the dark subterraneous passages to the cruel dungeons below.

Oh bright light of the gospel! glad tidings of great joy to the repenting sinner! how little do the gloomy prisons of Battle Abbey agree with the spirit of thy heart-cheering principles and active virtues!

The town of Battle (formerly called Epiton) is situated in the county of Sussex, on the road to Hastings; it is celebrated as the place, at which the battle of Hastings was fought between Harold and William duke of Normandy. The Norman army, after waiting long at St. Valery for favourable winds, had a quick passage, and landed at Pevensey, the latter end of September, 1066. The spot in the distance is pointed out to the traveller from the grounds of Battle Abbey. Rapin tells us, that the English spent the night, previous to the engagement, in carousing and singing, as if they were sure of the victory; while the Normans, on the contrary, were employed in preparing for the action, and offering up prayers to God for success. The long and bloody battle took place on the 14th of October, A.D. 1066. It cost the duke of Normandy six thousand men; and he had three horses killed under him without losing one drop of his blood. While three score thousand Englishmen are said to have fallen, and Harold was killed by an arrow shot into his brain.

"The victory of Hastings was too glorious," says Rapin, "for the king to neglect to transmit the memory of it to posterity. For that purpose, he laid the foundations of a church and abbey in the very place where Harold was slain; and ordered, when they should be finished, the church to be dedicated to St. Martin, and the monastery to be called Battle Abbey:" (a note adds, "The high altar was set upon the very spot of ground where Harold's body was found.") "Though the desire of prayer for his own and Harold's soul was the pretence he used to make for the foundation, probably vain glory had no less a share in it than devotion."

Sunk low in the earth, among weeds and rank grass, may now be seen the ruins of the high altar: the spot on which more than eight hundred years back the fate of England was decided. The works of man hold out against time, while his generations pass away. The broken shell which held the holy water is empty. The stone coffins around have yielded up their dust, and show only the vacancy where a dead body once reposed. The perpetual prayers for the slain are no longer heard. The pilgrim has ceased to make his toilsome journey to the "taper-lit shrine." The sufferer no longer pines in the prisons; and the criminal no longer flees from justice to the walls of Battle for protection, claiming the right of sanctuary. Since those dark ages of ignorance and gloomy superstition, the day-spring from on high has arisen upon us. The blood and ashes of martyrs have stemmed the torrent of priestcraft and imposition which overran our land. The Bible has been placed in the hands of our poorest countrymen, and they have been taught to read it; and while it has shown the folly and falsity of these refuges of lies, it has pointed out the way of life, and led thousands to the true city of refuge to "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, which cleanseth us from all sin." M.

HIRED EASTERN MOURNERS.

These were as common as empty mourning coaches among us, and were probably as effectual symbols of grief as scarfs and weepers. Horace tells us, that the hired mourners wailed more at

burials than the bereaved relations. Loud lamentation was encouraged by the ancients, and is kept up by the Orientals. They use not only the voice, but various instruments. When good Josiah was no more, "Jeremiah lamented for Josiah; and all the singing men and the singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations," 2 Chron. xxxv. 25. But this prophet is more express, when, in his foresight of the destruction of Judah, he summoned the mourners, and cried, "Call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women, that they may come: and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters: for a voice of wailing is heard out of Zion!" When the daughter of Jairus lay dead, our Lord "Jesus saw the minstrels and the people making a noise:" and he speaks of what was common in all times of mourning, when he says to the Jews, "We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented," 2 Chron. xxxv. 25; Jer. ix. 17; Matt. ix. 23, xi. 17.

Mohammedanism has only modified, not removed these customs. The Moslems begin to mourn before the breath is out of the body, while "the women of the family raise the cries of lamentation called *wel'wel'eh* or *wilwal'*; uttering the most piercing shrieks, and calling upon the name of the deceased. The most common cries that are heard on the death of the master of a family, from the lips of his wife, or wives and children, are, "O my master!" "O my camel!" "O my lion!" "O camel of the house!" "O my dear one!" "O my only one!" "O my father!" "O my misfortune!" The women continue their lamentations; and many of the females of the neighbourhood, hearing the conclamation, come to unite with them in this melancholy task. Generally, also, the family send for two or more *neddábehs*, or public wailing women; but some persons disapprove of the custom; and many, to avoid unnecessary expense, do not conform to it. "They use a sort of tambourine in their mourning. If the corpse is not buried at once, they keep up their wake all night. At the head of the funeral procession walk about six poor men, mostly blind, who chant passages from the Koran. Schoolboys precede the bier, also chanting. The hired mourners follow it, next to the relations, and celebrate the excellences of the deceased. It is remarkable that this very practice is forbidden in the Koran; but Mussulmen, as well as Christians, have their liberal interpretation of precepts."

DOCILITY OF CAMELS.

Strings of camels are continually passing, each comprising about forty-five, and headed by a man upon an ass, who leads the first, the others being mostly connected by slight cords. It is a beautiful sight to see the perfect training and docility of these animals. The caravans, as the weather is becoming warmer, are beginning to travel by night, generally halting about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The care of the camels seems to be very much left to the children. I have just watched a string of them stopping on an open plain: a child twitched the cord suspended from the head of the first; a loud gurgling growl indicated the pleasure of the camel as it awkwardly knelt down, and the child, who could just reach its back, unlinked the hooks which suspended from either side the bales of cotton; another child came with a bowl of water and a sponge, and was welcomed with a louder roar of pleasure, as it washed the mouth and nostrils of the animal. This grateful office ended, the liberated camel wandered off to the thicket, to browse during the day; and this was done to each of the forty-five, which all unbidden had knelt down precisely as the one I have described, forming a circle which continued marked during the day by the bales of goods lying at regular distances. On a given signal in the afternoon, at about three o'clock, every camel resumed its own place, and knelt between its bales, which were again attached, and the caravan proceeded on its tardy course. I am not surprised at finding the strong attachment of these animals to the children; for I have often seen three or four of them, when young, lying with their heads inside a tent in the midst of the sleeping children, while their long bodies remained outside.—*Fellows.*

VANITY.

Vanity is a "nothing between two dishes"—much expectation, little satisfaction.—*Herbert.*

Death of Queen Elizabeth.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ELIZABETH.

(Concluded from page 304.)

THE bad policy pursued by England, in reference to Ireland, enabled the Spanish government, and the popish party, to keep up disaffection there. The restless spirit of Popery found that island a suitable field for the employment of the Jesuits, who encouraged the Irish chieftains to resist the English government. It may be said of Popery, that it found Ireland wretched, and has made it still more so; it has even prevented the advance of civilization. These feelings were embittered by the sweeping forfeitures of the lands belonging to Desmond, and other rebellious chieftains; large districts of which were bestowed upon the queen's favourites, and on others who merely engaged that one English family should be settled on every two hundred and forty acres, and that none of Irish origin should be admitted among the settlers. Thus the natives were driven into more compact bodies; not half the scanty number of English colonists was introduced, while that broad line of demarcation was drawn between the original inhabitants, and the great land owners, which has produced so much mischief in later times. Even at that period, this wrong policy produced such vexation and expense, that many statesmen thought Ireland had better be abandoned, only that the king of Spain would then possess it. A native chieftain, Hugh O'Neal, created by Elizabeth earl of Tyrone, revolted, and became the leader of his countrymen, who regarded him as the sovereign of Ulster. Instigated and aided by Spain, he successfully resisted the efforts of the English governors.

In August, 1598, O'Neal obtained a signal advantage, near Blackwater, in Tyrone, when the queen resolved to make more vigorous efforts. Essex having expressed his willingness to undertake the command, both his friends and his enemies recommended the appointment; the latter hoping to take advantage of his absence from court. He was persuaded to make some apologies for past conduct, and went to Ireland early in 1599, with considerable forces, and extraordinary powers, but effected little, wasting his strength in limited operations, till he found his forces reduced so as to be unequal to a campaign against Tyrone, without reinforcements. These were sent, but the season was so far advanced, that he consented to a truce with the rebel leader, till the following spring.

Finding that the queen was seriously displeased, while his enemies were busy against him, Essex hastened to England, and arrived at Nonsuch on September 28, when he hastened into the queen's apartment, just as he was, his dress soiled and disordered with travelling post. The queen received him more favourably

than he expected; but in the latter part of the day, she sent him orders to confine himself to the rooms which he occupied, and expressed her anger to those who had accompanied him: she now habitually indulged in coarse and even profane language, when excited, and highly displeased. A little reflection showed that Essex was much to blame in thus hastily leaving his post of duty. Harrington gives a lively description of his own reception. The privy council were directed to examine Essex; they severely censured his proceedings in the conduct of the war, and in quitting Ireland without leave. He was afterwards subjected to a fuller inquiry before commissioners; he was then removed from his offices, and ordered to remain a prisoner in his own house, till the queen should be pleased to allow him to be at liberty.

Essex remained six months under this restraint, during which period he expressed himself with humility and contrition, declaring that he had done with ambitious projects and all the vanities of this life. At times he seemed to be under deep religious feelings. But when he was allowed to leave his house, the queen forbade his appearing at court, and refused to continue a patent for the monopoly of sweet wines, by which he made considerable profit. Irritated at these proceedings, he concerted with some friends, to go to court at the head of an armed party, when his enemies might be removed by force, and access to the queen gained; the public support was to be obtained by promising the reformation of evils in church and state. He communicated his plans to the king of Scotland, charging Cecil with an intention of bringing in the Spanish princess, as the successor to the throne. James had for some time acted with much duplicity, negociating both with Elizabeth, and the popish monarchs of the continent, to whom he professed himself inclined to adopt Popery. He now prepared to assist Essex, whose house in the Strand was the resort of a number of discontented characters, which was covered by the daily performance of Divine service there; but the attention of government being roused, open measures were hastily resolved upon.

On the morning of Sunday, February 8, 1601, the earls of Rutland and Southampton, with other friends of Essex, resorted to his house, in consequence of messages telling them that his life was threatened by lord Cobham and Raleigh. The lord-keeper Egerton, chief justice Popham, and others, proceeded thither from court, being sent by the queen to inquire the cause of the proceedings going forward. After some altercation, Essex left these nobles in charge of a part of his followers, and hastened into the city, with about two hundred men, calling upon the citizens to arm themselves. The principal citizens being usually assembled at that hour, to hear the sermon at Paul's Cross, Essex hoped to have found them ready and willing to join him; but a message, early in the morning, from the queen to the lord mayor, had put that officer on his guard. Essex was generally beloved; but the people neither understood the matter, nor followed him. His plan having failed, he was intercepted at Ludgate on his return, by a party of soldiers. A skirmish took place; Essex retreated by water to his own house, when he found that the noblemen, whom he had detained, had been released. After a parley with a number of armed men, who invested the house, Essex surrendered, and was conducted to the Tower with the earl of Southampton. The queen evinced much courage and composure during this short but dangerous disturbance. Being told, while she sat at dinner, that the city had revolted, she appeared unmoved, only observing, "He that placed her in that seat would preserve her in it." The earls of Essex and Southampton were tried for treason on the 19th, and found guilty. It is plain that it was a rash, ill-concerted design, undertaken in the hope of removing the principal advisers of Elizabeth, whom Essex considered to be his personal enemies, and resolved to effect his ruin; but he also thought to establish his own power, and to carry into effect measures of his own. The statement of Bacon, who had to take part as one of the queen's counsel at this trial, and who conducted himself with moderation towards the prisoners, appears to convey a correct view of the case: "to defend is lawful; but to rebel in defence is not lawful;" and that "Essex had planted a pretence, in his heart, against the government, but for excuse he laid the blame upon his particular enemies." Essex afterwards confessed that his plans were deeper laid, and further extended than he had admitted on his trial. The popularity of Essex caused some hesitation, as to

carrying the sentence into effect: the queen also was unwilling to order the death of one who had been her favourite, but his daring proceedings rendered it unsafe to allow him to survive. On the 25th he was beheaded in the court of the Tower. Southampton's life was spared, but he was kept a prisoner to the end of this reign. Only a few of the most active followers of Essex were executed.

The king of Scotland sent a special embassy to London, with instructions to communicate with the partizans of Essex, if they retained any influence, which was not the case. Cecil possessed the chief power; he knew that Elizabeth could not long survive; this led to overtures, the details of which are not known; but it was agreed that Cecil should procure an addition to the yearly pension king James received from England, and promote his succession to the throne, but that the arrangement should be kept secret.

Lord Mountjoy was sent to Ireland, as governor; he was successful against Tyrone, who had been encouraged by a plenary indulgence for his sins, sent by pope Clement VIII., and by the promise of efficient aid from Spain. In September, 1601, d'Aguilar landed at Kinsale with four thousand Spanish troops, and called upon the people to join him against Elizabeth, who had been declared to be deposed by several popes. Their efforts were in vain. Tyrone was defeated, and in January, 1602, the Spanish general surrendered upon condition of being allowed to return to Spain. Mountjoy pursued his success: Tyrone offered to submit upon terms, but the queen would not consent that any should be granted. Her counsellors were anxious that Ireland should be brought into a state of peace during her life. With much difficulty the firm resolve of Elizabeth was shaken; but before any final instructions were sent, the intelligence of the approach of her decease was made known to Mountjoy. He acted with decision. Tyrone, in a conference, agreed to renounce his regal title and foreign alliances, upon the promise of a full pardon for himself and adherents, and the restoration of his lands and earldom. Hardly had this been effected, when the death of Elizabeth took place, but the Irish chieftain had gone too far to recede; the arrangement was completed, though with considerable reluctance on his part.

Towards the close of 1601, the parliament granted a large subsidy for the Irish war, but also firmly demanded redress of grievances in the monopolies; by these, the vending of articles, some even of necessity, were restricted by the queen's patent to certain individuals, who either retailed the articles at an unreasonable profit, or sold the privilege of dealing in them for considerable sums, which in the end were levied from the purchasers, so that the prices of many commodities had been very greatly advanced. The queen, or her advisers, endeavoured to check these remonstrances; but the public feeling, as well as that of the parliament, was so unequivocally declared, that Cecil convinced her it was necessary to give way. Elizabeth sent for the speaker, and declared that she never had consented to give a patent, unless she believed it would be beneficial to the public; but she would at once revoke all that were injurious to her subjects, and suspend the rest till their validity could be legally ascertained. This proceeding gave general satisfaction.

In September, 1602, we find Elizabeth endeavouring to act with the vigour of her early life; at the age of sixty-seven she went a progress as usual. She rode out to view rather than to join the sports of the field; but actually took part in the dances she delighted to witness. Who should be her successor, was now the general inquiry; but no one dared to start the question, though many corresponded secretly with the Scottish monarch.

The unlimited height to which the Tudors had carried the royal prerogative appears, when the decision of such a question could be supposed to depend upon the will of the reigning monarch. One chief opponent of James was the Jesuit Parsons, who had the insolence to express his indifference as to the successor, "so that he be a Catholic;" adding, that nothing should induce him to favour the pretensions of any one who was not a Papist: an unblushing instance of the manner in which the pope and his votaries assume power over thrones and kingdoms. The pontiff sent breves addressed to the English Papists, exhorting them to refuse to aid any claimant who would not engage to support Popery. The moderate party, designated as the English Papists, were not willing to entertain such extravagant views; they

considered James to be the heir apparent to the English throne, and prepared to support his claim, hoping he would tolerate the profession of their religion. To counteract the domineering spirit of the Jesuits, they besought the pope to appoint bishops for their church in England; but the influence of Parsons prevailed: one arch-priest was appointed, who had secret instructions from the pope, to consult the chief of the Jesuits in England upon all matters of importance. This led to increased differences between the two parties of English Papists. The government noticed it, and encouraged the moderate party: the breach widened, till, in the following reign, the Jesuits led on the persecution of their brethren! At present, a commission was appointed, with power to examine all popish priests, and send them into banishment, instead of causing them to be tried for their lives. This was an improved proceeding, a step towards due toleration, but contrary to the desires and plans of the pope. Indeed, it appears that at all times those accused and liable to be tried for their lives, were spared if they renounced the dispensing power of the pope, and the right he assumed to interfere with the temporal government of the nation.

Feelings of loneliness increasingly pressed upon Elizabeth. Even in 1600, sir Robert Sidney wrote, "The queen doth wax weak since the last troubles, and Burghley's death doth often draw tears from her goodly cheeks; she walketh out but little; meditates much alone, and sometimes writes in private to her best friends." Death continued to diminish the number of those in whom she could confide. Her own irresolution and disposition to half measures increased the neglect, and many showed themselves weary of her government. She felt this, and was heard to complain to herself, "I can do nothing; I have not one man in whom I can repose trust; I am a miserable forlorn woman." She was now subjected to the last bitter trial of a sovereign ruler—that of seeing those whom she was most favouring turning to court her successor, worshipping the rising sun; but in a few years the public feeling returned to its former state, the memories of all dwelt upon the recollections of Elizabeth.

The queen was also suffering from nervous disease, aggravated by weakness and anxiety resulting from the weighty cares of government. In October, 1601, Harrington describes her as wasted to a skeleton, refusing costly dishes, taking little but manchet bread and succory pottage; her fondness for dress was gone; she did not change her clothes for days together; while her impatience and irritability increased so as to render attendance on her very painful. He says, "She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at ill news; and thrusts her rusty sword, at times, into the arras in great rage." All this marked the progress of disease, which appears originally to have been rheumatic gout. A year later, he found her still worse. He writes to his wife with much feeling recollection of the queen's past kindness, which had "rooted such love, such dutiful remembrance of her princely virtues, that to turn askant from her condition with tearless eyes, would stain the spring and fount of gratitude." He adds, "I found her in most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone. I replied, with reverence, that I had seen him with the lord deputy. She looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, 'Oh, now it mindeth me that you was one who saw this man elsewhere,' and hereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips, but in sooth, her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling." In such a state a golden cup can do no more to soothe the troubled mind than an earthen vessel.

In January, 1603, the queen had a cold, which was increased by removal from Westminster to Richmond on a stormy day. She became still more enfeebled, and suffered from fever; her spirits were much affected. She spent most of her time in sighs and tears, her mind generally returning to subjects distressing to her, such as the execution of Essex; but it is evident that the situation of Ireland excited much of this nervous irritability. At this time the countess of Nottingham, who had enjoyed her intimate friendship, died, which affected the queen still further. A story has passed current, that when, on her deathbed, the countess sent for the queen, and confessed that she had kept back a message of contrition from Essex, with a ring, which he returned by her, having received it from Elizabeth when at the height of his favour, and a promise that

if he sent it with a claim for her favour, under any circumstances, his request should be granted. It is added, that the non-appearance of this token induced the queen to suppose him too hardened and proud to ask for pardon. Additional particulars have been related, as showing the overwhelming grief of Elizabeth from this time. But there appears no sufficient authority for this story, while infirmities, and other circumstances, sufficiently account for the queen's declining health; and nothing is more common, even in private life, than for the mind to suffer from severe bodily disease.

Early in March, Elizabeth was much worse. Sir Robert Carey "found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions." She discoursed to him of her indisposition, and said, that her "heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days." The next morning she ordered preparations to be made for Divine service, but was unable to go to the chapel, and listened to it as it was read in the adjoining room. Being desired to take medicine, she refused, saying, "I am not sick; I feel no pain, yet I pine away." She sat in this state for two days and three nights, refusing to take off her dress, or to go to bed, seldom speaking, and generally refusing any sustenance. Being raised by force, she stood for fifteen hours, but was then induced to take to her bed, suffering under an affection of her spirits, in which she complained to the lord admiral, that there was an iron collar about her neck—an indication of hysterical suffering. A contemporary account states: "The bishops who then attended the court, seeing that she would not hearken to advice for the recovery of her bodily health, desired her to provide for her spiritual safety, and to recommend her soul to God. Whereto she mildly answered, 'That I have done long ago.'" The same account states, "that she gave testimony of hope and comfort in God by signs after her speech had failed. The physicians reported her recovery was hopeless, and the council took the necessary precautions for securing the accession of the king of Scotland: among other measures, some notoriously unquiet spirits were sent to the Tower, to prevent their raising any disturbance."

On the evening of March the 23d, the lord admiral, the lord keeper, and secretary Cecil, desired Elizabeth to state whom she wished should be her successor. She had previously expressed her desire that the crown should go to the right heir. They reported, that on their mentioning the king of Scotland, she gave evident signs of assent. The narrative of a maid of honour, named Southwell, states, that the queen neither spoke nor stirred till the name of the lord Beauchamp, the son of lady Catherine Grey, was mentioned; but that she then exclaimed, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat." This form, however it might be deemed necessary, was wholly needless; the crown went to James by succession and hereditary right.

The last hours of Elizabeth are thus described by lord Monmouth:—"About six at night she made signs for the archbishop and her chaplains to come to her; at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees, full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes, and holding up her hand, that it was a comfort to all beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was come to; and though she had been long a great queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of kings. After this, he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scroop knowing her meaning, told the bishop that the queen desired he would pray still. He did so, for a long half hour after, and then sought to leave her. The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer. He did so, for the second time, with fervent cries to God for her soul's health; which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, that the queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat; and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time, it grew late, and every one departed; all but the women who attended her. This I heard with my ears, and did see with my eyes." Elizabeth then relapsed into a state of insensibility, in which she expired at three in the morning of March 24. At six the

council assembled, when orders were issued that James should be proclaimed king, as next in succession by descent, and as having the sanction of the departed sovereign.

This was the end of queen Elizabeth; she had survived all the leading characters, whether popes, or kings, or nobles, who formed plots against her at the beginning or middle of her reign. Few monarchs have been more threatened with public and private violence, yet she was protected. She knew from whence that protection came, never hesitating to declare, according to the words of the psalmist, "Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Under all these threatenings, she acted with this impression, neither increasing her guards, nor appearing less frequently in public. With her ended the house or dynasty of Tudor, which had held the crown of England rather more than a century, through a period, eventful not only for the rapid progress of the nation under their sway, but for the influence which the acts of their government had upon succeeding generations, not only in England, but throughout the world.

Something must be said of the personal character of Elizabeth: if she has been over praised by some, she has been most unfairly libelled by others. In person she was well formed, tall, and stately, "of lion port," as a contemporary describes her; upon the whole pleasing, though not possessing feminine beauty. In her twentieth year, the Venetian ambassador spoke of her person as large, but well formed; more pleasing than handsome, with fine eyes, a fine complexion of an olive tint, and a beautiful hand. Hentzner thus describes her in 1598, at the age of sixty-five: "Her face long and fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, but black and gracious; her nose a little bent; her lips close; her teeth darkish; her hair tawny, but not her own. Her hands were thin, her fingers long, but her words mild and very courteous."

Vanity was the prevailing foible of Elizabeth. Being far above mediocrity, both in personal and mental accomplishments, she was exposed to the deceptions of flattery, which induced her to take frequent opportunity for display, often so as to make herself an object of ridicule. This led sir Robert Cecil to speak of her as one, "who was more than a man, and in truth sometimes less than a woman." Thus the ambassador for Scotland was admitted privately, and, as if unexpectedly, that he might see her dance; and was then questioned as to the comparative beauty of herself and Mary! Upon this, and similar anecdotes, many have founded portentous tales, representing her conduct to that princess as the mere result of female jealousy, disappointed by the superior charms of another. But Elizabeth far surpassed Mary in mental powers and character, which raised her above the Scottish queen. Admitting, as we do, that Mary was treated with too much severity, still we need not resort to female vanity for the reason. Were there not causes for that treatment, far stronger, and more obvious than any such petty jealousy?

The chief weakness of Elizabeth was, that she took pleasure in being addressed in the romantic language of admiring love. This was the taste of the age, partly a relic of chivalry, but stimulated by the fondness of Elizabeth for it. It was, indeed, very absurd, and even worse; but there is no reason to suppose it proceeded from any grossness of mind, or that it degenerated into licentious practice. When, at the age of sixty, Raleigh compared her to Venus, it was only poetic nonsense; but it was being "less than woman," to allow such nonsense to be uttered, unless, as probably was the case, she allowed those who uttered it to do so for their own amusement. The libels which have been circulated respecting Elizabeth on this head, are destitute of proof. They abounded in her own times, but proceeded from her popish assailants. The assertions retailed by Mary Stuart, in a well-known, angry letter, as having been told her by the countess of Shrewsbury, Mary expressly says, she did not believe, and she had not long before appealed for protection against the slanderous assertions of lady Shrewsbury respecting herself. No dependance can be placed upon the mere assertions of one who is characterized by her husband as "his wicked and malicious wife;" and repeated, probably with exaggerations, by an angry and vindictive woman, with the especial hope that Elizabeth might be induced to see her personally from the hope of further disclosures. That Allen was well paid for his slanders, appears from the fact, that by pursuing the contest with his sovereign, he, who at first was only a poor

exiled priest, obtained the rank of a cardinal, with an income of fifteen thousand crowns, equal, as Turner says, to twenty thousand pounds of our money now—a pleasing result of persecution, purchased, not by his own sufferings, but those he instigated others to undergo! The tales of Elizabeth's public freedoms and levities do not corroborate any worse reports, they rather contradict them; while it is evident, from her public rebukes of Leicester, when occasions arose, that she kept even her greatest favourites from any opportunity for undue presumption. The French ambassador, De Castelnau, did not hesitate to say, that any imputations of improper attachment were inventions forged by malevolent persons; and this he stated, not in a public document or official communication, it stands written by him in his private memoirs, where no object could be served by any false statement.

In addition to the female vanity, already mentioned, and the inclination to coquetry, which she indulged, Elizabeth had strong reasons for endeavouring to secure the personal regards of Leicester and others. As early as 1559, the year after her accession, the ambassador of the emperor sent her an express caution to be well guarded by her friends, for he knew it had been offered that she should be slain: we have seen how frequent these plots afterwards became. Even her sister Mary, with far less reason for alarm, had her chamber protected every night for a considerable period by armed men. How painful the situation of princes! how correct the numerous descriptions of their anxieties! There can be no doubt that Elizabeth secured this protection the better, by permitting Leicester and others to offer it on stronger grounds than those of mere duty, though she never allowed them to presume on her favour. But she coquetted with her admirers, or suitors, and has been reflected upon in consequence. She probably was ill-judged enough to think her influence increased by this course, when to her authority as queen, was added submission as an object of love and admiration. She was not aware how much that seemed respect paid to her qualities as a female, was in reality homage paid to her rank; yet there can be no doubt that she possessed an influential power, which no king would have been permitted to exercise.

Dismissing then the groundless charges of popish malevolence, which have been thoroughly sifted by Turner and others, we have to censure Elizabeth's vanity, love of dress, and the freedom of language, abounding often in profane oaths, in which she indulged. Harrington records anecdotes which illustrate these. "One Sunday, my lord of London preached to the queen's majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her majesty told the ladies, that 'if the bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for heaven; but he should walk thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him.' Perchance, the bishop hath never sought her highness's wardrobe, or he would have chosen another text." In 1601, he says, "Her highness swears much at those that cause her grief, in such wise, to the no small discomfiture of all about her." This language may be said to be derived from her father, Henry VIII., whom she strongly resembled in many of the qualities of her mind, especially the love of sway. Whether the desire to rule, or any other cause, determined her against marriage, it is plain, that from the first she was disinclined to matrimony. Her independent spirit never would allow even her most esteemed minister to interfere with her sovereign will and pleasure; yet she had the good sense and wisdom to select wise counsellors, and to form her decisions upon their opinions.

Latterly, the queen was very irresolute, when pressed to decide. Harrington tells us, "By art and nature together so blended, it was difficult to find her right humour at any time. Her wisest men and best counsellors were oft sore troubled to know her will in matters of state, so covertly did she pass her judgment as seemed to leave all to their discreet management; and when the business did turn to better advantage, she did most cunningly commit the good issue to her own honour and understanding; but when ought fell out contrary to her will and intent, the council were in great strait to defend their own acting, and not blemish the queen's good judgment." This plan of acting was displayed in the tragical end of the Scottish queen.

This feature in her character, irresolution, has not been sufficiently noticed. It does much to account for her behaviour in the case of Mary Stuart,

without having reference to the fine-spun theories of deep designs and concealed motives, advanced by many. And it may often be seen, in persons who in youth and early life have been placed in situations of difficulty, wherein they have acted with the most beneficial decision, that when farther advanced in life, they act in a very different manner, seldom coming to any absolute determination till constrained to do so; as though reflection upon their escapes from past difficulties and dangers made them apprehensive upon much slighter occasions. But connected with this irresolution, Elizabeth still retained that commanding spirit, which she inherited from her father, and which when roused, would not brook control, even from the most valued or favoured of her court. This spirit not only rendered her too jealous of any encroachment upon her prerogative, but led her at times to measures, which though frequent at that period, and far more common under preceding monarchs, were arbitrary interferences with the law. These proceedings were usually on public matters, seldom emanating from private considerations. No monarch on the English throne ever lived so much for the good of the people, and so little for individual gratification, as Elizabeth. Harrington relates, "The queen did once ask my wife, in merry sort, how she kept my good will and love, which I did always maintain to be truly good towards her and to my children. My Mall, in wise and discreet manner, told her highness, she had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well founded on her own stedfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey; hereby did she persuade her husband of her own affection, and in so doing did command his. 'Go to, go to, mistress,' saith the queen, 'you are wisely bent, I find: after such sort do I keep the good will of all my husbands, my good people; for if they do not rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience.' This deserveth noting, as being both wise and pleasant."

Resembling her father, rather than her brother, in matters of religion, Elizabeth encouraged Protestantism because it met the destructive errors of Popery, rather than because it imparted spiritual life. She could not accede to the gross doctrinal errors of Popery; but she liked much of its pomp and circumstance, and would fain have established a middle way, one especially which would admit her acting according to her own will. Here, probably, was Elizabeth's greatest defect, so far as the real welfare of her subjects was concerned. She brought them out of the darkness of Popery; she saw and admitted the value of gospel light and truth; but she did not receive the truth in the love of it, in simplicity and in faith. She was convinced rather than converted. Of her personal religion, we cannot say much, and happily we are not called to judge; but many things in her conduct and demeanour, were unbecoming the chief Protestant monarch of the day, and nothing can justify her intolerance. Still very much of this arose from the circumstances of the times, when many habits and influences of Popery yet operated upon Protestants in general, without their being conscious from whence their unscriptural actions proceeded.

The court of Elizabeth manifested all the general features of a court, with those which were peculiar to the age. The splendour and gaiety exhibited were in accordance with the taste of the monarch; the manners were those of times much less refined than the present day; perhaps not in reality more moral, but certainly with more professed attention to religious observances. At no time can a court be regarded as a school for morals; and while Elizabeth did not permit indecorum in her presence, she does not appear to have been guided by a high standard in selecting her favourites; such, however, were the general habits of the age, and she had not the power to alter them.

The frugality of Elizabeth has already been noticed; it degenerated still farther towards parsimony as she became older: one object she had in view, by obliging her subjects to incur charges in her service or for her entertainment, was to lessen their means, and keep them dependent. The policy of the house of Tudor was to prevent the nobles from combining against their sovereign; the result was beneficial to England.

Elizabeth was one of the learned females, in an age, when it was more customary for women of rank to study ancient lore than it is at present. She could speak Latin, French, and Italian, answering foreign ambassadors in those

languages without previous study. She was also acquainted with Greek. Her visits to the universities gave opportunities for displaying her learning, which she did not neglect. She spoke with force and eloquence, and wrote well, but too much in the nonsensical, metaphorical style of that day.

Her popularity cannot be questioned. Goodman has described her unwavering confidence in her people. In "the year 1588, and subsequently when she had most enemies, the court gates were open; none hindered any one from entering; yet she came out fearlessly from council among the crowd by torch light. 'God save your majesty,' was shouted; 'God bless you all my good people,' was the reply. Again the shouts rose. Then the queen said again unto us, 'You may well have a greater prince, but you never shall have a more loving prince.' With the same confidence, she customarily proceeded in dark night from Chelsea to Whitehall, when all the way long was full of people to see her; and truly any man might very easily have come to her coach." Here was true courage; she had numerous examples of contemporary princes being stabbed or assassinated; even her pacific successor wore dagger-proof garments. Goodman relates the favourable impression her behaviour made upon the retiring crowds, "We did nothing but talk what an admirable queen she was, and how we would adventure ourselves to do her service."

The political character of Elizabeth is fully exhibited in her history; the leading feature of her polity was desire for peace. In no instance, did she evince an ambitious desire to grasp the territory of others. Her proceedings with Scotland, and even Ireland, show this, when it was necessary to interfere with those countries for the safety of England. This desire for peace enabled her to extend English commerce, from whence much national prosperity resulted; her subjects were more enriched by their traffic, than the people of Spain by all the supplies of gold and silver their tyrannical monarch extorted from the oppressed Indians. Before her reign the commerce of England was contracted and poor; during her reign, it extended all over the world; yet we find a modern Romish historian attributing the rise of this spirit of commerce to the reign of Mary, whose only object was to restore Popery, and whose proceedings kept her subjects in constant dread of losing their property, their lives, and liberties! In conclusion, we may remark, that no monarch ever possessed the affections of his subjects so long or to such a degree. This alone ought to silence the petty calumnies with which the memory of Elizabeth has been assailed. Assuredly, there was good cause for such an unvarying attachment. Let us examine the history of her reign without prejudice, and we shall see, that she found England at a low ebb, disgraced among the nations, in a state of wretched degradation, bowed down to ignorance and superstition. She left it in a high state of prosperity, one of the most commanding powers of Europe; and this, not by wielding the conqueror's bloody sword, but by a steady perseverance in seeking after peace, and desiring the general welfare of her people.

GOD IS LOVE.

Suppose a king has earnestly desired to save a rebel subject; suppose all difficulties surmounted, and offers of astonishing grace made: but the rebel stands aloof, and prefers his shackles, hates the mercy that is offered, and the hand that offered it, and mocks at all the messengers that bring the tidings to him. Surely this, more than any thing, should try his king's love. My friends, thus it is with us: Christ is offered to us; salvation is offered; pardon, reconciliation, peace, here; heaven and everlasting happiness, hereafter: and who accepts them? No! the farm, the merchandize, the things that are to last the few poor years of this life—nay, the trifle that is to last but a moment, these have our hearts and affections: such is our degraded and debased state. But the love of God shall not be frustrated. It is proof even against this foul ingratitude; it has provided even against this obstacle. Behold another gracious person at hand, even the Holy Ghost, that proceedeth from the Father and the Son: behold Him ready to subdue the enmity, to alter the taste, to change the will, to give a new heart. Hear the gracious promise, and observe how exactly suited to the case. Is your whole nature utterly without a relish of spiritual things? Do you find your heart hard; and, notwithstanding all the representations of Divine love, still unmelted? Are you without any

power to walk in the way of God's commandments? Well, then, here is the promise; do not look upon these as empty words; thousands and thousands that are now in heaven, and thousands that are yet on earth, have found them true to their great and endless comfort. "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them," Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. Here is the blessed work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart. And, oh, what is that love which shall bring him into unholy hearts like ours! Think of the opposition between the evil tempers, the carnal affections, the foul passions therein; and that pure and heavenly visitant. Think of the striving which the unrenewed mind makes against him, of the wilful continuance in sin, of the quenching of his heavenly fires. Let me illustrate again; that by things familiar to our apprehension we may, if it be possible, enter a little into the deep things of God. Suppose some kind visitant should see a cottage full of misery, and poverty, and disease; and should enter there, delighting to do good, and with the desire, in the fulness of his heart, of relieving the misery, and of giving medicines to heal the sickness; and suppose, instead of being welcomed there, the door should be shut in his face. This is the representations of our conduct towards the Holy Spirit. A man, for instance, finds certain misgivings in his heart, he begins to see that all is not right, that he is assuredly not in the way of life; that a life of holiness would be happier than that which he is leading: these are the strivings of the Holy Spirit with his conscience. What does the man do? Does he encourage these reflections? Does he welcome this celestial visitor? Alas! how often does he fly to any thing, any folly, any sin, that may drown such disagreeable and disturbing thoughts; thus grieving the Holy Spirit, and driving him, as far as in him lies, from his heart. And even in the true believer—even when the great change has taken place upon the heart—the mistrust, the unkindness, even of the children of God, prove that, although a new nature has been given, the old one still lingers. And how has the Holy Spirit to bear with the perverseness, the hardness of heart, the unbelief, the mistrust, the unkindness even of the children of God! How deeply must the true Christian daily feel the love of God! How do I, must he say—how do I constantly provoke the Holy Spirit to depart from me! how carelessly do I seek after Him! how carelessly improve the blessed moments of his presence! how little do I endeavour to profit by his teaching! how often prefer not to be taught! What but the tenderness of love could bear this! "My people," saith God, by the prophet Hosea, "are bent to backslidings from me;" and yet he pursues, in the next verse, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee," Hos. xi. 7—9. Herein, then, is love.—*C. Neale.*

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

SEPTEMBER.

The harvest is over; the fields, which were lately a waving sea of corn, are now covered only with stubble; already the ploughman is at work preparing the earth for fresh seed, to spring up in due season, according to the appointment of the God of nature and providence, and replenish the garners of the husbandman.

September is one of our most delightful months; in the figurative language of poetry, it is that over which Pomona is said especially to preside; for though many flowers are still in their beauty, and many plants blossom only at this season, it is peculiarly the month of fruits. The apple trees are bending beneath their load, and the cider press is prepared; "the downy peach, the shining plum, the ruddy fragrant nectarine," adorn the sunny wall; and there, too, in full ripeness, hangs

> "——— dark
> Beneath his ample leaf the luscious fig.
> The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
> Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
> And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky."

Let us go into the fields, and there, in our winding walk, "meditate the book of nature ever open," and in which His

name, the God of all power and glory, is so legibly inscribed, that "he who runs may read." See how the stubble fields are covered with filmy flakes of gossamer, still wet with the dew of morning. At this season showers of gossamer often fall during the night, and sometimes cover a great extent of country. I have seen the fields and hedges for some miles thus lightly carpetted; and instances of extraordinary showers of this delicate cobweb, the production of a small spider, are on record.

One of them is mentioned by White, in a letter to the hon. Daines Barrington. It occurred in September, 1775. Before day-break had commenced, the fields were matted over, but at nine o'clock, the day being warm, bright, and cloudless, a shower of this substance began to fall, and continued to fall without interruption to the close of day; the webs were not single, filmy threads floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes, some nearly an inch broad, and five or six long; and the degree of velocity with which they fell, showed that they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere. This shower was not limited only to the lower grounds, but extended to more elevated situations: on a common, three hundred feet higher than the fields around, the webs filled the air above, and descended in constant succession, twinkling in the sun as they fell; and they hung on the trees and hedges so thickly, that baskets might have been filled with them. To this account, the outlines of which are here only detailed, White adds:—"The remark I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real productions of small spiders which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their bodies, so as to render themselves buoyant and lighter than air; but why these apterous (wingless) insects should take such a wonderful aërial excursion, and why their webs should at once become so gross and material as to be considerably more weighty than the air, and to descend with precipitation, is a matter beyond my skill."

It is, I think, to be explained in the following manner. Suppose a multitude of spiders to rise each on a filmy streamer, as they have been often seen to do, (see Weekly Visitor, 1835, page 349,) and having attained a certain elevation, to continue to shoot out threads in still greater abundance, it would soon happen that the streamers of one would become entangled with those of others so as to form flakes, which a slight electric change in the state of the atmosphere might cause to become saturated with moisture, though no clouds were visible, so as to render them of greater specific gravity than the air, when they would of course fall, the spiders either quitting their parachutes, or descending with them; but even without being saturated with moisture, such flakes as I have seen, and as have been often described, formed either purposely, or by accidental entanglement, would not be buoyant enough to remain floating on a calm day, when no wind occurred to drive them, as feathers, through the air, which they exceed in weight.

Observe that swarm of black ants, all winged; thousands are flying around, and thousands cover the trees and bushes: it is the swarming season with them, when the males and females assume wings, and migrate from their colony, the females to form fresh settlements and deposit their eggs; after which they probably perish, as do the males also, in the course of a short period. Perhaps you are ready to say, Surely ants are not winged insects; but if you examine those which are now found flying in clusters, you will find that they are so.

Ants, as is well known, live like bees, in societies, and every species is divided into males, females, and neuters; the latter, which are in reality imperfect females, never acquire wings, and compose the labouring population. The males and perfect females are wingless only for a certain period, when, like other hymenopterous insects, they acquire four long membranous veined wings, and these being developed, they quit their habitation in swarms. The females now seek out fresh settlements, and having detached their wings, by means of their feet, they then lay their eggs, and thus found a new colony. Some, however, it is said, are retained in the parent colony by the neuters, who hold them prisoners, cut off their wings, and constrain them to deposit their eggs in their old habitation, after which, they are either suffered to depart or driven from the society.

The males may be known from the

females by their much inferior size; by the proportionate smallness of the head, and by the larger size of the eyes. The neuters are distinguished, not only by the absence of wings, but by the size of the head, the strength of the mandibles, the compressed form of the thorax, and the proportionate length of the feet; on these devolves the labour of constructing their habitations, and the rearing of the young.

The nature and form of their habitations, or the ants' nests, differ according to the instincts of the different species; generally they are made in the ground. Some species construct their domicile of grains of earth or sand, and form galleries, leading to an underground encampment: others make a raised city above the surface, using fragments of vegetable and other matters, which they collect for that purpose: and some live in old decayed trees, piercing them with labyrinthine galleries in all directions, which however lead to a central apartment, where the eggs are deposited and the young reared.

One of the labours of the neuters is the acquisition of provisions; and while thus engaged, they appear, as M. Latreille says, to gain information, by their touch and smell, of the success of their respective searches, and to encourage and assist each other. Fruits, insects and their larvæ, and the dead bodies of small animals, as mice or birds, serve them as food. They carry morsels of food in their mandibles to their young, (or larvæ;) transport them, when the weather is fine, to the surface of their habitation, for the sake of warmth and air; re-descend with them as night comes on, or when rain approaches, defend them, and watch over them, and when the nest or habitation is torn up, exert every energy in the attempt to preserve them, and carry them out of danger. When the larvæ assume the nympha state, they still continue to attend them; during this period of transformation, the nymphæ of some species are naked, of others enclosed in a case, which, when the period of the last metamorphosis arrives, they strip off, and set the now perfect ant free from its encumbrance. Among the neuters of some of the species, individuals occur larger than ordinary, but of inconsiderable number; according to M. de Cordaire, these are the defenders of the society, and serve also as leaders or captains in the foraging expeditions of the troop.

It is well known that ants are very fond of a saccharine juice which oozes from the aphides, or plant-lice; and Huber states, that several species of ant make a practice of seizing upon these aphides, and conveying them to their nests, and that they often dispute among themselves the possession of the richly flavoured "*game.*" Some species even construct little galleries of earth, leading from their habitation along the stem of the tree, up to its branches, on which the aphides are clustered.

The following singular trait in the history of two species of ant, called legionary, or amazon ants, (one the *Fourmi roussâtre* of Latreille, the other termed the sanguineous ant, *Formica sanguinea*,) is so curious, that had we not the authority of Huber and other observers for it, it might be well discredited. The colonies of most ants consist of an assemblage of the same species, but in the two species alluded to, this law seems to be strangely set aside, for the neuters of these ants procure by force auxiliaries or slaves, of the same caste as themselves, but of different species, (one the *Formica cunicularia*, the other the *Formica fusca*,) for the purpose of availing themselves of their co-operative labours. When the heat of day begins to decline, and regularly at the same hour, at least for several days, the legionary ants quit their citadel, and advance in a close column consisting of a greater or less number of warriors, according to the extent of the population, and direct their march upon the city they intend to despoil. They besiege it, and enter it, in spite of the opposition of its inhabitants, and seize with their mandibles the larvæ and nymphæ of the neuter caste, belonging to the conquered colony; these they carry off, in the same order, to their own habitation, and commit them to the care of neuter ants of the same species, which in like manner had been originally dragged into slavery from their homes, and who not only take care of the fresh arrivals during their larva state, but also labour in taking care of the offspring of the females of their victors. Such is the economy of these mixed societies of victors and vanquished, according to Huber, whose observations M. Latreille, the coadjutor of Cuvier, affirms that he has verified.

Towards the latter end of autumn, the males and females of the ants of our portion of Europe perish, but the neu-

ters remain during the winter in a torpid state in their habitations, which they have previously secured and consolidated. Against this season they lay up no provisions, as has been imagined, for such would be useless.

How much is there in this slight outline of the history of the ant, to call forth reflection! How wonderfully is the faculty of instinct displayed in the operations and conduct of these insects, which cannot but astonish us: instinct impelling them to actions which in man would be the result of a process of reasoning, and leading us at once to the great source of all wisdom, the God of creation, who has implanted in every animal the innate impulse necessary to such labours and operations as are essential to its well-being, and which often surprise the philosopher. But the ant works blindly; not so man—accountable, rational man; to whose reason God appeals in all his ways, claiming the homage, obedience, and gratitude of an immortal soul.

Pursue we our ramble. Observe—the bee is still abroad, hovering around the flowers which now blossom; and the saffron butterfly (*Papilio hyale*) flits lightly by. Among our wild autumn flowers, that of the great bindweed (*Convolvulus sepium*) is one of the most elegant; its large white blossoms adorn the hedgerows, which are garlanded with its luxuriant festoons, the chaplets of Pomona. This graceful weed is not universally spread throughout our island. In the midland and more northern counties, it is either rare or not to be found.

It is interesting now to notice the habits and manners of the feathered race, and especially of our summer birds of passage. The swallows have now collected into vast hordes, and are rapidly traversing the regions of the air, as if trying their powers of wing preparatory to their final departure; doubtless they are also in the eager pursuit of their insect prey. The old birds, now that the toilsome duties of incubation and of rearing their broods are over, recruit their energies in the interval between their last incubation and the time of their flight from our shores; and the young birds have to train their strength, against the coming crisis. As the evening draws on, the thousands of these swallows now on the wing cluster around barns, churches, and tall trees, on which they settle during the night, huddled together in close array.

Extensive reed beds, however, constitute their favourite resting place during this month, perhaps from the shelter they afford against the chilly breezes of our autumnal nights. When the sun begins to decline, vast flocks may be seen wheeling and sweeping over the reeds, now settling, now rising again simultaneously, and again settling, while they keep up an incessant and noisy twittering, till, at length, they finally rest, and their vociferation gradually subsides.

It is from their partiality to reed beds, at this time of the year, that the old belief in the swallow's submersion beneath the water, in a state of torpidity, appears to have arisen. Many of the earlier naturalists were inclined to think that they thus passed the winter, buried in the oozy mud of fens and marshes, and that their migration was not actual, forgetting that birds of far less power of flight, as woodcocks and quails, were positively known to take long aërial journeys, as indeed it is well ascertained that the swallow does; its destination being Africa. It is proved from swallows kept in confinement in our climate through the winter, that they moult in February: a circumstance of great interest, inasmuch as it is not only a fact utterly at variance with their going into a torpid state, but as showing that they acquire renovated plumage, in their natural state in Africa, and so become prepared to take their flight back to Europe, in the month of January or February, when travelling by easy stages, they would reach our island and the northern portions of the continent, by the early part of April, regulating their progress according to the state of the weather.

The swallow arrives in Greece at the latter part of February, on its return to Europe. According to the Greek Calendar of Flora, by Theophrastus, of Athens, the ornithian wind blows, and the swallow comes between the 28th of February and the 12th of March; the nightingale between the 11th and 26th of March; and the cuckoo at the time the young figs appear on the trees; so that the most southern portions of Europe are occupied by their winged sojourners, long before the northern parts have received their influx.

We may now look in vain for the swift; it has already taken its migratory course southwards: it leaves us about the middle or latter part of August. Starlings now congregate in numerous flocks, and often

accompany rooks in their search over fallow or new ploughed lands for food. This circumstance was noticed by White, who expresses his wonder at it, and considers that the starlings attend upon their sable brethren for the sake of their own interest, availing themselves of the superior sense of smell which the rook enjoys, and which enables it to detect the spots where larvæ most abound; this is, perhaps, rather fanciful. It appears that the starling has a natural partiality, not only for the companionship of its own species, but for the society of other birds: flocks of starlings are often seen mingled with lapwings, which at this season leave the moors and boggy grounds for fallow lands and cultivated fields, where food is easily obtained. Like the swallow, the starling is partial to reed beds, as roosting places for the night; and it is interesting to watch a phalanx of these birds, wheeling, sinking, and rising over the reeds, and performing a multitude of aërial evolutions, all acting in unison, as if guided by some signal from a leader, till at length they settle to rest.

Wheatears now begin to congregate, and pass towards the south-eastern coast, covering the downs of Kent and Sussex, previously to their departure. The stone curlew, (*œdicnemus,*) which scatters itself in pairs during the summer over high pasture grounds and extensive upland commons, now also collects into flocks, which make their way to the coast in readiness to migrate. The ringouzel, (*Merula torquata,*) by no means a common bird in our island, now leaves the mountain districts of England and Scotland, and associating in small companies, journeys to the south, preparatory to its flight to a warmer climate. They are now to be observed in Sussex, and occasionally in considerable numbers, frequenting the shrubs and bushes which are scattered over the downs, and which afford them shelter.

We are now approaching to the sea shore. Mark that fleet of small vessels in the distance: how animated the scene! how beautiful a picture they present, crowded on the placid surface of the water, blue as the sky above! They are out with men engaged in dredging for oysters, which are taken at this season from the beds they form, and sent in great quantities to the markets. These oyster beds are often artificial, or rather produced by oysters being purposely deposited in convenient situations, where they breed, and keep up a due supply. It is common to call oysters "fish," but this term, though it may be tolerated in ordinary discourse, is very erroneously applied, and like all terms so used, liable to produce mistakes. Hence I have heard many assert the oyster to be a fish, as truly as the salmon or sole: the oyster, however, is a molluscous animal, belonging to the acephalous (or headless) testaceous section of Cuvier, or the conchiferous (shell-bearing) section of Lamarck.

To the same section belong the mussel, the cockle, the scallop, and thousands more. As is well known, these animals are housed in a firm, hard, calcareous shell, consisting of two parts, or valves, secreted by what is termed a mantle, and which in some species, undergoes, at certain seasons, a temporary development, so as to enable it to produce spines, ridges, or raised ornamental lines on the shell, a row of such being added at given intervals. If we separate the shells of an oyster, not in the usual way, but as if the animal naturally opened them, (which may be done when the animal within is just dead,) we perceive that each shell is lined with a delicate membrane, or first investment of the body of the oyster, having its margin free, except at the part of the shell occupied by the elastic hinge. These membranes form the mantle, and their edges are thickened. Between them are the branchiæ, or aquatic respiratory organs; consisting of two upper and two lower leaves, composed of fine radiatory fibres; these leaves are free, except at their base, where they are attached to the body of the animal, as the axis which they encompass. The body of the mollusk surrounds a thick muscular column, passing from shell to shell, by the action of which they are closed. The mouth, a simple orifice, with two pairs of lips, is seated between the two innermost leaves of the branchiæ, and appears to open at once, from the shortness of the gullets, into the digestive cavity, which is imbedded in the substance of the liver, and receives the secretion of this organ, through several tubular orifices. The liver is of large size, of a dark colour, and consists of an aggregation of small glands connected into a mass by a cellular tissue. The intestinal tube is short, and makes a double convolution, one loop encircling the stomach. The heart is situated between the muscular pillar,

and the other intestinal fold, and may be distinguished by its dark purple colour: it consists of two chambers, namely, an auricle and a ventricle: the former is a thin muscular sac, communicating, by means of two short canals, with the ventricle, which is more firm. The auricle receives the circulating fluid from the branchiæ, where it has undergone the necessary aëration, and then transmits it through the two canals into the ventricle, whence it is sent to circulate through every part of the animal system. In some bivalve mollusks the heart is more complex, and is divided into two auricles and a ventricle, or even into two auricles and two ventricles; a distinct heart being appropriated to each pair of branchiæ. The branchiæ are highly vascular, consisting of minute tubes having a parallel course, countless in number, and united by most delicate cellular tissue; and it is on its course, through these tubes, which alternately merge into larger vessels at the base of the branchiæ, that the circulating fluid becomes subjected to the oxygen of the water.

But the branchiæ have another and not less important office. Deprived, as the oyster is, (and other bivalve mollusks are also,) of the power of pursuing or seizing its prey—imprisoned as it were in its own shells—incapable of making any active bodily efforts, the question naturally suggests itself, How does the oyster live? The mouth, as already observed, is placed between the two innermost leaves of the branchiæ, and it is to these organs that it owes its reception of food. Now, on examining the branchiæ with a powerful microscope, it is found, that every filament of their fringe is covered with countless minute vibratory cilia, or threadlets, in constant action, incessantly vibrating, and so causing a strong current in the water washing their surface, and which is directed straightway to the mouth, carrying with it animalcules and different nutritious particles. The lips appear to be endowed with some singular power of discrimination, as they close against pernicious or unfit materials, receiving such only as are suitable for food. So energetic is the movement of the cilia over the surface of the branchiæ, that, it is said, if a portion of one of these branchiæ be cut off, it will continue to work itself along on the water by their rapid movements, till their vital energy departs.

The oyster has no locomotive powers; it remains cemented to the rock, or to its fellows forming the bed, by a calcareous exudation on the outer surface of its shell; there it ever continues, fixed and unmovable, (as far as itself is concerned in locomotion,) and grows and lives the allotted term of existence. But other bivalves are not so chained down; they can propel themselves along the bottom of the sea, or burrow in the sand with considerable facility, as in the instance of the cockle, and the razor-shell, (*solen.*) These animals are provided with a *foot*, as it is commonly called, in shape resembling the tongue of an ox, and firm and muscular; it grows from the anterior part of the body, and is capable of being protruded, and brought into vigorous action. In the cockle, this organ is large, and enables the animal to move along by a succession of leaps, or sudden impulses; in the razor-shell, it is a burrowing organ, by means of which this mollusk can bore in the sand, to the depth of two or three feet or more, with singular rapidity; but in the sea mussel, the foot, which is small, is used only as a finger for fixing the gummy threads of the beard, or byssus, as they are secreted, to any fixed substance; adding thread after thread, until the animal swings by a secure cable. The filaments composing the byssus are secreted at the base of the foot, in the form of glutinous filaments, which soon harden, and acquire considerable strength. In the pinna these threads are very fine, long, and numerous; and are sometimes spun and manufactured into gloves, and other articles, preserved as curiosities in the cabinets of naturalists, or in public museums.

Much respecting the economy of the bivalve mollusks remains to be cleared up. They live and fulfil their allotted task where the eye of the naturalist cannot pursue them; but to Him who formed them, their ways are all open; they are the work of His hands, who, in the beginning said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life;" and in their structure and habits they proclaim the power of their Creator. But if thus mysteriously glorious in the creation of the myriads of beings which tenant earth, and air, and water, what tongue can tell how glorious is the God of all grace in the revelation which he has given of himself to man, who, but for that bright light, would, in despite of reason, be left in darkness amidst the wonders of nature around him! M.

THE WATERS DIVIDED.

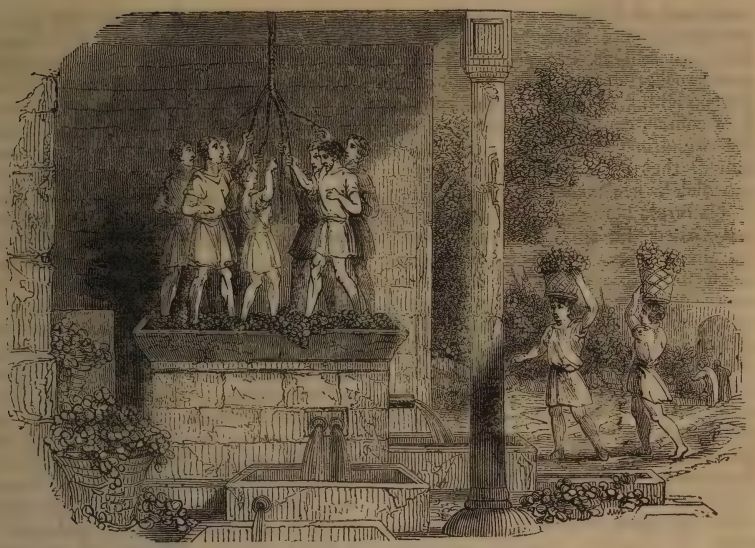
An eminent meteorologist, Mr. Daniell, having proved the necessary existence of the turbid state of the aqueous atmosphere, previous to the creation of the firmament, makes the following acute and judicious remarks:—

These complicated and beautiful contrivances, by which the waters are collected "above the firmament," and are at the same time "divided from the waters which are below the firmament," are inferior to none of those adaptations of Infinite Wisdom, which are perpetually striking the inquiring mind; in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Had it not been for this nice adjustment of conflicting elements, the clouds and concrete vapours of the sky would have reached from the surface of the earth to the remotest heavens; and the vivifying rays of the sun would never have been able to penetrate through the dense mists of perpetual precipitation.

Nor can I here refrain from pointing out a confirmation, which incidentally arises, of the Mosaic account of the creation of that atmosphere whose wonders we have been endeavouring to unravel. The question has been asked, How is it that light is said to have been created on the first day, and day and night to have succeeded each other, when the sun has been described as not having been produced till the fourth day? The sceptic presumptuously replies, This is a palpable contradiction, and the history which propounds it must be false. But Moses records that God created on the first day, the earth covered with water, and did not till its second revolution upon its axis, call the firmament into existence. Now, one result of the previous inquiry has been, that a sphere unequally heated and covered with water, must be enveloped in an atmosphere of steam, which would necessarily be turbid in its whole depth with precipitating moisture. The exposure of such a sphere to the orb of day would produce illumination upon it; that dispersed and equal light, which now penetrates in a cloudy day, and which indeed is "good:" but the glorious source of light could not have been visible from its surface. On the second day, the permanently elastic firmament was produced; and we have seen that the natural consequences of this mixture of gaseous matter with vapour must have been, that the waters would begin to collect above the firmament, and divide themselves from the waters which were below the firmament. The clouds would thus be confined to definite planes of precipitation, and exposed to the influence of the winds, and still invisible sun. The gathering together of the waters on the third day, and the appearance of dry land, would present a greater heating surface, and a less surface of evaporation, and the atmosphere during this revolution would let fall its excess of condensed moisture; and upon the fourth day it would appear probable, even to our short-sighted philosophy, that the sun would be enabled to dissipate the still-remaining mists, and burst forth with splendour upon the vegetable surface. So far, therefore, is it from being impossible that light should have appeared upon the earth before the appearance of the sun, that the present imperfect state of our knowledge will enable us to affirm, that, if the recorded order of creation be correct, the events must have exhibited themselves in the succession which is described. The argument, therefore, recoils with double force in favour of the inspiration of an account of natural phenomena, which, in all probability, no human mind, in the state of knowledge at the time it was delivered, could have suggested; but which is found to be consistent with facts that a more advanced state of science and experience have brought to light. If, however, it were reasonable to expect that the ways of God should, in all cases, be justified to the knowledge, or rather the ignorance, of man, the boldest philosopher might well pause, before he applied the imperfect test of a progressive philosophy to the determination of the momentous questions involved in these considerations.

DECAY.

The crazy habitation of the body will decay. You may repair the broken tiles and damaged roof; you may rub up the dim window-lights, and oil the rusty hinges of the doors; you may patch up and plaster over the shattered walls, and paint the outside of the tenement, till the passer-by wonders at its fresh appearance; but, for all this, the old house must come down at last. G.



Ancient Wine Press.

THE WINE PRESS.

In Syria, the vintage begins about the middle of September, and continues for about two months. It is earlier in Palestine, where the grapes are sometimes ripe even in June or July; this arises probably from a triple pruning, in which case there is also a third vintage. The first is in August, the second in September, and the third in October.

Joyous, indeed, was the season when the grapes were plucked off, and carried to the wine press, which was built in the vineyard, whose site was carefully chosen In fields of a loose, crumbling soil, on a rich plain, a sloping hill rising with a gentle ascent, or, where the acclivity was very steep, in terraces turned as much as possible from the setting sun. The wine presses were either built of stone, or hewn out of a large rock. The grapes were thrown into the upper part, to be trodden by men, and the juice flowed out into receptacles beneath, as appears from the engraving. The treading of the wine press was laborious, but it was performed with singing, and sometimes accompanied with musical instruments.

Oil of olives was expressed in the same way, before the invention of mills. The existence of this practice in Palestine is evident, from the language of Moses: "Let Asher dip his foot in oil;" and from the threatening, "Thou shalt sow, but thou shalt not reap; thou shalt tread the olives, but thou shalt not anoint thee with oil; and sweet wine, but shalt not drink wine," Micah vi. 15.

To the custom of treading grapes and olives, reference is frequently made by the inspired writers. Thus the glorious conqueror, who appeared in vision to Isaiah, said, "I have trodden the wine press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment," Isaiah lxiii. 3. As the clothes of the treaders were sprinkled with the juice of the grapes, so were the garments of the Redeemer with the blood of his enemies, who were as easily and completely crushed by his almighty power, as are the full ripe clusters of the vine, beneath the feet of men. The same figure is employed in the book of Revelation, xiv. 18—20, to express the fearful destruction which awaits the adversaries of God and of man. Happy, unspeakably happy are they, in every age, who are numbered among the friends of Christ!

IGNORANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

With regard to the origin of man, and the different species of animals, all that the wisest of the wise could say on the subject was, that the animate creation

came out of a great cave in the north country, where their footsteps, said they, are still to be seen in the hardened rock. Once I heard a man of influence telling his story on the subject; I, of course, could not say that I believed the wondrous tale, but very mildly hinted, that he might be misinformed; on which he became indignant, and swore by his forefathers and his king, that he had visited the spot, and paid a tax to see the wonder, and that consequently his testimony was indubitable. I very soon cooled his rage by telling him, that as I should likely one day visit those regions, I should certainly think myself very fortunate, if I could get him as a guide to that wonderful source of animated nature. Smiling, he said, "Ha, and I shall show you the footsteps of the very first man." This is the sum total of the knowledge which the Bechuanas possessed of the past, prior to the period when they were visited by your missionaries.

Let us now look at their measure of knowledge with regard to futurity. It is generally believed, that all the nations of the globe have some indistinct notions respecting a future state. Not so with the Bechuana tribes inhabiting the interior of Southern Africa; for among them there did not exist one single idea on the subject of immortality. That man possessed a never-dying soul, and that man should rise again, and live for ever, was to the Bechuanas preposterous in the extreme; and I assure you, that had the missionaries not shown, by the tenor of their lives, that they were men as sincere as they were cautious in whatever they said or did, they would have been viewed as madmen, worthy only of being cast into a chasm, and covered up with stones; the ordinary punishment of the madman!

A native of respectability, and of quick and superior understanding, who had a very high esteem for me, after hearing me frequently endeavouring to impress the doctrine of immortality on the minds of his villagers, among whom I was sojourning, turning to me, and with great seriousness, said, "Friend, I fear greatly that the people will think you are mad, if you continue to teach that there is another world, and that the dead shall arise; the thing was never heard of before, and you must know that the thing is impossible. The people consider that you are wise and good, but what will they think when they hear you talking about dead men living again?" To this allow me to add another of the many facts that I might give, which will illustrate their universal ignorance and darkness on a subject to which most nations give credence. I visited a chief some hundred miles beyond our missionary station at Lattakoo. This chief was illustrious for war and conquest, and had become the terror of the interior. The visit at the time was considered a hazardous one; but the veteran chief received me with great respect, and treated me with much kindness. In one of my interviews with this man of war and blood, while seated amidst fifty or sixty of his nobles and counsellors, including rain-makers, and others of the same order, in the course of my remarks the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about the dead? the dead arise!" "Yes," was my reply; "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," I answered; "your father will arise." "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes." "And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive?" "Yes; and come to judgment." "And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?" he asked, with a kind of triumph, as if he had fairly fixed me. "Yes," I replied; "not one shall be left behind." Turning to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice, "Hark! ye wise men, whoever is wise among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?" And addressing himself to one, whose countenance and attire showed that he had seen many years, and was something more than common, "Have you ever heard such strange news as these?" "No," was the sage's answer: "I had supposed that I possessed all the knowledge of the country, for I have heard the tales of many generations. I am in the place of the ancients, but my knowledge is confounded with the words of his mouth; verily, he must have lived long before the period when we were born." The chief then turning, and addressing himself to me, "Father," he said, laying his hand on my breast, "I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as

milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like the honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again! The dead cannot arise! The dead shall not arise!" "Why," I inquired, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not add to words, and speak of a resurrection!" Raising his arm, which had been strong in battle, and quivering his hand as if grasping a spear, he replied, "I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?" Never before did the light of Divine revelation dawn upon his savage mind, and, of course, his conscience had never accused him, no not for one of the thousands of deeds of rapine and murder which had marked his course through a long career. Men and brethren, is not this truly walking in darkness, and dwelling in the land of the shadow of death?

Probably, by this time, there may be some present, who are ready to say that the natives in the interior of Southern Africa are nations of socialists. Yes, indeed they are; for if ignorance of the adorable Jehovah, and of man's redemption, and of endless bliss and endless woe, constitute the leading features of socialism, they are truly socialists of the first order! The socialists of this country are only sinking into those murky and doleful regions where such nations have already sunk; and if the modern disciples of that self-degrading, self-destroying system, would only send over a deputation, they might pick up some hints to enable them to accelerate their downward progress. Ah! they would receive an abundance of awful warnings sufficient to deter the boldest blasphemer among them from taking another step towards that dreadful vortex of infidelity. No language can depict their real state and character like the words of inspiration, Rom. iii. 10—18.—*Rev. Robert Moffat.*

"IT SERVES HIM RIGHT."

My cousin Frank once met with a severe accident, which confined him for several weeks to the bed or the sofa. It happened, as we were returning from a spot on the outskirts of the estate, where Frank had been designing the plan of a cottage for one of the labourers, to be built on a slip of land given him by my uncle. George Collins and his wife had been long in my uncle's service, and were very much esteemed in the family. Hence my uncle was quite willing for Frank to carry out his good-natured proposal of drawing a plan, and marking out the ground. Frank was a universal favourite; for he loved to do any body a good turn. Even his recreations had some useful or benevolent object. He sought and found his pleasures in promoting the happiness and comfort of others. It was one of the great advantages of my childhood and youth to be admitted as a sharer in his schemes and pursuits. The evening before we were going to Wood's-end, on the above-mentioned business, Arthur invited Frank to accompany him for a day's shooting with some friends of his, who lived a few miles from my uncle's. Frank declined the invitation; partly on account of his prior engagement, and partly, I believe, because he knew my uncle had not a very exalted opinion of some of the party with whom Arthur was going. This somewhat offended Arthur. He ridiculed Frank for making such a fuss, as he called it, about keeping an engagement with a poor man. For his part, he thought that Frank degraded himself by having any thing to do with such people at any time; and at all events, if he chose to exercise his benevolence, and play the amateur architect, he might surely take his own time; the man could as well wait upon him another day. Frank replied, that the man had obtained a holiday on purpose to meet him, and might not be able to get another day. Besides, he wanted to set about his building directly, to get it covered in before winter. He would not, on any account, disappoint him: indeed, he considered an engagement voluntarily entered into, to confer a kindness on an inferior in rank and station, yet more binding than an engagement to meet a company of equals for one's own gratification. Sentiments like these, Arthur could not at all enter into. He went off in a huff, wishing Frank much joy of his plebeian acquaintance, and charging him, by all means, to be punctual in keeping his appointments. Why Arthur should speak with so much contempt of an intelligent, respectable, and exemplary cottager, I could not well understand; especially as he never seemed to think himself degraded by talking familiarly with captain Tankerville's groom, who was by no means the most respectable of his order.

Arthur started at break of day; and I believe was scarcely thought of again until he made his appearance in the evening. I have often noticed of Arthur Longley, and other people of his stamp, that though, while present, they make a great bustle, and seem to draw general attention, in absence they are soon forgotten. Nobody seems to think of them as being wanted to complete the pleasure of a cheerful happy circle; still less does any one sigh for their presence and assistance to help them out of any trouble that may occur. It was very different with Frank. When absent, he was sure to be missed. He was so notionable, and active, and good humoured, that his presence was always welcome, and his absence considered a drawback on the enjoyment of the pleasantest party. Scarcely a day passed without its being said by his friends, in their little perplexities and troubles, "Let us ask Frank;" or, "If Frank were here, he would help us." Frank was not one who sought applause; but by rendering himself amiable and serviceable, as a natural consequence he was beloved. Even the servants of the family seemed to look upon it as a pleasure to do any thing for Frank; but a hardship to do any thing for Arthur. I hope these opposite examples, set before my eyes in early childhood, were not altogether in vain.

But I was going to tell about our visit to the acre at Wood's-end, where George Collins was to erect his cottage, and in returning from which Frank met with his accident. We started soon after breakfast, furnished with camp stools, drawing implements, and a huge basket of sandwiches and tarts, which we then thought quite superfluous, but which the kind-hearted and forecasting Mrs. Rogers insisted on our taking, and which, after the lapse of four or five hours, proved very acceptable. We were busy and happy till the dusk of evening came on, and then Mrs. Collins entreated us to allow her husband and son to see us home; at least to see us safe through the wood, where, according to tradition, robberies had been committed; though nothing of the kind had occurred for the last twenty years. To make the good woman easy, we accepted the proffered service, and set forward, preceded by the boy with a stable lantern, and followed by the father with our baggage. I do suspect that the stories we had been hearing had some effect on our imaginations and our nerves. We were not without emotions of terror in passing through the wood; and, in truth, danger awaited us, though not the kind of danger we had been led to apprehend. Poor Frank stumbled over the roots of a tree which protruded above the level of the path, and threw himself forward down a hollow place with such violence, as completely stunned him. Real troubles effectually dispel imaginary terrors; and despite the dread of robbers, from which I was not before altogether free, I ran through the wood alone, nor once stopped till I reached my uncle's house, to call assistance for my suffering cousin. A carriage was immediately sent to convey him home, and a man on horseback to the town to fetch a surgeon. During the short interval that elapsed between my leaving the wood and returning, Frank had recovered from his swoon, and been carried by George Collins and his son to the roadside. They assisted in placing him in the carriage, and then, with countenances expressive of deep concern and sorrow, took their leave. An hour afterwards they were at the hall gates, watching for the departure of the surgeon; for they could not go to bed in peace without knowing what the doctor said of the good young gentleman, who had met this accident in consequence of his kind exertions to serve them. My heart warmed at this mark of grateful solicitude in the poor family, and I was glad to impart to them a share of the satisfaction and joy with which I had heard the opinion of the surgeon, that although my cousin had sustained a very severe sprain, and a violent contusion, there was every reason to hope no permanent ill consequences would ensue; but that, with proper attention, he would soon be restored to ease and activity. Just after this, Arthur returned from his day's pleasure, and hearing what had happened, instead of sympathizing in the general concern of the family, illnaturedly exclaimed, "Well, it serves him just right; if he had been with me grouse shooting, it would not have happened." At that moment, Mrs. Rogers came, and asked me whether I had taken care of Mr. Frank's valuable diamond shirt pin, for it was not to be found among his clothes. I had seen nothing of the pin; but knowing that Frank prized it very highly, not only on account of its intrinsic worth, which was considerable, but as a family relic, given

him as a keepsake by his grandmother, I begged my uncle's permission immediately to return to the spot where the accident occurred, and look for it. My uncle's own man accompanied me; but after a careful search, we returned without success. I said, I would go early in the morning, and request the Collins's to assist me in looking for it by daylight. At this Arthur set up a loud laugh, and said, "A likely matter, indeed, that *they* should help you to find it! 'Set the cat to watch the kern;' more chance by half of finding it, if you were to get a search warrant for their house. Well, I say again, Frank is just rightly served; he had no business to go among these low people." Unobserved by Arthur, my uncle had entered the room in time to hear his unworthy remark. "And pray," he appealed to Arthur, "why is Frank rightly served? Had his accident any connexion with misconduct?" "Not exactly misconduct, sir; but if he had gone with me, as I wished, it would not have happened." "I have heard, Arthur, of accidents happening with horses and guns; and happening to youths who have gone after their pleasures, in opposition to the wishes of their parents; yet even in such a case as that, I should think it rather unkind and ungenerous to upbraid the sufferer, and say, He was rightly served. Still more improper is the remark as applied to one who met his accident in the exercise of conduct the most innocent and praiseworthy." Arthur looked confused, and stammered out something about not intending to upbraid Frank with his accident, but that he thought it served him right to lose his diamond pin.

"Wrong again, Arthur," said my uncle; "if you mean to insinuate that it was taken from him by the persons whom he had been serving, it would have been a most ungrateful return for his kindness. It certainly would not have served him right."

"I only meant, it was what he might expect for keeping company with low people."

"I have as great an objection, Arthur, as you can possibly have, to what is properly called low society; and I have full confidence in Frank, that he will never be found making choice of such: nor am I disposed to level the distinctions of rank in society, and recommend the formation of intimate friendships with persons in a class of society widely different from our own. The existing differences in habits, tastes, and degrees of cultivation, would, in general, render these connexions both undesirable and unprofitable. We are not, however, to suppose, that persons, whose lot is cast in humble life, are necessarily incapable of just and generous sentiments and actions; or, that it is impossible to associate with them to mutual advantage. I have no doubt that Frank has gained good, as well as done good, by his benevolent engagement of this day; and as to the loss of his pin, which was so very likely to occur in accidental connexion with his fall, it would be most unjust and cruel to attach any suspicion to persons who have uniformly maintained an unimpeachable character for integrity, simply because they happened to be present on the occasion."

My own observations fully concurred with my uncle's remarks; for looking back through the day, I could not recollect a single expression or action, on the part of Collins or his family, but what was indicative of good sense and good principles. I was glad that my uncle took their part against Arthur's unjust insinuations, and hoped he would utter no more such foolish remarks. However, it seems he did thoughtlessly speak in the same manner elsewhere; and the suspicions thus awakened, reached the ears of a neighbouring gentleman, who was about to engage Collins's eldest boy into his service, and so deprived the poor lad of a good situation. Though all search was fruitless at the time, more than a year afterwards the pin was found in a deep cart rut, not far from the spot where Frank had fallen. My uncle then asked Arthur whether he thought the poor family had been "rightly served" in having their bread taken away through unjust suspicions? and whether it would be any more than serving them rightly, if the person who had raised this suspicion against them, should endeavour to make them some recompence for the injury they had so unjustly sustained? Arthur seemed ashamed of himself, and was vexed whenever the circumstance or the party were referred to; but I never heard that he employed any direct effort to make amends for his mischief.

"I knew how it would be; it serves her just right; she could not expect any otherwise," were among the remarks made, when Mrs. Buck, a widow lady in the neighbourhood, lost all her property by the failure of her only son.

"How could she think of setting him up in a business that required more capital than she could command?" said one of the busybody tribe. "The young man was not old enough, or prudent enough, to take care of so much property. She ought to have known that before she trusted him with it," said another. All agreed that the result might have been foreseen, and therefore that the mother had nobody to blame but herself. "But," said my uncle, "which of you forewarned her? If you foresaw, and did not forewarn, instead of casting reproaches on your neighbour, and taking credit to yourselves for superior sagacity, you ought to feel yourselves responsible for much of the mischief that has ensued." This sort of after wit, which is often employed to upbraid the fallen, is almost always nothing more than the result of vanity and malignity—a spirit that even looks with complacency on the calamities of others, if they do but give occasion to exalt our own sagacity which did foresee, or, far more likely, could have foreseen the result.

"Heaven grant they may be the better for it this day six months!" said one, with the secret purpose of exalting himself by this ambiguous aspiration, whatever the result might be. If the enterprise should succeed, he could assume the credit of having forwarded it by his devout good wishes. If it should fail, he would refer back to it as a sagacious, but gloomy prognostication, which subsequent events had verified. Such is human nature, eager for an opportunity of exalting itself, even though it should be on the ruins of all beside!

My uncle observed, that such expressions as, "It serves him right," "I knew how it would be," and others of a similar class, were almost always both unjust and malevolent. Unjust, as they often go upon a falsely assumed connexion of cause and consequence, where no real connexion exists. A plan may have been arranged and executed, with all the wisdom and prudence of which the human intellect is capable; but it may have been frustrated by circumstances which no human penetration could foresee, and over which human power had no control; and yet, even in such a case, the unfortunate projector will most likely have to endure, in addition to his own disappointment, the censures and sneers of others, who, now the whole matter is before them, can see that if such a thing had been done, or left undone, the affair would have issued more advantageously.

Some persons are continually afflicting themselves with self-reproaches, not for actions ill done, or ill intended, but for results which they could not control. "I shall never forgive myself for doing, or for not doing, this or that." "If such a physician had been called in, or such a mode of treatment pursued, my friend might have recovered." "If my property had been placed in the —— bank, instead of ——, it might have been preserved." Whether in reference to our own conduct, or that of others, it is unjust and foolish to measure actions by the success or failure that may ensue. Negligence and imprudence are, in themselves, wrong, whether or not disastrous results are manifestly connected with them; and if we diligently and faithfully use the best means in our power, and exercise our best judgment on what we do know, we are not answerable for unknown contingencies that may result; nor ought we to blame ourselves or to reproach others. In the greater and the lesser affairs of life, that is a sound maxim, "Duties are ours, events are God's." Man's responsibility rests with the action, not with the result, except as it is a natural consequence.

My uncle further observed, that the reproaches of rash conjecture and unfounded prejudice, were never altogether unaccompanied by a degree of malevolence. "He is rightly served," "It is his own fault," and other similar expressions, are not uttered without a feeling of gratification in the result, but one step from the readiness to lend a hand towards the accomplishment of the doom. They are the germ of a malignant spirit that, ere long, may break out into acts of resentment. It is easy so to blame those who think and act differently from ourselves, as imperceptibly to indulge a kind of personal enmity against them, and a secret triumph in the mischiefs that befall them. Oh, what need have we of holy watchfulness and care, lest these roots of bitterness should spring up to trouble and defile! It was when warning us against the first indulgence of these improper feelings, that would manifest itself in rash and unkind expressions, my uncle related to us an instance of the awful extent to which these resentful feelings might be carried. He was well acquainted with the facts, and from the

previous character of the parties, he believed that the dreadful consummation might be traced back to the cherishing of an angry feeling; perhaps, at first, not more powerful than that expressed in the common phrases, "It serves him right," "It is his own fault."

A young man of good character and expectations, paid his addresses to the daughter of a wealthy merchant. For some time the father encouraged the connexion, but afterwards violently opposed it. The young people, however, were married, and the father declared his determination to be revenged on the young man. In order to avoid his vengeance, they went to India, and settled there. After some time, the father traced and followed them thither. There he learned that his son-in-law had fallen into embarrassments. In order to get him into his power, he made an arrangement with the creditors, by which he purchased the debts, and immediately threw the young man into prison. His wife accompanied him there, and remained with him a considerable time. At length she fell ill, and as her life was in danger, her husband besought the father to have pity on them; but he was inexorable, and the young lady died in prison. The father then returned to England, leaving the young man in prison.

Not long afterwards the young man came into the possession of very considerable property; in consequence of which he also returned to England. In course of time, it happened that, unknown to each other, he and his father-in-law were together at H——, then a fashionable watering place; the latter accompanied by his only son. The son was bathing in the sea, and got out of his depth. The father saw his struggles; but he could not swim, and was unable to assist him. In an agony he rushed to the first person he saw on the beach, and implored him to make some effort to save his child. It was the son-in-law, who was an excellent swimmer, and, in all probability, could have saved the lad. What an opportunity for the exercise, not only of common humanity, but of Christian duty, enjoined in the precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," Rom. xii. 20, 21. But, alas! evil was suffered to prevail. The young man, with horrible determination, replied, "No; you suffered my wife to die in prison, and I will not rescue your son." Perhaps there are few instances of deliberate and determined resentment, carried out to such a dreadful extent; but it strikingly illustrates the danger of, even in a small degree, giving place to the devil, Eph. iv. 27. "Never," said my uncle, "permit yourselves to say, even in a trifling matter, or in a jesting manner, 'I will be a match for him,' or, 'I will be even with him;' for you know not how great a fire a little matter may kindle."

"'It serves him right.' Ah," said my uncle, "however thoughtlessly or unjustly the expression may be uttered, it is an acknowledgment of retributive justice. There is a monitor within that teaches us to expect that we shall be dealt with according to our actions. This is a general, and ought to be an influential truth. We frequently see instances in which rewards or punishments as naturally grow out of good or ill conduct, as the tree produces fruit; and we sometimes see results, connected by such a remarkable coincidence of circumstances, as clearly marks the interference of a superintending Power. In reference to an occurrence of this kind, the poet Cowper has justly observed—

> 'Tis not for us, with rash surmise,
> To point the judgments of the skies;
> But judgments plain as this,
> Which, sent for man's instruction, bring
> A written label on their wing,
> 'Tis hard to read amiss.'

"It is, however, a great mistake to look for this, upon a large scale, in the present world. 'There is one event to the righteous and to the wicked,' Eccles. ix. 1, 2. By straining the application of the sentiment, that God deals with men according to their works, the mistaken friends of Job persecuted him as a flagrant hypocrite, who was, in reality, an afflicted saint; and by expecting that good will be uniformly rewarded, and evil uniformly punished in this life, it is too easy to lose sight of the future world, of which the occasional instances of retributive justice we behold in this, seem especially designed to remind us, where, in every instance, and with infallible exactness, we shall 'return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not,' Mal. iii. 18.

"'It serves him right;' 'It is just what he deserves;'—but let those who

rashly say these things in reference to others, consider what would be involved in the application of the phrases to themselves. Which of us could bear the thought of being 'rightly served?' of having 'just what we deserve?' Should this be carried into strict effect, what good could we retain? what evil could we escape? If we know ourselves aright, instead of harshly censuring others, we shall be disposed to say, in deep humility, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified,'" Psalm cxliii. 2. C.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. V.

I. Moses then being dead, Joshua takes the command of the armies of Israel, marches them over Jordan, to the possession of the land of Canaan. It was a day and a deed much to be remembered. "It came to pass, when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people; and as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water, (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest), that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho. And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan," Joshua iii. 14—17.

Such is the language of the book of Joshua. Now, in the midst of this miraculous narrative, an incident is mentioned, though very casually, which dates the season of the year when this passage of the Jordan was effected. The feet of the priests, it seems, were dipped in the brim of the water; and this is explained by the season being that of the periodical inundation of Jordan, that river overflowing his banks all the time of harvest. The barley harvest is here meant, or the former harvest, as it is elsewhere called, in contradistinction to the wheat, or latter harvest; for in the fourth chapter (ver. 19) we read, "The people came up out of Jordan on the tenth day of the first month;" that is, four days before the passover, which fell in with the barley harvest; the wheat harvest not being fully completed till pentecost, or fifty days later in the year, when the wave-loaves of the first fruits of the wheat were offered up. The Israelites passed the Jordan, then, it appears, at the time of barley harvest. But we are told, in Exodus, that at the plague of hail, which was but a day or two before the passover, "the flax and the barley was smitten: for the barley was in the ear and the flax was bolled. But the wheat and the rye were not smitten: for they were not grown up," Exod. ix. 31, 32. It should seem, therefore, that the flax and the barley were crops which ripened about the same time in Egypt; and as the climate of Canaan did not differ materially from that of Egypt, this, no doubt, was the case in Canaan too; there, also, these two crops would come in at the same time. The Israelites, therefore, who crossed the Jordan, as we have seen in one passage, at the harvest, and that harvest, as we have seen in another passage, the barley harvest, must, if so, have crossed it at the flax harvest.

Now, in a former chapter, we are informed, that three days before Joshua ventured upon the invasion, he sent two men, spies, to view the land, even Jericho, chap. i. 2; ii. 1, 22; iii. 2. It was a service of peril: they were received by Rahab, a woman of that city, and lodged in her house: but the entrance of these strangers at nightfall was observed: it was a moment, no doubt, of great suspicion and alarm: an enemy's army encamped on the borders. The thing was reported to the king of Jericho, and search was made for the men. Rahab, however, fearing God—for by faith she felt that the miracles wrought by him in favour of Israel, were proofs that for Israel he fought—by faith, which, living as she did in the midst of idolaters, might well be counted to her for righteousness, and the like to which, in a somewhat similar case, was declared by our Lord, enough to lead those who professed it into the kingdom of God, even before the chief priests and elders themselves, Heb. xi. 31; Matt. xxi. 31—she, I say, having this faith in God, and true to those laws of hospitality which are the glory of the eastern nations, and more especially of the females of the

East, even to this day, at much present risk, protected her guests from their pursuers. But how? "She brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax," chap. ii. 6—the stalks of flax, no doubt just cut down, which she had spread upon the roof of her house to steep and to season.

Here I see truth. Yet how very minute is this incident! how very casually does it present itself to our notice! how very unimportant a matter it seems, in the first instance, under what the spies were hidden! enough that, whatever it was, it answered the purpose, and saved their lives. Could the historian have contemplated for one moment, the effect which a trifle about a flax-stalk might have in corroboration of his account of the passage of the Jordan? Is it possible for the most jealous examiner of human testimony to imagine, that these flax-stalks were fixed upon above all things in the world for the covering of the spies, because they were known to be ripe with the barley, and the barley was known to be ripe at the passover, and the passover was known to be the season when the Israelites set foot in Canaan? Or rather, would he not fairly and candidly confess, that in one particular, at least, of this adventure, (the only one which we have an opportunity of checking,) a religious attention to truth is manifested; and that when it is said, "The feet of the priests were dipped in the brim of the water," and when a reason is assigned for this gradual approach to the bed of a river, of which the banks were in general steep and precipitous, we are put in possession of one unquestionable fact—at least, one particular upon which we may safely repose, whatever may be said of the remainder of the narrative; and that assuredly truth leads us by the hand to the very edge of the miracle, if not through the miracle itself?

II. The Israelites, having made this successful inroad into the land of Canaan, divided it amongst the tribes. But the Canaanites, though panic-struck at their first approach, soon began to take heart, and the covetous policy of Israel (a policy which dictated attention to present pecuniary profits, no matter at what eventual cost to the great moral interests of the commonwealth) had satisfied itself with making them tributaries, contrary to the command of God, that they should be driven out, Exod. xxiii. 31; and, accordingly, they were suffered, as it was promised, to become thorns in Israel's side, always vexing, often resisting, and sometimes oppressing them for many years together. Meanwhile, the tribe of Dan had its lot cast near the Amorites. It struggled to work out for itself a settlement; but its fierce and warlike neighbours drove in its outposts, and succeeded in confining it to the mountains, Judges i. 34. The children of Dan became straitened in their borders, and, unable to extend them at home they "sent of their family five men from their coasts, men of valour to spy out the land, and to search it," Judges xviii. 2. So these five men departed, and directing their steps northwards, to the nearest parts of the country which held out any prospect to settlers, they came, we are told, "to Laish, and saw the people that were therein, how they dwelt careless, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; and there was no magistrate in the land, that might put them to shame in any thing; and they were far from the Zidonians, and had no business with any man," Judges xviii. 7. Thus the circumstances of the place and the people were tempting to the views of the strangers. They return to their brethren, and advise an attempt upon the town. Accordingly they march against it, take it, and rebuilding the city, which was destroyed in the assault, change its name from Laish to Dan, and colonise it. From this it should appear, that Laish, though far from Sidon, was in early times a town belonging to Sidon, and probably inhabited by Sidonians, for it was after their manner that the people lived.

Such is the information furnished us in the eighteenth chapter of the book of Judges.

I now turn to the third chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, and I there find the following passage:—"We took at that time," says Moses, "out of the hand of the two kings of the Amorites the land that was on this side Jordan, from the river of Arnon unto Mount Hermon; (which Hermon the Sidonians call Sirion; and the Amorites call it Shenir,") Deut. iii. 9. But why this mention of the Sidonian name of this famous mountain? It was not near to Sidon; it does not appear to have belonged to Sidon, but to the king of Bashan, Joshua xii. 4, 5. The reason, though not obvious, is nevertheless discoverable, and a very curious geographical

coincidence it affords between the former passage in Judges, and this in Deuteronomy.

For Hermon, we know from St. Jerome, and from others, was just above Paneas, the seat of Jordan's flood. And Paneas, we are told by the same authority, was another and more modern name (as Cesarea Philippi was the most modern of all) for this very Dan, or Laish. Now, Laish, we have seen, was probably at first a settlement of the Sidonians, after whose manner the people of Laish lived. Accordingly it appears—but how distant and unconnected are the passages from which such a conclusion is drawn! —that although this Hermon was far from Sidon itself, still at its foot there was dwelling a Sidonian colony, a race speaking the Sidonian language; and, therefore, nothing could be more natural, than that the mountain which overhung the town should have a Sidonian name, by which it was commonly known in those parts, and that this should suggest itself, as well as its Hebrew name, to Moses.

III. Connected with the circumstances of this same colony of Laish is another coincidence which I have to offer; and I introduce it in this place, because it is so connected, for otherwise it anticipates a point of Jewish history which, in the order of the books of Scripture, lies a long way before me. The construction of Solomon's temple, at Jerusalem, is the event at which it dates.

In the seventh chapter of the first book of Kings, I read, "And king Solomon sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre. He was a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali, and his father was a man of Tyre, a worker in brass: and he was filled with wisdom, and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass. And he came to king Solomon, and wrought all his work," ver. 13, 14. But in the parallel passage in the second chapter of the second book of Chronicles, ver. 13, where we have the answer which king Hiram returned to Solomon, when the latter desired him to send him "a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass;" I find it running thus:—"Now I have sent a cunning man, endued with understanding, of Huram my father's" (or perhaps Huram-Abi by name,) "the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father was a man of Tyre, skilful to work in gold." It is evident that the same individual is meant in both passages; yet there is an apparent discrepancy between them; the one, in Kings, asserting his mother to be a woman of the tribe of Naphtali; the other, in Chronicles, asserting her to be a woman of the daughters of Dan. The difficulty has driven the critics to some intricate expedients, in order to resolve it. "She herself was of the tribe of Dan," says Dr. Patrick; "but her first husband was of the tribe of Naphtali, by whom she had this son. When she was a widow, she married a man of Tyre, who is called Hiram's father, because he bred him up, and was the husband of his mother." All this is gratuitous. The explanation only serves to show, that the interpreter was aware of the knot, but not of the solution. This difficulty, however, like many others in Scripture, when once explained, helps to confirm its truth. We have seen in the last paragraph, that six hundred Danites emigrated from their own tribe, and seized upon Laish, a city of the Sidonians. Now, the Sidonians were subjects of the king of Tyre, and were the self-same people as the Tyrians; for in the fifth chapter of the first book of Kings, where Solomon is reported as sending to the king of Tyre for workmen, he is said to assign as a reason for the application, "Thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians," ver. 6. The Tyrians, therefore, and the Sidonians were the same nation. But Laish, or Dan, we found, was near the springs of Jordan; and therefore, since the "outgoings" of the territory of Naphtali are expressly said to have been at Jordan, there is good reason to believe that Laish, or Dan, stood in the tribe of Naphtali. But if so, then is the difficulty solved; for the woman was, by abode, of Naphtali; Laish, where she dwelt, being situated in that tribe; and by birth, she was of Dan, being come of that little colony of Danites, which the parent stock had sent forth in early times to settle at a distance. Meanwhile, the very circumstance which interposes to reconcile the apparent disagreement, accounts no less naturally for the fact, that she had a Tyrian for her husband.

Now, upon what a very trifle does this mark of truth turn! Who can suspect any thing insidious here? any trap for the unwary inquisitor after internal evidence in the domestic circumstances of a

master-smith, employed by Solomon to build his temple?

I am glad to have it in my power to produce this geographical coincidence, because it is rare in its kind; the geography of Canaan, owing to its extreme perplexity, scarcely furnishing its due contingent to the argument I am handling. However, that very intricacy may in itself be thought to say something to our present purpose; arising, as it in a great degree does, out of the manifold instances in which different places are called by the same name in the Holy Land. Now, whilst this accident creates a confusion, very unfavourable to determining their respective sites, and, consequently, stands in the way of such undesigned tokens of truth, as might spring out of a more accurate knowledge of such particulars; still it accords very singularly with the circumstances under which Scripture reports the land of Canaan to have been occupied:—I mean, that it was divided amongst twelve tribes of one and the same nation; each, therefore, left to regulate the names within its own borders after its own pleasure; and all having many associations in common, which would often overrule them, no doubt, however unintentionally, to fix upon the same. We have only to look to our own colonies, in whatever latitude dispersed, to see the like workings of the same natural feeling familiarly exemplified in the identity of local names, which they severally present. And it may be added, that such a geographical nomenclature was the more likely to establish itself in the new settlements of the Israelites, amongst whom, names of places, from the earliest times downwards, seem to have been seldom, if ever, arbitrary, but still to have carried with them some meaning, which was, or which was thought to be, significant.—*Rev. J. J. Blunt.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON HORSES.

I AM not going to take you to Epsom, Ascot, or Newmarket, for in that case I should require a guide myself—some one to explain to me the mysteries of the course, having never yet, though I have seen many things, been present at a horse-race.

Neither is it my intention to play the jockey, either by riding a steeple-chase, or by treating on hocks and pasterns, frogs and fetlocks, splints, spavins, thrushes, and ring-bones. I know as little of these things as my neighbours, perhaps less; and therefore I will leave them to those whom they may concern. The greatest feat of horsemanship that I ever performed, was to ride a distance of near forty miles in one day, on the back of a charger that had braved, unwounded, the battle of Waterloo.

The horse is a useful, an important, a noble animal, and as such I love to regard him, and to speak of him. When I gaze upon him in his glory, his heels shod with swiftness, his shoulders arrayed with strength, and his neck clothed with thunder, I rejoice; when I see him in his weakness, aged, blind, and lame, raw-boned, spavined, glandered, and broken-winded, I sigh; and when I see him ill-treated by his ungrateful and tyrannical master, I feel, perhaps, more indignation than ought ever to find its way to an old man's heart. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," Prov. xii. 10; and he who wantonly abuses God's creatures is amenable to Him who made them.

I might speak of foreign horses, the Barbary, Dongola, Arabian, East Indian, Chinese, and Persian; the Toorkoman, Tartar, Calmuck, and Turkish; the German, Swedish, Finland, and Norwegian; the Icelandic, Flemish, Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian, and American; for all these kinds have qualities and peculiarities, which render them highly interesting; but this would not only make me appear more learned on horses than I am, but also lead me farther from home than I can now make up my mind to travel. Of British horses I would speak, and even as to them I only purpose to give a few sketches from the life. A word or two, however, on the African and Arabian horses, before I begin, may be allowed me.

The earliest records of the horse trace him to Egypt, though little doubt is entertained, by those the most capable to form a correct opinion on the matter, that the horse of Egypt came from the neighbouring, or from the interior districts of Africa. When Joseph carried up the remains of his father Jacob from Egypt to Canaan, "there went up with him both chariots and horsemen," Gen. l. 9. And when Pharaoh pursued hard after the Israelites, above a hundred and fifty years after the burial of Jacob, he took with him "six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt," Exod. xiv. 7.

Some say that the African horse, in the kingdom of Bournou, is superior to that of Barbary and Arabia. Others say that the Dongola horses are the most perfect in the world. It is not for me to decide such a question; we have all been taught from our cradles to think highly of Arabian horses. English horses would not retain their strength, had they only the frugal fare of those of Arabia. "The Arabian mare usually has but one or two meals in twenty-four hours. During the day she is tied to the door of the tent, ready for the Bedouin to spring, at a moment's warning, into the saddle; or she is turned out before the tent, ready saddled, the bridle merely taken off, and so trained that she gallops up immediately at her master's call. At night she receives a little water; and with her scanty provender, of five or six pounds of barley or beans, and sometimes a little straw, she lies down content, in the midst of her master's family. She can, however, endure great fatigue; she will travel fifty miles without stopping; she has been pushed, on emergency, one hundred and twenty miles; and, occasionally, neither she nor her rider has tasted food for three whole days."

The following anecdotes will show how highly Arabian horses are prized by their owners. "Ibrahim, a poor but worthy Arab, unable to pay a sum of money which he owed, was compelled to allow a merchant of Rama to become partner with him in a valuable mare. When the time came he could not redeem his pledge to this man, and the mare was sold. Her pedigree could be traced, on the sides of sire and dam, it was said, for full five hundred years. The price was three hundred pounds; an enormous sum in that country. Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire after the mare: he would embrace her—wipe her eyes with his handkerchief—rub her with his shirt-sleeves, and give her a thousand benedictions, during whole hours that he remained talking to her. 'My eyes!' would he say to her, 'my soul! my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! I brought thee up in my dwelling as my child. I did never beat nor chide thee; I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved! Thou art beautiful, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from envious eyes!'"

"When the envoy," says Sir John Malcolm, "returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare, of extraordinary shape and beauty, before his tent, until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her, 'What will you give me?' was the reply. 'That depends upon her age; I suppose she is past five?' 'Guess again,' said he. 'Four?' 'Look at her mouth,' said the Arab, with a smile. On examination, she was found to be rising three. This, from her size and symmetry, greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said, 'I will give you fifty tomans;' (a coin nearly of the value of a pound sterling.) 'A little more, if you please,' said the fellow, apparently entertained. 'Eighty, a hundred.' He shook his head, and smiled. The offer at last came to two hundred tomans! 'Well,' said the Arab, 'you need not tempt me further, it is of no use: you are a rich elchee,' (nobleman,) 'you have fine horses, camels, and mules, and I am told you have loads of silver and gold: now,' added he, 'you want my mare, but you shall not have her for all you have got.'"

Such travellers as have crossed the plains of South America, between La Plata and Patagonia, have not failed to tell us of the droves of wild horses which are there met with; and some of them say, that they have seen ten thousand in one troop. Just fancy to yourself the thundering tramp of ten thousand galloping horses rushing, like a resistless whirlwind, across the plain! But now let me say a little about our English horses.

The road horse, or hackney, is a valuable creature; how patiently and perseveringly does he continue, hour after hour, his lengthy journey! Often have I seen, and I dare say that you have seen, too, a thoughtless rider, pull up, to take a glass at the pot-house by the way-side; after which he has unfeelingly spurred away, as though the stimulating glass he had taken had given spirit to his weary beast. Well do I remember, in my boyish days, being benighted on my return from a strange neighbourhood, and completely bewildered in the surrounding darkness. Luckily I had wisdom enough to confide in the poor brute on whose back I was mounted, and giving him the rein, he carried me in safety to my journey's end. Boy as I was, I felt that he was a benefactor to me, and I could

have given him, had I possessed it, his feed of corn in a silver sieve.

The farmer's horse, or animal of all work, the coach horse, the heavy draught horse, with the dray horse, the hunter, and the cavalry horse, have all much to recommend them; the charger, or cavalry horse, is full of fire, and reminds us of the sublime poetical description of the ancient war horse, in the book of Job: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting," Job xxxix. 19—25.

We are under great obligations to the horse; and knowing this, I feel much interested in his welfare: willingly would I commend all who treat him kindly, and as willingly would I raise a blush in the cheek of those who tyrannize over him, instead of being his benefactors. We have the warrant of Holy Scripture for using the dumb creation, but none for abusing them.

> Do good to all things, weak and strong,
> To all that harmless be;
> And recompense him not with wrong,
> That doeth good to thee.

Again I say, that I love the horse; and I love, too, to gaze upon him and muse over him in his pride of place, and in his hour of humiliation. Often have I admired the eight long-tailed creams, that prance along with the coach of royalty. Often have I pitied the high-hipped, bare-boned, worn-out hack, dragging a dying companion to the knacker. You shall have half-a-dozen sketches of horses, from the many which present themselves to my memory.

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I love to see even a horse happy; and when he races round the paddock of his own accord, or kicks up his heels as he gallops along the knolly field, that he is happy there can be no doubt. A horse, sharp set in his appetite, in a field but scantily supplied with grass, is quite a picture. See the full veins on his neck, thighs, and lower parts of his belly; observe how his soft nose wrinkles; how the flexible muscles work upwards from his wide nostrils! With what avidity and determination he tears away the scanty blades from the turf beneath his feet! Green grass, yellow buttercups, and pinky daisies, all go together, not down, but up his throat, for he has no time to raise his head, unless it be to give it a momentary toss on one side, while he tries to dislodge, with a switch of his tail, and an impatient kick of his hind leg, the gad-fly that has settled on his shoulder.

The landscape around me had for some time assumed a very grave appearance, for the shadows of evening were closing over it. I shut up my book, and prepared to make a descent from my seat, a very awkward stile, which, though firmly set, bent inward so much that it seemed to be breaking down.

Scarcely had my foot touched the ground, when I heard the thundering tramp of iron-shod hoofs; and at the top of the steep rocky lane before me, appeared a drove of broad-breasted, shaggy-heeled cart horses. Down the hill they came with a heavy plunging trot that shook the very ground. Now a hind foot slipping, and now a fore foot stumbling over a stone. One long-headed, ill-shaped brown mare, with a white forehead and flesh-coloured nose, made a desperate slide with her two fore-feet along a slanting, slippery piece of rock, at the same time throwing up her tail into the face of a huge iron-grey that followed close at her heels; he laid down his ears with a grin, made a bite at her back, and pushed on between two of his companions.

Suddenly, I was startled by a shrill neigh over my head, which ended in a short snort, and looking up to the high hedge on the steep broken bank, I saw the beautiful head and neck of a milk-white steed, peering out over the straggling branches of a bramble.

The creature stood in a fixed and surprised attitude, gazing into the lane, without motion, except that his distended nostrils again quivered with a snort, and his long, silky-looking tail continued lashing backwards and forwards, now and then catching upon the brambles. Suddenly he tossed away his head, set off at a full gallop, and stopped only when he came up to the hedge at the corner of the field.

By this time a boy, who had dropped himself from the back of one of the cart horses, pulling the halter from his ears, and turning him, with his companion, into a meadow at the end of the lane, began hammering at a peg with a stone, to fasten the old broken gate, which he had dragged together with some difficulty. The white steed tossed up his nose at the noise, and putting down his ears, bounded wildly over the pasture, his hoof scarcely sounding on the turf.

His noble form was finely set off by the distant and dark hedge; and when he stooped his head to tear away the grass, his top-knot and flowing mane straggled loosely from his forehead and neck, and his silky tail hung down to his very fetlocks.

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It was a brewer's heavy-laden dray that came rumbling along, crushing the hard gravel beneath its grinding wheels. The horses were huge, ponderous, and powerful creatures, and as the sun shone upon them, they looked glorious, glittering as they did in their harness of bright brass. I followed the team to the brewer's yard, and saw the fore horse unhooked from the traces. He was of a dark, iron-grey colour; his mane hung in plats from his thick, arched neck; and as he stood apart from the rest, quiet as a lamb, with the chains thrown over his back, his head still reined up, and his broad chest nearly fronting me, I thought that I had never seen a more magnificent-looking animal.

As I stood admiring him, one of the brewer's men laid hold of a child, and swung him upon the animal's back. Hardly could he straddle his legs wide enough to sit there, and yet the obedient beast turned as he tugged at the bridle, and went wherever he guided him. A beast of this kind reminds you of the strength of the elephant. Hook half-a-dozen such brutes to the Monument, and you would almost expect to see it topple over to the ground.

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It was a retired, knolly field, one end of which, varied with clumps of hawthorn bushes, and patches of gorse, fern, and coarse long grass, shelved off down to the very brink of the clear brook that rippled its way through the broken ground at the bottom. The sun was high, and the heavens were adorned with piles of snowy-white clouds. There was a whispering among the leaves in the coppice to the right, and here and there in the hedgerows a daffodil danced in the breeze.

All at once came, dashing through the furze and stunted bushes, three high-spirited, unbroken colts, full of life and courage, their fetlocks and top-knots shaggy and long, and their manes and tails blown about by the winds.

Sudden was the stand they made on arriving at the spot where I stood, partly sheltered by a hawthorn bush, admiring their fine forms, and the speed and spirit with which they pursued their boisterous sport. The respite was but for a moment. A loud snort expressed their displeasure at the intruder. Wheeling rapidly round, their heels were in an instant in the air, and plunging forward, they soon neighed me a proud defiance from the opposite end of the pasture. Their skins were then uncurrycombed, their hoofs unshod with iron, and their flowing tails unmutilated; and I could not but sigh to think of the whip and the spur, the curb and the collar, that awaited them.

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Fresh, and smooth, and glossy were the four impatient bays that stood harnessed to a stage-coach about to leave the door of the hotel. As they pawed the ground, I gazed with admiration on their soft, bright skins, their new-combed manes, and their dark, slender legs. The last two were rubbing their heads together with backward ears, while the leaders moved aside to the right and left, tossing up their heads with eager impatience. Well corned, high mettled, and strong in their haughty spirit, what recked they for the journey before them? In another minute the reins were gathered up in the hand of the coachman, the traces suddenly tightened, the blast of the horn sounded through the air, and loud was the clattering of hoofs on the pavement as the coach rolled rapidly away.

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A complete scene of hurry and confusion was in the yard of the Swan inn, where a mingled heap of bags and boxes, coats and cloaks, trunks and trappings, lay on the ground, beside the bespattered mail-coach, which had arrived five minutes before. Three of the toil-worn horses had already stumbled up the yard, and one weary brute alone remained to be unhooked from the loaded vehicle. At length a slap from the hand of the bustling ostler, as he tossed the traces over the back of the weary beast, sent him

slowly after his companions. Short and trembling were his steps, as the breath burst forth in straight lines of steam from his distended nostrils, and the smoke rose up from his panting sides. I marked the stiffness of the hind legs, his fore legs were bent forwards at the knees, and his swollen veins started out, branching in all directions along his neck, shoulders, and head, like the fibres on the under side of a currant leaf. I saw, too, the dark patches on his sides, where the traces had chafed them, and the foam-flakes that were spattered about the bridle and harness. It was sad to see how that creature's strength was exhausted, and his mettle and high bearing brought down. He staggered on to the stable; but I knew that at the dawn of the coming day he would again be roused to his labour. My heart ached as I gazed after him, and I could not help hoping that the poor brute had no power to wander back in his memory to the free and frolicsome days of his colthood.

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On a windy day I passed by the cottage at the end of the common. Old Dinger was standing in the lane, by the crazy and creaking gate that was swinging to and fro on its rusty hinges. His top-knot and fetlocks were in sad disorder, his mane tossed and scattered about on his neck, and his tail was driven between his legs. How the aged animal could sleep in the blustering wind I cannot tell, but asleep he was, or at least seemed to be so. There he stood, drooping his head, and resting his hind foot on the tip of his shoe. His eye, for he had but one, was half shut, and his lower lip hung down as if it hardly belonged to his mouth. I looked on the raw shoulders, the swelled heels, and sticking-out bones of the poor brute with pity, and only comforted myself with the thought, that as his infirmities increased his sense of feeling would be deadened, and that, at the worst, his days of weariness and misery would now be but few.

But enough, and perhaps more than enough, unless I could acquit myself better. Should the eye of a certain friend of mine, extravagantly fond of horses, see these meagre observations, I shall get curry-combed a little for the poverty of my language on so rich a subject of remark; but we are often feeble when we wish to be powerful. For the last time, I say, I love the horse, and feel indignant at his ill treatment. I have seen him lashed unmercifully while pulling at the loaded cart; spurred unmercifully while galloping at his utmost speed; goaded unmercifully while bending beneath an unreasonable load; banged unmercifully on the ribs with an iron windlass while straining his strength at the coal-boat on the canal; and once I saw him unmercifully urged forward in a mail-coach, till he dropped down dead on the road. If ye have horses, be merciful; and if not, urge those to be merciful who have. Ungrateful indeed shall we be to the horse, if we reward him with unkindness; and still more ungrateful to his Almighty Maker, if we show not mercy to His creatures, who has manifested so much mercy to ourselves.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Rev. John A. Clark, writing from Malta, says—On our way to the Marina, several things met my eye, that seemed to furnish fresh illustration to various passages of Scripture.

The narrow road, leading through fields and vineyards, along which we passed, often had, on either side of it, a stone wall. The animals on which we rode seemed perpetually inclined, whenever they encountered a slough, or any strange appearance, to rush up against the sides of one of these walls; and it was only by using the greatest precaution that we prevented our feet, several times, from being crushed. This propensity in our donkeys, strikingly reminded me of Balaam's adventure in going to the king of Moab, "The angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall," Num. xxii. 24, 25.

In our younger days, we have often wondered at that Divine prohibition, in the Mosaic law, "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together," Deut. xxii. 10. We had never seen an instance of this, and it seemed so unnatural, that we could hardly conceive that the perverse mind of man would be moved with a wish to yoke up these animals together, to carry on his agricultural operations. But in our ride through this island, we saw, perhaps in twenty instances, an ox and an ass, and often a cow and an ass, yoked together before the plough.

Another Scripture illustration, by which we were particularly struck, was

derived from the flocks of sheep and goats that fed together, in the same field, or on the same common. The goats were of a finer breed than I had before seen, and the sheep had long coarse hairy wool; so that, in casting your eyes over the field, you could hardly say, at the first glance, which were goats, and which were sheep. The shepherd, I perceived, at evening brought the flock home, and separated them into two parts; putting the sheep by themselves, and the goats by themselves. The words of the Saviour never came home to my mind with greater force, than after witnessing this arrangement: "Before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left," Matt. xxv. 32, 33.

A PERSIAN TALE.

THE following story alludes to the pilgrimage to Mecca, which takes place every year, on certain days. The immense number mentioned as joining in it, may be explained by the fact, that it is considered an indispensable duty of every Moslem, at least once in his life, if he has the health and pecuniary means necessary for it. The neglect of it, without a sufficient excuse, is sometimes pleaded against a witness in a Mohammedan court, as a reason why his evidence should not be accepted.

Abdallah says—One year I went on pilgrimage, and after my pilgrimage was ended, I had gone into my private apartment to sleep awhile. And while I was sleeping, I saw two angels descend from heaven; and one said to the other, "How many thousand pilgrims came this year to the pilgrimage?" He replied, "Eight hundred thousand." Then the other asked, "And was the pilgrimage of any of these accepted?" He said, "No! not of one." When I heard this, says Abdallah, I was much troubled, and said to myself, Have so many come from the remotest parts of the world, with so much labour and trouble; through deep seas and by distant roads, and through deserts; and have they all lost their labour? Then said the second angel, "There is one, named Ali Bin Mawakkaf, in Damascus, who has not come on the pilgrimage at all, yet he has been accepted, and all his sins have been forgiven him." When I awoke, I said, "There is nothing better than that I go and visit this man." So I set my face toward Damascus, and travelled till I arrived there: and when I was arrived, I asked for his dwelling, and they told it me. So I knocked at the door, and one came and opened it; and I said to him, "What is thy name?" And he told me, "Ali Bin Mawakkaf." Then said I, "Come, I have something to say to thee." When he had sat some time, I asked him, "What is thy trade?" He said, "I am a mender of old clothes." Then I told him what I had dreamed: upon which he asked me my name: and when he heard it, he uttered a cry, and fell down at my feet. I asked him, "What hast thou done, that thou shouldst find such acceptance?" He replied, "I had long been desirous of making the pilgrimage, but had not the means of doing so. At last I saved three hundred dirhems from my earnings; and this year I meant to have performed the journey. One day a woman, who was in my house, wished for something to eat from the house of our neighbour, and begged I would go and ask for it: so I went, and asked for some food. The woman came out to me, and said, 'For six days and nights my children have tasted nothing. To-day we found a dead ass, and I cut off part of the flesh, and I have cooked it for my children; and this shall not be withheld from you.' When I heard this, my heart was struck with grief, and I said to myself, 'My pilgrimage is yet in my house;' and immediately I gave these three hundred dirhems to this poor woman, and said to her, 'Buy food for thy children:' and when she had cooked it, I took part of it to my neighbour." When Abdallah heard this, he said, "The angel was right in his report, and just in his judgment."

A purer light falls on us than on Ali Bin Mawakkaf; we enjoy that of Divine revelation, which declares, that salvation is "not of works, but of grace." Yet we do not always estimate acts aright. The poor widow, who cast her two mites into the treasury, is said by our Lord, to have given more than the rich men, notwithstanding their costly gifts. God looketh at the heart. To a deed which excites public attention, and calls forth loud applause, he may have no respect; while, on one performed in secret, and when known calling forth no tribute, he may look with peculiar favour.

INVENTION OF THE RUSSIANS.

The Russians have an extraordinary talent for imitation; but this, in my opinion, is nothing more than the effect of natural abilities, circumstanced as they have been. When the civilized world was laid open to them, and the acquisition of the French, German, and English languages introduced the Russian students into the temple of arts and sciences of the eighteenth century, they soon found they had every thing to learn: they beheld models placed before them in every department of knowledge; models, which they must first be content to imitate, before they could think of improving upon them. It is the general rule, that the scholar imitates, and the master invents; and this is applicable to the exercise of talent in nations as well as individuals.

New inventions in the arts, and useful discoveries in the sciences, generally proceed from nations that have cultivated both through many succeeding ages, and where the body of the people have been educated, by which the door is opened to the exercise of talent in all classes. It is painful to be obliged to state, however, that where remarkable instances of talent, for imitation, have appeared among the lower classes of the Russians, the individuals have generally, sooner or later, fallen into drunkenness, and have lived and died in misery: probably, their total want of moral cultivation, and of freedom, have driven some of them to this; for the faculty of imitation does not confer upon its possessor culture, either moral or religious, nor does it secure him from seeking gratification in the lowest vices. Few instances can be shown in which mere genius has raised a Russian peasant to honour and opulence: but how frequently is this the case in other countries, where the people are free!—*Pinkerton.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE CEMETERIES OF LONDON.

Sin and sorrow may be called twins, for they both appear to have entered the world together; and if they are not always seen walking side by side, the latter is continually found to be treading on the heels of the former. No sooner did our first parents sin, than they hid themselves, through fear, from the presence of the Lord. No sooner did they forfeit Paradise by transgression, than the sentence of death was passed upon them; "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," Gen. iii. 19. Truly, indeed, is it said in Holy Writ, "The wages of sin is death," Rom. vi. 23.

And ever since those earlier days, have feebleness and strength, age and youth, gone down to the grave: we hear not only, but see, the humiliation of mortal man. "One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet. Another dieth in the bitterness of his soul," Job xxi. 23, 25. And thus will it be with the goodliest and greatest, the mightiest and the meanest, until death shall be swallowed up in victory. "They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them," Job xxi. 26.

Under this general sentence of death, the committal of the lifeless body to the ground becomes a matter of importance. Where the inhabitants of the world are few, the burial of the dead is attended with little difficulty. The wilderness and solitary place of the savage, and the retired villages of civilized life, are differently situated, in this respect, to the populous town and crowded city. In the latter, sad spectacles are often seen, and fearful consequences frequently follow, the unhealthy accumulation of the remains of the dead. For these evils the establishment of cemeteries, somewhat remote from the busy haunts of men, appears to be the simplest, if not the only cure.

It would be a formidable affair to go back to ancient Memphis, and describe all the changes onward, from its far-famed resting-place of the dead, to that of Naples, and the white marble cemetery of Pisa, adorned with paintings and antique sarcophagi. All that I purpose to accomplish is, to give a brief sketch of the cemeteries of modern London. There may now be enumerated six of these; but, as part of them are as yet but imperfectly formed, it would be time thrown away to dwell upon them. The cemeteries which are at the present time the least known are one at Peckham, another, a private one, to the east of London, and a third at Stoke Newington. This latter one is regarded by many with much interest, from the circumstance of its being formed in Abney Park, where Dr. Watts so often strolled, while residing, for thirty-six years, in the hospitable mansion of sir Thomas Abney and his excellent family.

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The General Cemetery at Kensal Green, on the Harrow-road, is a mile and a half from Paddington. I have just passed through its archway entrance. The forty-six acres now lying before me form, for the most part, a gentle slope; the south part, bounded by the canal, being lower than the north. The ground is unequally divided, and the eastern, or lesser division, of four or five acres, is not consecrated. There are two chapels, one in each division; that in the western, with its colonnades and catacombs, is on a larger scale than the other.

The lofty surrounding wall, occasionally lightened and diversified with iron railing, has an imposing effect, and the trees, shrubs, and flowers, look fresh; but this unconsecrated part of the cemetery, where I now am, has not, at present many memorials of the dead. In a few years there will be a change in this respect, and the centre space, now undiversified with a single tomb, will doubtless be studded over with the sculptured records of death's achievements. One of the most striking objects now before me is an elderberry bush in full flower, standing like the guardian of the grave over which it is planted.

Here and there a name that looks strange to an English eye arrests my attention. "Elie Raffin," from Switzerland. "Josephine Lach Szyrma," a dutiful daughter of Poland, with "Charles Raqueiller," and "Stanislas Michael Albert Ratajski," the children of Polish refugees. Thus it is that the inhabitants of one country find a resting place for their mouldering remains in another. Already in this extended cemetery the remains of mortal men from the four quarters of the earth repose. They "slumber side by side, and the whirlwind cannot wake them."

In the consecrated part of the cemetery, the burial service is performed according to the rites of the church of England, but in the other part some other service is substituted. The line of demarcation between the consecrated and unconsecrated parts of the cemetery is marked by a ditch and gate; this line I have passed, and am now taking a survey of the vast area to the west. The birds are singing, the branches of the trees are bending to and fro, the leaves are rustling, and the breeze is gently breathing around. Hark! what a sudden and boisterous in-break there is amid the comparative quietude of the place. It is the impatient panting of a steam carriage hurrying along the adjoining railroad; and now the loud whistle, or rather the wild war-whoop-like scream that gives notice of its arrival, is sounding shrill in my ears. Noisy, active life, and silent, motionless death, are dividing my attention.

There is hardly a passage in Holy Scripture more frequently misunderstood and misquoted than that in the fourth chapter of the epistle of Peter, "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." Instead of charity being set forth as the love and mercy that would willingly cover the faults of others, it is usually represented as a quality which will cover over, and atone for, the sins of its possessor. The pyramidic monument beside me is another instance of this misconception. It tells the reader that he whose dust lies beneath it was "renowned for his charity, which did not cover a multitude of sins, but only heightened many virtues." A misconception on the part of another should make us doubly circumspect ourselves, lest we should fall into yet greater errors. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law," Psa. cxix. 18, 34.

The sun is shining, the clouds are sailing along the skies, and a profusion of trees of various kinds, with shrubs and flowers, ornamenting the sides of the cemetery, as well as the different parts where the monuments abound, by turns attract my eye. Within a few feet of the spot where I am standing, moulders the dust of one of the companions of my earlier days. I saw him committed to the tomb. He was my junior, yet here am I musing over his grave. "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am," Psa. xxxix. 4.

The living love to honour their departed friends, by marking their death-stones with such information as they consider creditable to their memory. I have noticed the following records of this kind in my walk among the tombs and catacombs:—"An eminent printer." "Chief engineer to his highness Mohammed Ali Pacha." "Head master of Reading school." "Some time principal store-keeper of the ordnance." "A respectable merchant." "A faithful and confidential servant." "Inspector general of hospitals." "A gallant and

distinguished soldier." "Physician to king George IV." "Bishop of St. David's." "Author of the History of Sumatra." "Secretary of the Admiralty." These, and numberless other inscriptions appear, in which respect and affection for the dead is mingled with some degree of living vanity. Who is there among us that is quite content to be nobody and unknown?

Here is a massive granite pedestal without an inscription! What shall I write thereon? "Here lieth the dust of an heir of immortality!" or, "He went down to the grave an unrepentant sinner?" What a solemn consideration it is, that "The grave can neither withhold the righteous from happiness, nor protect the wicked from unutterable woe?"

From the colossal pillars of the portico of the chapel, the view of the cemetery is a sweet one, and quite in character. There is no affected sentimentality; no littlenesses nor gewgaws to catch the eye. No child's play of making gardens, as in many parts of "Père la Chaise." All is vast, sober, chaste, fieldlike, and beautiful; rather sweet than romantic, and the prospect to the south is extensive.

A fluted pillar of pure marble, having the semblance of being suddenly broken, is meant to be symbolical of the sudden death of a young lady, aged 25, who was called away from the world without a moment's warning. "Her sun went down while it was yet day." "Reader! when thou hearest that a fellow-mortal has been suddenly plunged into eternity, think of the mercy that has spared thee."

A painter, engaged in bronzing the iron palisades of a monument, has conceded, though somewhat unwillingly, that the gates of Hyde Park, near Apsley House, are bronzed "pretty well." He has just given me his card, that in case I should want any thing in his way, he may have the pleasure of serving me in a superior manner.

In another part of the grounds, observing a young man at work, coating over the sculptured letters on a marble tomb with size, before painting them black, I remarked to him, "Why that must be double trouble." "Yes, it is, sir," said he with a black look, "but my master"—— here the sudden appearance of his master prevented him from finishing the sentence; otherwise, he would no doubt have informed me, that his master was an unreasonable man, who cared nothing about the double trouble of his journeyman, for he never paid him for it. Oh the world! the world! With masters and servants, self-interest is as lynx-eyed in a burial-ground as at the Stock Exchange.

There are many fine monuments in the cemetery, but few of them will vie with the costly specimens in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. There are, also, some fair inscriptions, but hardly any of a very striking kind; yet is the place full of interest, and the longer I linger among the tombs, the higher does the place rise in my estimation.

The colonnade of Grecian architecture on the north side is sure to attract the eye, and draw the feet of the visitor to the place, either before or after he has examined the chapel. There are catacombs in which two thousand coffins may rest undisturbed; and the number of monuments already erected is considerable. The north side of the cemetery is much more thickly peopled with the dead than any other part, probably on account of its elevated situation.

Death is indeed no respecter of persons; the infant and the aged are sleeping beneath my feet. There is the last house of Morrison, the hygeist, the celebrated vender of pills; and yonder is the high-erected monument of John Saint John Long, no less famous than the former personage for the peculiarity of his medical practice.

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And this is Norwood! Green fields, grassy slopes, woods, and handsome mansions rise in the distance; and here is the goodly cemetery of forty acres, which has drawn me from the busy city, whose cathedral is visible from the place.

I have stepped into the entrance-lodge, and turned over the ample leaves of the great parchment book, whose pages, formed into squares, correspond, on a miniature scale, with the forty acres of burial ground immediately around me. Every tree within my view seems to flourish but the cypress. From this spot I can count five cypress trees, absolutely withered from their natural green colour to a ruddy brown.

The monuments of the dead are at present few; and the cemetery presents that retired, grassy, leafy, flowery appearance, which, canopied by the clear blue sky, and breathed on by the balmy air, is truly delightful. Unconsciously I

have been indulging one of those musing, dreamy abstractions in which we become posthumous. I have been fancying that my faded body lay beneath the turf, at the foot of the hill there; that the sun was going down, and that a friend was just plucking a flower from the grave of the Perambulator.

A gravel walk is the only barrier between the consecrated and unconsecrated parts of the ground; and as a spectator gazes on the broad acres in the centre, unbroken by a grave, and studded over with myriads of daisies, he can hardly persuade himself that he is in a place of sepulture. Seventy thousand pounds have already been expended to render the place worthy the patronage of the public, and certainly great praise is due to both architect and landscape gardener.

But pleasant as this place is, the thought intrudes, what chequered scenes are yet to be passed through by those whose bodies will here be deposited! what hopes and fears! what joys and sorrows! Will they thoughtlessly live and die without God in the world? or will they finish their course with joy, and find the end thereof eternal life? There is no peace to the wicked; but the humble Christian, whose faith is in lively exercise, has peace at the last.

A thousand fears of dreadful name
Ungodly men surprise;
But oh, in what a peaceful frame
The pardoned sinner dies!

With glory shining round his head,
And sunbeams on his breast,
He lays him calmly on his bed,
And smiling sinks to rest.

The episcopal-looking chapel, with its octagonal towers, on the brow of the hill, fronting the west, has a fine effect, and that facing the north-west is little inferior to it. They are built with the Suffolk white brick, and have a chaste and cleanly appearance. The high boundary wall and palisades that enclose the cemetery must have been very costly. Here is a heap of clayey soil, recently thrown up from a depth of twenty feet, and yet it is stiff and dry. We carry with us our notions of comfort even in thinking of the grave, and thus a dry soil is indispensable for a burial ground.

I have passed through the chapels, and descended to the vaults below them, the silent receptacles of the dead. The chapels are plain, but in excellent keeping. Many would like some stained glass in the large window, and I should have no objection to a little drapery round it, to increase the solemnity of the place; but these things are not important, and can be dispensed with. The manner of lowering the coffins into the vaults, (by means of a piston working in water underneath the chapel,) must have a striking effect on those who have never witnessed any thing of the kind. While the mourners, who have attended the solemn service for the dead, are yet gazing, with eyes half blinded with tears, on the coffin that contains the body of the departed, the elevated bier, or stand, on which it lies, begins slowly and noiselessly to sink, without any apparent agency. The astonished spectator can hardly believe his senses; yet lower and lower the coffin descends, until it altogether disappears. The service is very solemnly and impressively performed. I am told, that at a funeral, a few days ago, in an assembly of at least a hundred persons, scarcely was a dry eye seen in the chapel.

While walking in the grounds, the sound of youthful voices reaches me. The boys of the neighbouring school, near the entrance of the cemetery, have rushed into their play-ground, and all is liberty, and life, and merriment. Happy boyhood! The cares of the world light not on thy joyous brow, nor do its manifold sorrows rest more than a moment on thy heart.

Thy life is all to-day, and in thy gladness,
Thou canst not see nor feel to-morrow's sadness.

As I leave the cemetery, a flood of light is pouring down from the south-west on the place, and crimson and gold, and an unbearable blaze of glory, marks where the declining sun is careering along the skies. Let me bear in mind, that whether the last house is shrouded with gloom or gilt with glory, the heritage of the righteous is a life of peace, a death of hope, and a resurrection to eternal joy.

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I am now at Highgate, having had a pleasant walk here from Highbury with a friend. Part of the road has been along retired lanes, and the other part mostly across green fields; the pure breath of heaven has blown around us, the clouds have sailed along majestically over our heads, and varied conversation has made a ramble, agreeable in itself, yet more agreeable. The North London cemetery is before us; and erected on its entrance, facing the south-east, stands

an abbey-like kind of edifice, of miniature size, with an octangular and ornamental dome. In this building, which possesses every accommodation for the purpose, with a large room and private gallery for infirm mourners and invalids, the solemn service is performed; a window of painted glass, representing the ascension of our Saviour, adorns its extremity, with another compartment on each side of it executed in colours of great beauty. But where is the artist whose hand so recently called into existence these trophies of his skill? Alas! he lies motionless: his dust is now reposing in the cemetery. He has, no doubt, stood where I am standing. Doubtless, his eyes have sparkled with unwonted lustre while gazing on the luminous exhibition before me; but now he is returned to the dust. Thus, at the very threshold of the cemetery, and while looking at the bright emblem of immortality, I am once more reminded, that "there is but a step between me and death."

The solemn procession of a funeral, with hearse, coaches, coal-black horses, and nodding plumes, gliding along the winding avenue of Swain's lane, shaded with overhanging trees, must have an imposing effect as it approaches the cemetery. Swain's lane runs along that part of Highgate hill called Traitor's hill, from the circumstance of the confederates of Guy Faux having assembled there to await the expected explosion of the gunpowder placed under the Parliament house, on the memorable 5th of November, 1605.

The cemetery, for the most part, is spread out before us. It is a steep acclivity, of some nineteen or twenty acres, with a surface beautifully varied, now rising into swelling hills, bedecked with shrubs and flowers, and now exhibiting, on every hand, the monuments of the dead. Column, pyramid, sarcophagus, tomb, vase, and sculptured stone arrest the eye, with a gigantic mound, canopied with a goodly cedar; while Highgate new church, crowning the brow of the hill, with its "heaven-directed spire," stands above the upper verge of this place of graves. Beauty and death seem to have entered into a compact together; for while the latter delves freely beneath the ground, the former takes undisputed possession of its surface.

Geary, the architect, and Ramsey, the landscape gardener, have united their talents in a very successful manner to decorate the cemetery; while the church above the grounds, a chaste Gothic building, from designs of Vulliamy, renders the picture complete.

We have gained the rising ground approaching the cedar tree, and the beauties of the cemetery are more fully unfolded. Flowers in profusion are blooming in all directions. Mountain ashes, laburnums, sycamores, acacias, laurel, and rose trees, are mingled with others of longer growth. The decorated resting places of the dead, set forth the attention of their surviving friends; and the gay colours of the rose, the geranium, and the poppy, contrast—the dark hue of the cypress: hearts-ease has been freely planted in the shadow of the tomb, and its deep purple flowers are grateful to the gaze. These flowers spread cheerfulness around them, and breathe of hope and expectation.

What though my flesh, beneath the sod,
Awhile shall moulder in the dust;
Yet wakened by the trump of God,
The grave shall then resign its trust.

Though clouds and darkness now may lower,
My Saviour's glory I shall see;
His wisdom, love, and mighty power,
From sin and death shall rescue me.

As I glance around, I see workmen, (for the place is yet unfinished,) lying at full length on the earth, enjoying a temporary cessation from labour. Strangers, young, middle aged, and old, are visiting the different parts of the cemetery; and yonder is a matron habited in sable, musing over a graven stone. Not only do the sculptured stones remind me of the brevity of life, but other symbols of mortality are numerous. Sere leaves sprinkle the pathway; faded flowerets are drooping in the sunshine; and at my feet lies a hillock of withered grass, that the scythe of the mower has cut down in its prime.

In the north-west part of the heavens, a thunderstorm seems brooding in the air, for the dark clouds are rolled together, in heavy masses, clothing with solemnity the clear azure beyond them, while gleams of sunshine only render the frowning sky more awful. My companion is gazing upwards at the burdened heavens with some anxiety; it becomes doubtful whether we shall escape the drenching deluge. What varied emotions enter the mind in such a scene as this, dividing our thoughts between the living and the dead.

The thundercloud has dispersed itself, and travelled onwards. We must now enter the Egyptian avenue; the ponderous cornice, the obelisks and pillars, the angular entrance, and the flying serpent, are all in excellent keeping with the place. We are now among the cedars of Lebanon, talking of ancient Egypt; of the Pharaohs of old; of the custom of embalming; of Belzoni, and the mummy pits of Gournou. This is a striking scene; the catacombs below, the dark resting places of the dead, are in strong contrast with the roses seen on the circular garden above them; the cedar is fresh and beautiful, and spreads its flat, flaky foliage luxuriously abroad.

Now, if it was necessary, but it is not, I would put it on record, for the guidance of those who may survive me when I go the way of all flesh, "Lay not my body in the catacombs, but place it among kindred dust, and cover it with the green sod."

We live in strange times, and see strange things. Who would have thought fifty years ago, of making an English churchyard a garden of roses? or of paying between two and three hundred pounds for a narrow house wherein to lay his bones? Think not that I am blaming those who have the desire and the means to secure a resting place in the catacombs; but I would say to my own heart,

> Be humble, and think on the truth that the grave,
> Proclaims to the fool and the wise,
> Proud man is at best a poor handful of dust,
> That the beggar may pass and despise.

We have mounted to the brow of the hill, and are standing between the church and the cemetery, looking down on the Gothic terrace, the Egyptian avenue, and the cedar circle catacombs. The garden of death is now plainly seen in its length and its breadth, masses of elms and other trees beautify the surrounding fields, and London in the distance, stretching itself right and left, with Greenwich and the country towards Gravesend far beyond.

The public buildings of the city, the travelling steam-carriages of the neighbouring railroad, and the arriving visitors at the cemetery, all speak of busy life, while every foot of the broad acres in the foreground is dedicated to death.

The cemeteries of the metropolis may be said to mingle the character of the British churchyard, with that of Père la Chaise in Paris; being neither so monotonously solemn as the former, nor so artificial, sentimental, and romantic as the latter. They are entitled to the Perambulator's consideration, providing, as they do, suitable resting places for the dead, sufficiently removed from the habitations of the living. It is almost impossible to muse among these flower gardens of the grave, without connecting them with some undefined emotions of our approaching dissolution.

We are now quitting, with some reluctance, a spot that death will render doubly dear to many a mourner as the sun runs his annual career. And shall the dead indeed be raised incorruptible? Shall the disunited atoms of the departed again assume form and comeliness? Yes!

> God formed them from the dust, and He once more
> Will give them strength and beauty as before,
> Though strewn as widely as the desert air,
> As winds can waft them, or as waters bear.

How cheering, how animating, how heart-reviving are the words of the Redeemer, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!" John xi. 25, 26. Happy indeed is he who can say, in the language of exultation, nothing doubting, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another," Job xix. 25—27.

IMPROVIDENCE.

On our quitting England, our assistant surgeon, poor Mac——, was left behind, in consequence of going to Portsmouth in search of our cow. He is now among the passengers on board a vessel which is just arrived, and the narrative of his adventures, with and without the cow, has diverted us exceedingly. He is a little, fat, sturdy man, of short, punch-like figure, between thirty and forty years of age, with a vast deal of good humour and willing activity about him; bustling, well-intending, and officiously

desirous to be useful. He is confident and presumptuous, yet possesses a degree of personal timidity, bordering upon superstition. Abruptly familiar with those he seeks, he grows importunate, and attaches himself even to annoyance; being one of those people who have more of freedom than good manners, are perfect masters in ease, and as perfectly ignorant in politeness. He is of that class which possesses more of willingness than judgment—more of haste than order; one of those who engage with bold confidence, in whatever presents itself, without looking to the event, or observing any thing of method in the execution; who are ever ready to plunge into difficulties, without a thought how to subdue them.

The same sanguine feelings which lead him into troubles, tend to support him through them. Not being of a disposition to brood over his distresses, he is seldom the subject of dismay, or the victim of sombre reflection. Involved in one dilemma, he commonly escapes from it by rushing headlong into a greater, and often blunders on to his object, overcoming every impediment by forcing circumstances, through all hazards, to the end proposed; then, forgetful of the new difficulties which he has created, piques himself upon the merit of having accomplished his design.

It being an essential comfort to have plenty of milk on the passage, we had purchased a cow to take on board; but owing to some neglect on shore, our valued animal had not reached the Lord Sheffield at the time the signal was made for sailing. We applied to the captain to know how we could proceed with the greatest probability of procuring her; who, telling us that it was not an object for which he could delay the ship, observed that the only chance of having our milk was by sending off some person instantly to Portsmouth, who would bring the cow, without a moment's loss of time. Mac—— hearing this, immediately volunteered his services. A boat, returning to the shore, was accordingly hailed, and away hurried Mac—— for the cow; not for once dreaming of the possibility of failure, or that there could be any risk of his being left behind. In the same unthinking haste in which he left the ship, did he bustle on when he reached the town; and from a thoughtless blundering in every step of his proceeding, he was defeated in all his attempts to return on board. First, he neglected to secure a boat at the time he went on shore; next, he forgot the address of the person from whom the cow was purchased; afterwards, he lost time in cavilling with the man for not sending her off according to his engagement; then, he delayed by sitting down to take refreshment; and when, at last, the poor animal was led to the water's edge, it proved that every boat was absent, and Mac—— was compelled to wait in great anxiety for the return of one from Spithead. He now began to discover that he had proceeded rashly, and without calculating the means of success; but he unjustly blamed his fortune, and abused the quiet, unconscious cow.

Thus it ever is with the improvident, whether regarding his time, his purse, or his pursuits. The errors of imprudence he never fails to attribute to misfortune; and he unfairly accuses the fates with what is only the result of his own folly or neglect. When a lugger arrived, it was too late to overtake the fleet; but he impulsively jumped into it, insisting on making a trial, and after remaining at sea for a considerable time, was obliged to return to Portsmouth; both himself and the cow having lost their passage.

Now he hastily determined to go to the Isle of Wight, and try from thence to get on board the Lord Sheffield; and after failing in this, he hurried to Plymouth, idly fancying that he might succeed from thence. Here he was alike defeated. He then travelled to Milford Haven, and embarked for Ireland; and happened to arrive at Cove in time for the Cork convoy, and applying to the captain of one of the vessels for a passage, related his adventures with and without the cow, as his passport.

From the frankness of his manners, and the willingness he expressed to put up with all the inconveniences which might present themselves, as well as from his companionable familiarity, the master of the vessel became interested in his behalf, and soon adopted him as his principal associate. The ship met with an accident at sea; but afterwards made a favourable passage, and Mac—— is arrived in safety at Barbadoes, where he relates, with great delight, all his perils by sea, and his troubles on shore. —*Pinckard's Notes on the West Indies.*

BETHLEHEM.

The neighbourhood of Bethlehem produces the olive and the fig, in comparative abundance, with the trees planted in terraces. The situation of the place would be agreeable, if the country over which it looks were brought under cultivation, or planted with trees. The valley around it is not large, nor is the hill elevated upon which it stands, as it is in "the hill country;" and the summits of many other hills are seen from it, at nearly the same elevation.

The interesting transaction, related with so much simplicity in the book of Ruth, took place in this neighbourhood. It was in the gate of Bethlehem, that Boaz sat, when his kinsman came by, unto whom he said, "Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here. And he turned aside, and sat down," Ruth iv. 1; and then before ten men, elders of the city, he redeemed the possession of Naomi, and received with it the hand of Ruth, the affectionate Moabitess, who had said unto her mother-in-law, "Thy people shall be my people; and thy God, my God," Ruth i. 6. The sweet singer of Israel upon these hills tended his flocks; and here have been heard the soft tones of the harp, and the glad breathings of his voice, as he called upon all creation to praise the name of the Lord. It was in one of these valleys that the glory of the Lord appeared unto the shepherds by night, when they heard the rapturous music of the heavenly host, as they ushered in the Saviour's birth with a song, the appropriate burden of which was glory, and peace, and good will. In all these coasts, mothers have wept over their murdered infants, refusing to be comforted, when the sword of Herod was red with blood, and every stain was from the blood of innocence.

It is almost impossible to visit these scenes without referring back to the period, when they afforded materials for some of the most beautiful compositions ever written by man, even when under Divine inspiration. The heavens, as before, declare the glory of God, and the firmament, in characters as clear as ever, showeth his handiwork: but it would be like a mockery of mirth, to call upon these barren hills, or desolate valleys, or deserted streams, now to rejoice; for if it were in their power to take to themselves words and reply, they would answer, "How shall we sing the Lord's song under the rule of the heathen oppressor!" The poetry of the land has gone; but the voice of instruction has taken its place, and seems to say to the Christian, in whose heart the Redeemer of Bethlehem again tabernacles in mercy, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

The town is situated upon the summit of a hill, stretching from east to west, and may contain about twelve hundred inhabitants, a good proportion of whom are Christians. The convent, built over the supposed birth place of our Lord, is the most conspicuous object in the view; and with its strong walls and massy buttresses appears to be little in accordance with "the peaceable fruit of righteousness," intended to be the consequence of the Messiah's advent. I visited it with little interest, having no faith in its pretensions.

The Bethlehemites are often at variance with the reigning power, which renders it impossible at times for travellers to visit the place; but they were then happily at peace with the men of Jerusalem, and we returned in safety. The country to the south of Bethlehem is well worthy of attention; but it was in too disturbed a state to be visited without danger. In this direction, are the pools of Solomon, Hebron, the plain of Mamre, the cave of Macpelah, and other places of interest. It is said by a recent traveller, that the water ascends in the water-courses of Solomon; though it has been supposed that the principle in hydraulics, by which fluids find their own level, was unknown to the ancients. From Bethlehem to Beersheba, the southern extremity of the promised land, is a distance of about thirty-four miles. —*Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.*

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

God is himself the highest object to which the soul in all its powers can be directed. None ever trusted in him, without increasing in spiritual strength; none ever trusted in him, without discovering more and more of the plans of his providence, and of the depth of his unsearchable wisdom; none ever trusted in him, without tasting largely of his bounty. To trust in God, in its more advanced state, is to have the image of his perfection ever before us, to live in his continual presence, encircled, as it were, by the visible forms of his majesty and goodness.—*Bowdler.*

Launceston Castle, or Dunheved.

LAUNCESTON CASTLE, OR DUNHEVED.

It cannot be ascertained at what time this castle was built: it is admitted that it was not later than A.D. 900. Leland says, "The hill on which stands the keep—a turreted building, elevated above the rest, by means of some mount or tumulus on which it rests—is large and of a terrible height, and the arc (the keep) of it having three wards, is the strongest, but not the biggest I ever saw in England." The principal entrance to this castle is on the north-east. The whole keep, according to Dr. Borlase, is ninety-three feet in diameter, and consists of three wards. The ancient name of this place was Dunheved, the swelling hill; it is now called Launceston, derived, it is supposed, from Lan-cester-ton, or Church-castle-town. The ruins now remaining of the castle cover a considerable extent of ground.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

We allow ourselves to miscalculate the appropriate season for fading. Our imagination places it in old age most delusively. The period to be accounted, in a general collective calculation, as the proper term of mortality, cannot rightly be placed beyond such a stage in life as a large proportion of men do attain, but not exceed. The comparison of the leaves here again fails; the main mass of the foliage of the forest does continue on to the late period which none of it can survive. Not so in the case of human beings. The great majority of them are not appointed to reach what we are accustomed to regard as the late autumn of life; and therefore young persons are to be earnestly warned against calculating on that as even a probability. On the field of life, there are a thousand things in operation to anticipate time; then let not young persons amuse themselves with flattering lies, and say, "We may, probably, live so far as to the term of eighty." But some of them may, perhaps, truly say, "We do not much think about such calculations in any way; it is enough, for the present, that we are youthful and blooming; there is no fading, nor signs of its approach." Well, so have many felt, and perhaps said, in answer to grave admonitions, who, before the recent fall of the leaf, have withered and died; and so, before the fading of next autumn, will many more, now gay and blooming. But, without insisting on these threatening possibilities of premature decline, to a reflective mind, the constant inevitable progress toward fading would appear very much related to it: there is daily less and less of that intermediate space remaining which is all that there can be between us and death. One has sometimes looked upon

the flowers of the meadow which the mower's scythe was to invade the next day—perfect life and beauty, as yet; but to the mind they have seemed already fading, through the anticipation. If we turn to those who are a good way, or quite far advanced in life, they can tell how rapidly that vernal season passed away, how much it looks, in the review, like an absolute preternatural fleetness of time; as to their now more advanced period, there are many palpable intimations in their experience, to remind them of the truth of the text. Even those who are ranked as the middle aged, have much that speaks to them in a serious warning voice. They are most of them sensible, by their consciousness, as well as by the record of years, that one grand season of their terrestrial existence is gone by. Let them think on what they feel to be gone:—freshness of life; vernal prime; overflowing spirits; elastic bounding vigour; insuppressible activity; quick ever-varying emotion; delightful unfolding of the faculties; the sense of more and more power of both body and spirit; the prospect as if life were entire before them, and all overspread with brightness and fair colours! This is gone! And this change is not a little towards the fading. Those poignantly feel it to be so, who look back with sadness, or with vain fretfulness to think it cannot be recalled. But there are still more decided indications of decay. Some, indeed, as we observed, remain considerably stationary; but as to the majority, there are circumstances that will not let them forget whereabouts they are in life; feelings of positive infirmity; diminished power of exertion; grey hairs; failure of sight; besetting pains; apprehensive caution against harm and inconvenience; often what are called nervous affections; slight injuries to the body far less easily repaired. All this is a great progress in the fading, and the appearance partakes of, and indicates the decline, not so perceptible to the person himself, or to constant associates, but strikingly apparent to acquaintance who see one another after long absence. From this stage, there is a very rapid descent toward complete old age, with its accumulated privations and oppressions; great general prostration of strength, often of settled disorders, operating with habitual grievance; loss of memory; furrows marking the countenance; great suffering by little inconveniences; confinement in a great measure to a spot; a strange and mighty disseverment, as it were, from the man's own early youthful self. In some instances there is a last decline into an utterly withered state of existence—imbecility wholly of body and mind. The final point is that of the fallen leaves—to be reduced to dust; and thus, in so many ways, is the text verified. It will, perhaps, be said, this is a most gloomy view of human life; why exhibit it at such width, and darken it with so many aggravations of shade, as if to cloud the little sunshine which glimmers on our lot? We answer, nothing worth is that sunshine that will not pierce radiantly through this cloud. No complacency, no cheerfulness, no delight is worth having, that cannot be enjoyed together with the contemplation of this view of our mortal condition. Such an exhibition! is it truth? is it fact? and is it truth and fact, bearing irresistibly on our own concern? then the endeavour to be happy by escaping from the view and thought of it, would be a thing incomparably more gloomy to behold than all that this exhibition presents; because that would betray the want, the neglect, the rejection of the grand source, against the gloom of our mortal state and destiny.

To an enlightened beholder of mankind, it is not then being all under the doom to fade, and be dissolved, and vanish; it is not that that strikes him as the deepest gloom of the scene; no, but their being thoughtless of this condition; their not seeking the true and all-powerful consolation under it; their not earnestly looking and aiming toward that glorious state, into which they may emerge from this fading and perishing existence. The melancholy thing, by emphasis, is, that beings under such a doom, should disregard that grand countervailing economy of the Divine beneficence, in which "life and immortality are brought to light," in which the Lord of life has himself submitted to the lot of mortals, in order to redeem them to the prospect of another life, where there shall be no fading, decline, nor dissolution. Let us not then absurdly turn from the view, because it is grave and gloomy; but dwell upon it often and intently, for the great purpose of exciting our spirits to a victory over the vanity of our present condition, to gain from it, through the aid of the Divine Spirit, a mighty impulse toward a state of ever-

living, ever-blooming existence beyond the sky. A man who feels this, would accept no substitute consolation against the gloomy character of this mortal life; not the highest health; not the most exuberant spirits; nor early youth itself, if it were possible for that to be renewed. No, far rather let me fade, let me languish, let me feel that mortality is upon me, and that the terrestrial scene is darkening around me, but with this inspiration of faith and hope, this rising energy, which is already carrying me out of an existence which is all frailty, into one of vigour, and power, and perpetuity.—*Foster.*

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

OCTOBER.

"The sear and yellow" leaves of autumn are fast falling from the trees, and the approach of winter has already produced a decided influence on the tribes of earth and air. The bat is no longer to be seen as evening draws o'er all her "gradual dusky veil," in chase of his insect prey, wheeling on flickering wings, and ever uttering his shrill cry of exultation. The mole has ceased to throw up mounds of earth, dotting the level meads with mimic hills; he is driving his *levels* deeper from the suface. The hedgehog is preparing his hybernaculum, his winter dwelling-place, among the roots of some old tree, or at the bottom of the tangled thicket. The little dormouse has retired to his snug retreat; the squirrel is hoarding up his stores of winter food; the frog has left the sedgy margin of the pond, to bury himself deep beneath the mud. The noonday sun ceases to invite the snake to bask in the beams; the lithe reptile has hid himself in some secure retreat, till spring shall rouse him to renewed activity. The flies that have buzzed about our rooms, and in the windows, have almost all disappeared, and the few that yet linger about, are dull and torpid.

If we look among the feathered race, we miss many of our favourites. All our summer birds of passage have left us for a warmer climate. The swift and the nightingale led the way; the blackcap, and the redstart, and the whitethroat, and the wheatear, followed; the swallows, as loth to depart, continued long to gather, night after night, in flocks of countless thousands, to roost among the sedges of the swamp, wheeling, and chattering, and settling, ere they sank to sleep; at last they fixed their time; morning rose,—no swallows were visible, or, but a few stragglers; night came, but the reed beds were deserted. The place of our summer visitors begins, however, to be occupied by a race of hardy natives of the north; driven from the frozen lakes and morasses of the polar circle, they wing their way to more temperate latitudes; not, indeed, for the purpose of incubation; not to build their nests and rear their broods with us, but for the sake of food, which our inlets, marshes, and lakes, our hedgerows and copses supply in abundance. Wild ducks, of various species, are thronging towards our shores; and the snipe is scattered over our boggy meadows and waste lands. But though our island is subject to so great a flux and reflux of the feathered race, still there are many species which are stationary with us throughout the year. Flocks of rooks, intermingled with starlings, blacken the fallows in search of the buried larvæ of *coleopterous*, or wing-sheathed insects. Troops of sparrows collect around the barns, and the clear song of the robin is heard at our window.

It will be interesting to inquire into the general character of our birds of passage, in order to ascertain, if possible, the law which compels their flight.

In the first place, then, our summer visitors, the swallow, nightingale, blackcap, redstart, goatsucker, and cuckoo, are all insectivorous, that is, they feed on insects and caterpillars, which cannot be procured, (at least in sufficient abundance for themselves and their young,) except during summer; and though many birds, (the nightingale and swift, for example,) depart before that season is ended, we should rather be inclined to attribute their early flight to a regular failure, at that peculiar season, of the insects upon which they subsist, than to any constitutional incapability of enduring our climate for a longer period. It is true, however, that causes, as yet unknown, may also operate.

In the second place, our winter visitors are of three kinds. 1. Berry feeders, such as the waxwing, redwing, fieldfare, and others: these visit the copses, the hedges, and the woods. 2. Vermivorous, that is, such as live on aquatic larvæ and worms, which they grope for in the slimy mud, by means of their long and slender beaks, constituted

as feelers; to these they add minute aquatic plants, and soft freshwater snails; such are the snipe and the curlew. 3. True aquatic birds, some of which feed on fishes, on molluscous animals, on aquatic plants, the produce of lakes, marshes, and inlets of the sea; others on grain, young corn, and grasses. Such are the *anatidæ*, or duck tribe. None of our summer birds of passage ever voluntarily stay with us during the winter: many of our winter visitors, on the contrary, are identical with species permanent with us, and whose numbers are increased by hordes driven from more northern districts. We may notice, as examples of this fact, the thrush and the lark, which are respectively joined in winter by flocks of brethren from the north.

If, however, none of our summer birds of passage stay with us during winter, we have, at least, many closely allied to them in habits and manners, which brave our seasons, and live during the severest seasons. Hence it is worth while to inquire, What is the nature of their food, and how they acquire it. Let us first take the hedge-sparrow, (*Accentor modularis*,) one of the feeble-billed insectivorous tribe (*Sylviadæ*.) It is indeed true, that the summer food of this bird consists of insects; and insects, no doubt, form part of its winter diet: it is a bird, as is well known, which is ever skulking in thick garden hedges, and similar places, where it finds the larvæ of insects adhering to the stems, or among the fissures of the bark; but still insects are not all that it takes, for grains and seeds are also added: and it is not a little singular, that the gizzard of this bird, and of an allied species, the *accentor alpinus*, should approach, as Cuvier informs us, more closely to the structure of that organ in granivorous birds, than is usually found in the *sylviadæ*. That elegant little bird, the golden-crested wren, feeds, we suspect, in a similar manner.

The creeper (*Certhia familiaris*) appears, on the contrary, to be strictly insectivorous; and its feet and tail are peculiarly modified with a view to fit it expressly for the search of its food, which consists, in winter, of larvæ and torpid insects, concealed in the crevices of the bark of trees, or covered by moss or lichen. Hence it may be observed creeping spirally round and round the trunk, with singular activity, busy in the search.

The robin, (*Sylvia rubicula*,) whose lively and varied strain cheers the winter season, is, at one time of the year, insectivorous, at another, granivorous. The great work of incubation, and of rearing the callow brood, is carried on in orchards, copses, or thickets, the softer winged insects and caterpillars constituting, at that time, the sole subsistence, both of the parents and their nestlings. At this season of the year, they are shy and retired, and their voice of song is silent; but soon as the summer is ended,—soon as the trees begin to lose their richly-tinted livery, the redbreast "pays to trusted man his annual visit." The insects have disappeared, and now begins his change of diet: occasionally, it is true, he pulls an unhappy worm out of its hole, and transfers it to his crop; and the gardener, while turning up the soil with his spade, is sure of the company of the redbreast, with his sharp inquisitive eyes, intent on every stroke; and if the spade be left for a moment, there is he perched upon the handle, on the look-out for prey: still he does not refuse grains and seeds; and, as the severities of winter render other food impossible to be obtained, he subsists on such diet entirely: then the "table crumbs attract his slender feet;" and, welcome wherever he enters, whether in hall or cottage, he becomes the familiar guest of man; till spring returning, calls him back to the thicket to meet his foreign friends.

Such, then, are a few of the zoological features, characteristic of the present month. But let us now go forth into the fields, and from what we may observe in our ramble, endeavour to gain some instruction and improvement. Observe these birds scattered over the field in quest of food; you would, at first, suspect them to be rooks, or crows; and, indeed, they do belong to the genus *Corvus;* but you will see, by their party-coloured plumage, that they are distinct from both those well-known species. The flock consists of the hooded, or Royston crow, (*Corvus cornix*,) and it is the only example of the genus, which is one of our migratory birds. The hooded crow (so called from the neck and back being of a grey colour, while the head is hooded with black, which is also the colour of the wings and tail) visits England in October; but on the northern and western parts of Scotland, it is indigenous, remaining there throughout the year, and breeding. It

makes its nest in tall trees, among the precipices of rocks, or the cliffs which overhang the sea, as the locality may render most convenient: the nest is formed of sticks, and lined with soft materials: the eggs are four or five in number. During the breeding season, these birds are very destructive, both to the eggs and young of the red grouse of the moorlands; and, like the raven, they will attack young lambs, or weakly sheep. They also resort for food to the seashore, where shellfish, and other marine animals, are greedily devoured, together with whatever animal matter, in a state of decomposition, may be thrown ashore by the tide. Mr. Selby states, that he has repeatedly observed one of these birds soar up to a considerable height in the air, with a cockle, or mussel in its bill, and then drop it upon the rock, in order to obtain the included mollusk. Such an act, indeed, seems to infer an instinct bordering upon intelligence, and to imply a notion of power, and of cause, and effect: it surprises us, because we scarcely expect it in a bird; but in forming a correct estimate of the principles leading to remarkable actions among animals of the lower orders, it must be remembered, that every action seems to imply the same; yet that, as may be proved, the appearance is not always to be trusted. The beaver, who constructs his dam and cabin, and who labours, with the rest of the community, in a common work for the general good, seems, in all this, to have a knowledge of cause and effect, of power and time; but the beaver is among the most unintelligent of animals, and is only directed, by that mysterious guide and impulse, implanted by the Creator in its very nature, which, for want of a better term, we call instinct: in the same way the bird builds her nest, the bee her cells; and so the crow may be led by instinct, without any effort of reasoning, to soar with a hard shell, and drop it on the rock, in order to break it into pieces.

To return from this digression. Though the hooded crow is thus indigenous in Scotland, strange to say, it is only a temporary visitant to our southern portion of the island, departing from our shores on the return of spring; during its stay, it frequents extensive downs, and the borders of the sea, feeding like the rest of its genus. As, however, there is no visible diminution of the numbers of those in the districts of Scotland, where they abound, it has been inferred, that our winter visitors, of this species, come from Sweden, Norway, and other countries of northern Europe, a fact which, as Mr. Selby observes, is almost proved, by the circumstance of their generally arriving with the first flight of woodcocks, which birds always take advantage of a north-eastern breeze for their journey.

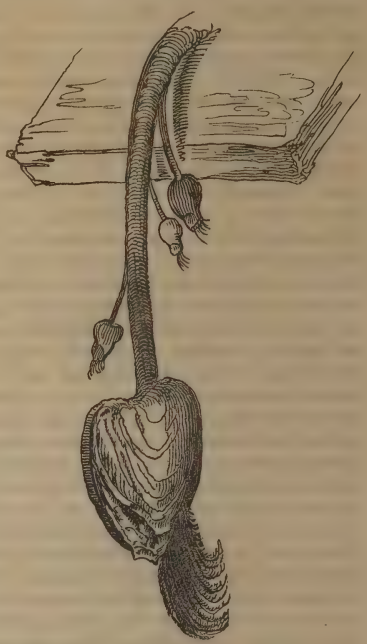
Look over head: high in the air a flock of wild geese are sailing along on vigorous pinions, and in two lines converging to a point, so as to form two sides of an acute triangle: sometimes, however, they sail in single file, forming one long line, and sometimes they change from one figure to the other. The species is most probably the bean goose, (*Anser ferus;*) but this is not the origin of our domestic goose, which is, undoubtedly, descended from the grey-lag wild goose (*Anser palustris.*) According to the testimony of the older writers on ornithology, the latter bird was once very abundant in Britain, being a permanent resident, and breeding in our extensive fenny districts; but since the draining of their accustomed haunts, and the increased population of the country, they have nearly deserted our island, and are only to be occasionally met with in the winter in small flocks. On the contrary, the bean goose is very common, during the winter, arriving from its northern breeding places, in flocks, during the month of October. Their name, "bean goose," is said to have reference to the peculiar form of the nail terminating the upper mandible of the beak; but it may refer to their predilection for beans, peas, and other leguminous seeds, which they seek with eagerness.

The bean goose, and indeed the observation is applicable to all the species, is remarkable for its shyness and vigilance; the sense of hearing is very acute; it is very difficult for a person, however disguised, or however cautious he may be, to approach a flock of these birds while feeding; sentinels, occasionally relieved, are always on the watch, to give notice of approaching danger, which they do on the slightest suspicion, by a cry of alarm, and in a moment the whole flock are on the wing; up they soar, and away they fly, with a power and celerity, surprising to those who are only accustomed to the domestic goose, which flies seldom, and heavily. The bean goose flies at a great

elevation, and the flock, while on the wing, maintain a loud cackling, in which the voices of the two sexes may be easily distinguished. The rate at which they traverse the realms of air, is from forty to fifty miles an hour; and this velocity enables them, with ease, to reach a roosting place, far distant from the grounds which they frequent for the purpose of obtaining food: these are generally extensive open lands, sown with wheat, beans, peas, clover, etc., and they often commit extensive depredations. It has been observed, that the various flocks have each their particular haunts, to which they return, on each ensuing season. Mr. Selby states, that he has himself ascertained this to be the case in Northumberland and the northern parts of Scotland, where the same birds have been known to frequent certain localities for a continued series of years.

After feeding, as the evening draws on, the wild geese leave the open grounds, and wing their way to extensive morasses, or to the sea shore, there to rest for the night, often on the water; sometimes, however, they select a ridge, or bar of sand above the water, and at some distance from the main land, where they cannot be approached unawares. Early in the morning they betake themselves to their feeding grounds; and in stormy weather fly much lower than usual, so as to be within range of gunshot. In the spring, the flocks take their departure for the wilds within the arctic circle, where they breed and rear their young.

In days not very far removed, a species of wild goose, or rather two species, the bernacle goose, (*Anser bernicla*, Flem.,) and the brent goose, (*Anser brenta*,) were regarded as originating from the bernacle, a marine cirrhopodous animal, of which a brief notice will be found in the *Weekly Visitor* for November 26, 1833, and which is represented in the annexed figure. How this ridiculous notion arose, it is impossible to say, but it prevailed over Europe; and in 1636, Gerarde, a man of observation, published, in his "Herbal," a long account of the wonderful transformation of this curious animal (the *Lepas anatifera*, Linn. *Pentalasmis vitrea*, Leach) into a winged and feathered water-fowl; with a personal attestation as to its correctness, a proof of the ignorance of the age, with regard to the philosophy of nature, and to the laws ordained by the Almighty, in the organization and progressive developement of living beings. The bernacle can never become other than it is; still, however, it undergoes in its progress to completion a remarkable metamorphosis, as has been lately demonstrated by a naturalist of high attainments. Bernacles, as



we ordinarily see them, are fixed to rocks, stones, large shells, or blocks of wood, by means of a fleshy peduncle, or wormlike stem; but in the earliest periods of their existence, after exclusion from the egg, they are free, and endowed with locomotive organs, enabling them to move about in the water. In this stage, the young bernacle appears as a small translucent animal, about the tenth of an inch in length; and when resting at the bottom of a basin of sea water, it bears considerable resemblance to a very minute mussel. The shell, covering the body, appears to consist of two valves, united by a hinge along the upper part; within these valves, the limbs, when the animal is at rest, are withdrawn; but when moving about, they are protruded; they consist of a large and strong anterior pair, with a sucking disc and hooks, and serve the purpose of attaching the animal to stones or rocks: behind these

are six pairs of oar-like limbs, which act in concert, and giving a succession of forcible strokes, propel the animal forwards, while swimming, in a series of darting or leaping movements. The tail is bent under the body; it is short, consisting of two joints, and terminates in four bristle-like appendages; these are also instruments which aid in progression. Singular as it may seem, the animal has eyes on peduncles, like those of a lobster, organs which it is soon to lose, while its limbs become transformed into cirrhi, or fibrils. At what precise date the transformation takes place, is not well ascertained; those kept by one individual, after remaining for a few days in sea water, threw off their exuviæ, as an insect throws off its chrysalis envelope, became adherent to the bottom of the vessel, and were changed into young bernacles; the beautiful five-valved shell was soon distinctly formed; the eyes disappeared; cirrhi assumed the place of limbs; and thus an animal, originally capable of seeing and swimming about, became fixed to one spot, blind, and the possessor of other instincts, the partaker of another state of existence. Wonderful as is this transformation, it is not more so than that of a voracious caterpillar, with hard horny jaws, and a stomach and digestive apparatus, fitted for the reception of great quantities of crude vegetable aliment, wingless, and crawling on short legs, into a beautiful butterfly, sipping, with its long proboscis, the honey of the flowers, among which it flits, on richly tinted wings, no longer capable of receiving the coarse nutriment on which it originally fed.

Could we visit the polar regions in May or June, and again at this season of the year, how striking would be the difference perceived, as to the animal population of those wild and dreary wastes. Now they are all lonely, all deserted, save by such as are capable of enduring the rigours of the wintry season, clad in furry garments to defend them from the severity of the cold. The white bear, the wolf, the arctic fox, the glutton, the ermine, and the alpine hare, together with the reindeer, and a few more, wander over the plains and hills, on which the snows have already fallen; the carnivorous animals eager for food, and prowling in quest of prey; the others gleaning a scanty subsistence from vegetables, now only to be obtained by scratching away the snow, and by burrowing into it; or by picking lichens and mosses from the trees, or sides of the rocks. Of the feathered race, a few hardy species still remain in their native wilds, acquiring, in accordance with the diminution of the temperature, a denser plumage, white as the dreary expanse around them. Among these may be noticed the ptarmigan, a tenant of the hills and mountain sides, where it now associates in families, which burrow under the snow, in search of food, such as the leaves of alpine plants, and berries; and also for the sake of warmth and security. But where are the countless hosts of aquatic birds, whose incessant clang resounded among the vast morasses, now icebound and desolate; or mingled with the noise of the sea, now becoming fixed, solid and motionless? They have all passed to the south, and left their summer haunts for more temperate latitudes; to return again, (directed by unerring Wisdom, when the proper time comes round,) and revisit their retreats; their

> "——— plashy brink
> Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide;
> Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
> On the chaf'd ocean side."

But how do the tenants of the sea, the ocean-born animals, the whales, the porpoises, and narwals pass the colder months, tenanting, as they do, the waters of the arctic circle? Out in the deep, where the open sea bears icebergs floating on its surface, they revel in the enjoyment of abundance. The huge whale, his body enveloped in a dense layer of oily fat, acting both as a protector of the vital organs against the effects of cold, and also, against the pressure to which they would be subject, when he dives fathoms deep below the surface, braves the utmost severity of the cold; and engulfs myriads of the minute tenants of the waters, fitted, like himself, to sustain the same low temperature, and with which the arctic ocean is replete. Of these, one of the most remarkable, is a little mollusc, called the clio borealis. This little animal, not more than an inch in length, belongs to the *pteropodous* (wing-limbed) section of the mollusca; it is abundant in the arctic seas, and sometimes is found near our island. In the high latitudes it dwells in shoals, so countless, so extensive, that the surface of the water, for a vast distance, seems alive with them, as they sport and gambol, heedless of their destroyer, who,

while he passes through their ranks, opens his enormous jaws and takes in countless numbers at a snap. On such tiny beings is the colossal whale sustained.

The clio borealis, (see the annexed figure,) is, in fact, a sort of marine slug,

with a pair of winglike fins or oars, attached one to each side of the neck, by means of which the animal rows itself merrily along, and plays amidst the foaming waves, rising or descending at pleasure. These oars are made up of muscular fibres, which pass through the neck from one expanded appendage to the other; so that the organ is, in fact, single, and may be compared, as professor Jones has well remarked, to the double-paddled oar, with which the Greenlander propels and steers his kajac through the seas, which the clio itself navigates. The head of the clio is enveloped in a mantle which can be retracted at pleasure, so as to expose the mouth, surrounded by three conical appendages on each side, like fleshy tentacula, which are instruments of prehension: examined by means of a microscope, each of these appendages is seen to be regularly and numerously covered with red points, which, when examined by a lens of great power, are found to be distinct transparent cylinders, sheathing about twenty minute suckers, capable of being protruded, and acting as organs for seizing and retaining prey. It has been calculated, that the total number of these prehensile suckers, upon the head of a single clio, amounts to three hundred and sixty thousand, constituting an apparatus, for prehension, as professor Jones observes, perhaps unparalleled in the creation. Besides these oval appendages, the clio can protrude from its head, even when the mantle is closed, two slender horns or feelers, in order to ascertain the presence of food; and thus informed, it prepares its prehensile instruments. The mouth of the clio is found to be furnished with a tongue covered with sharp horny spines; and its jaws are provided with pointed horny teeth, set in a fleshy base, and so arranged as to be capable of seizing prey, and dragging it into the mouth. Cuvier regarded the oars of this animal not only as organs of locomotion, but as a respiratory apparatus: the correctness of this view is denied by Eschricht, and we are therefore in ignorance as to the laboratory in which the circulating fluid undergoes its necessary aëration. Much more, in the economy and structure of this mollusc, remains to be cleared up. But we must return from this digression, which will readily be pardoned; for in the slight sketch we have given of the clio borealis, no one can fail to behold the power of the Creator, who, in the minutest, as in the hugest of living beings, displays infinite wisdom, and overwhelms us with wonder and admiration.

At this season, the hedgehog retires to hybernate; the squirrel, the little field mouse, (*Mus sylvaticus*,) and others, hoard up grain, nuts, and acorns, for winter use; and the mole drives its galleries deeper from the surface. The few predatory mammalia, which now inhabit our island, become bolder, as the means of their subsistence diminishes. The fox prowls at night around the barns of the farmer; and the weasel, the stoat, and the polecat enter the henroost, intent upon their feathered victims.

Amidst the fading foliage of October, how beautiful is the contrast displayed by our hardy evergreens! Of these let the holly take the first rank. There it stands, with its polished glossy leaves, and its ripening berries, prepared by a wise and bountiful Providence, as the food of so many of the feathered race, which now find refuge in our latitudes. The ivy, too, now clothing with its luxuriant festoons the naked tree, or the crumbling wall, gives shelter to them during the chilly night; and affords a retreat from the rain and storm. The birds of the air are not left uncared for by Him, who in all his ways and all his works is wisdom and perfection. The instinct which leads some animals now to retire to their repose for the winter; others to hoard up magazines of food; which leads some to leave our shores, and others to visit us; and which teaches all where to find food and shelter,—proclaims the goodness and mercy of God,

whose knowledge is omniscience, and before whom not a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground. M.

"IT'S OF NO USE TO TRY."

"Come, Samuel," said my cousin Frank, when I was quite a little boy, "can you say your lesson? Uncle has ordered the carriage, and we are to start in twenty minutes."

At that time, we were spending some months at my uncle's, and taking daily lessons of a clergyman in the neighbourhood. To confess the truth, I had got into a negligent, dilatory habit, (Don't let me attempt to throw the blame from myself; but I do think the habit was fostered by the example of my nurse, Mrs. Harris,*) and I had been repeatedly blamed by my tutor for coming to him unprepared with my lessons and exercises. Frank made several kind and friendly efforts to correct these failings in me, I hope not altogether without success, though at the time I felt vexed rather than gratified by his endeavours. On the occasion just referred to, my uncle had proposed taking us for a little pleasurable excursion; but as we should not return till late in the evening, he desired us before we started to prepare our lessons and exercises for the next morning. As soon as breakfast was over, Frank sat down to his studies, and invited me to do the same. I promised to do so almost directly; but observed there was time enough yet, and away I went and amused myself, by throwing stones in the lake, and teaching the Newfoundland puppy to fetch them out.

While thus engaged, time passed more rapidly than I was aware, and again I heard Frank's friendly summons, "Come, my good fellow, you had better come in, and do what uncle desired you; and, then, if any time remains, you can go back and play with Cesar." At length I yielded to his persuasions, and placed myself at the table, with my Latin Delectus before me; but I was hot and tired, and my mind was still running after the puppy; so when Frank again invited me to repeat my lesson, and I carelessly attempted to do so, I peevishly exclaimed, "I can't learn it, Frank! and it's of no use to try." Frank knew that uncle would be firm to his requirements, so he made another effort to save me from disgrace and disappointment. "I know, Samuel," he said, "exactly how you feel, and I will tell you what I should do. I should first wash my hands and face, to refresh myself from past fatigue, and then give my undivided attention, for a few minutes, to the book. Come, my good fellow, try once more, and I am sure you will succeed." Such sound advice and kind encouragement, I could not resist. The refreshing element seemed to charm away my fretfulness and incapacity for application. I resumed my book with good resolution: proceeded upon Frank's well-tried plan, "first study your rule, and then apply it to the case in hand;" and so doing, I soon mastered my difficulty, and accomplished my task. Right glad was I, when the carriage was announced, and uncle inquired, whether Samuel had learned his lesson, to hear Frank reply, "Yes, uncle, he knows it perfectly." Thinks I to myself, "It *is* of use to try, and it was only for want of trying that I did not succeed before." This little incident taught me a better lesson than that I learned in the Delectus, and gave me more delightful feelings than even those awakened by taking a day's pleasure with my uncle. Since that time, I have scarcely ever heard the expression made use of, and it not unfrequently proceeds from the lips of persons of a certain cast of character, but my memory has reverted to the incident of my childhood. I have, more than once, repeated it to my young friends, accompanied by some of my good uncle's remarks, offered on that, or on similar occasions.

"I cannot keep awake all sermon time! I assure you, dear sir, I cannot! and it is of no use to try," said a young female, when gently admonished by my uncle, on the impropriety of her conduct during public worship. "How is it," asked my uncle, "that you keep awake on other days? I have often heard you at the pianoforte for a much longer time than that of public worship; and you seldom discover indications of drowsiness when the afternoon is spent in cheerful conversation or interesting reading." "Well, sir, I really do not know the reason; but I always am sleepy during sermon time, and I cannot shake it off, try how I will." "My dear

* Visitor, 1839, p. 144.

young friend, let me not offend you, if I question the sincerity of your efforts. I really think, if you went to the house of God with the full expectation of hearing truths, the most important and interesting, and in which your own personal and everlasting welfare is deeply involved, you would find no more difficulty in keeping up a wakeful attention, than you would in reading a letter from a beloved friend, or in any other pursuit fully congenial to your feelings. It is easy to keep the attention to that upon which the heart is fixed."

Similar remarks my uncle made to persons who complained of a bad memory, and said they could not help it; it was of no use for them to try to remember what they heard in the house of God. "Can you not," he would say, "recollect an engagement of pleasure? Then your memory is quite capable of retaining recollections of the engagements of duty. Do you forget, as soon as you have heard the particulars of an entertaining story, or the circumstances of a remarkable adventure through which you have passed? It is only to bring home to your own business and bosom the instructions of the sanctuary, or the contents of the sacred volume, and they will be remembered, as they justly claim to be, with as much distinctness and delight."

"I cannot give satisfaction to my employers; it is of no use to try: I am always blamed, do what I will." Such are the frequent complaints of persons in subordinate stations. "Have you learned to obey?" my uncle would inquire. "Among all the methods of pleasing, which you say you have tried in vain, have you ever tried this, or if at all, have you tried perseveringly and habitually to do what you are desired, and when you are desired, and as you are desired? If not, do not charge your employers with unreasonableness and caprice, though they are not pleased with you."

The footman who usually waited at table, had gone to see his friends, and, in consequence, one of the housemaids was employed to remove the breakfast things. She placed a tray of china, half on and half off a table, near the door, and returned for a pile of plates. These she placed on the outer side of the tray, already almost on balance. This additional weight overset the whole concern with a tremendous dash, which quickly brought Mrs. Rogers and a posse more to see what was the matter. "Oh, you careless, careless girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers, "how could I think of trusting you with the china?" clucking with her tongue against the roof of her mouth, or groaning forth her unavailing lamentations, as she picked up piece by piece of the broken china, and arrested the flowing stream from the cream pot, which disfigured a yard or more of a handsome new carpet. The author of the mischief stood overwhelmed at the destruction she had occasioned. At length, with sobs that rendered her words almost inarticulate, she replied, "Indeed, ma'am, I was not careless, I minded it all the time; but let me try how I will, I cannot help doing mischief; I am sure I am fated to it; and it is of no use to try."

My uncle not fully entering into Mrs. Rogers's distresses and lamentations, though of course not pleased at the waste and destruction of his property, took occasion to correct the foolish notion of the poor girl, and endeavoured to convince her that her misfortunes resulted, not from any fatality, but from her own frequent transgressions of the laws of common sense. "If," said my uncle, "you were to stand on one foot at the edge of a precipice, it is more than probable you would fall over, especially if you attempted to hold in your hands a heavy weight: and how could you expect the teaboard to stand when you placed it in just as dangerous a situation? A heavy body will always weigh down a light one. You know it is so with a pair of scales. For that reason, whenever you set any thing out of your hand, take care that you set it on something solid enough to bear it. If the stand or table is not large enough to take the whole size of the article you wish to place upon it, put the middle of one to the middle of the other, so that the tray, or whatever else it may be, shall project half a foot on each side, rather than a foot on one side. If the tray also is loaded, see that the heaviest part of its load is on the middle. Now mind;" (here my uncle goodnaturedly showed her what he meant;) "if you had thus placed the tray straight on the middle of the stand, instead of putting it on cornerwise, with one large

corner off; and if, when you brought the heavy pile of plates, you had put them on the middle of the board, instead of putting them on the corner, more than half off the table, by which their weight naturally tilted down the whole, there was no fatality that could have caused this accident. Use your own reason and judgment, attend to the instructions you receive, and endeavour to make yourself familiar with the reasons, why one method is safer and better than another, and you will seldom occasion such mischievous accidents as this. But let me tell you, that it is sinful as well as foolish to talk about being fated to do wrong, either in little matters or great. This is charging our follies upon God; and, if you indulge a habit in trifling things, of saying, 'you cannot help doing wrong,' 'it is of no use to try to do right,' 'misfortunes will happen to you,' and many other such foolish sayings, I am afraid you will apply the same sort of unreasonable reasoning to things of the greatest moment; that you will sin against God, and ruin your own soul, and imagine that you cannot help it, you are fated to it, and it is of no use to try to avert it. But in either case, these foolish excuses will neither do away the blame of neglect or misconduct, nor prevent the unhappy results."

"I cannot learn this new way, sir, and it is of no use to try; so I hope you will be so kind as to find me some other sort of employment." So said Simon Smith, on his return from a fruitless attempt to be initiated into the system of adult teaching. The said Simon was a shoemaker by trade; but as he never could learn (or rather never did learn) the art of measuring accurately, his shelves were generally stocked with "misfits," which he was obliged to sell at reduced prices, generally when he was distressed for ready money, in consequence of some new failure in satisfactorily accomplishing an order, on the payment for which he had calculated for the support of his family, or the purchase of materials. The patience of customers was wearied out by the vexation of always having their shoes brought home, either too long or too short, too narrow or too wide; and one after another dropped off, till poor Simon and his family were often at their wit's end for subsistence: and, at last, the whole stock of misfits was sold off to pay the rent. Simon had always been rather of a reading turn. The neighbours reckoned him a great scholar; and as he sometimes put into rhyme a few verses of Scripture, or gave the rhyme of other people a fresh measure and connexion, he was, moreover, reputed "something considerable of a poet." As the shoemaking trade failed, Simon found more leisure for his literary pursuits, and entertained a growing conviction that he was fitted for something higher than the drudgery of shoemaking, and that it was a shame for such talents as his to be buried. Simon's wife was a thrifty, industrious, and intelligent woman; and perceiving that the support of the family became more and more dependent on her, she endeavoured to obtain employment in needlework, and also opened a little school for children. In her praiseworthy efforts, Mrs. Smith verified the saying, "Strive and thrive." She performed her work with neatness and punctuality; and gave great satisfaction to the parents, by her management of the little ones committed to her care. She got on beyond her expectation; still it was hard for the support of the family to rest almost entirely on the labour of the mother; and Simon was urged to make some effort to assist her. "What could he do?" was his indolent reply, "he had not money to buy a new stock." It was suggested to him to apply for work at the large shops. He evidently did not like the idea of doing this, after having been a master; but perhaps fearing that the objection, dictated by pride, would not be sympathized in by those who considered honest labour, however humble, far more honourable than indolent dependence, he said he did not think he could get work at present, not being a busy time; it was of no use to try.

However, a busy time came; the great shoemaker in the next town had a large government order, and being really pressed for hands, applied to Simon with an offer of constant employ on advantageous terms. It seemed just the thing for him, and for a little time he was quite pleased with it; there was not the trouble of accommodating his work to the particular foot of every individual customer; but so many dozen pairs were to be made on such a last, or to

such a number, and so many dozens to such a one. But Simon soon got tired of constant work; he wanted more time "to cultivate his poetical talent;" he found out that it was impossible to please his master, it was of no use to try; and again he threw himself upon the resources of his industrious wife. A friend of my uncle's was about to establish a school, both for children and adults, to be taught at different times. He was desirous of obtaining a suitable master and mistress to carry out his plans, and applied to my uncle for his advice and recommendation. My uncle replied, that he knew a very worthy woman every way suitable for the female department; and he hoped that with a little instruction, her husband also might be found competent for the other. So desirous was he of rendering them efficient instruments in carrying out his friend's scheme of benevolence, and also of enabling them to avail themselves of so good an opening for the support of their family, that he offered to join his friend in bearing the expense of their being sent to London for proper instruction. The matter was proposed to the parties, and joyfully accepted. Mrs. Smith set herself with spirit, industry and perseverance to improve the instructions afforded her, and qualify herself for the post contemplated. But, alas! her endeavours were rendered unavailing, and her hopes thwarted by the perverseness, indolence, and self-conceit of her husband. He could not, at his age, become a learner of new systems; but felt sure that he had great abilities for teaching, and, let him but pursue his own way, he knew he could do well; but to conform to the rules and methods of the institution in which he was placed,—he could not do it, and it was of no use to try.

"It is of no use," said my uncle, "to try to help those who will not try to help themselves; I am sorry, very sorry, for the sake of the deserving woman that this well-intended effort should prove a failure; but I have quite done with endeavouring to find situations for a man who will not exert himself to fill them. He must suffer for his own folly; and if he suffered alone, it could scarcely be matter of regret." Simon's wife returned to her former employment, and often expressed thankfulness for the great advantages she had derived from her three months' tuition in London. Her husband, as long as I knew him, continued to depend on her for his support, and satisfied himself with forming schemes, or going here and there to inquire after openings for the exercise of his talents and the maintenance of his family.

"It is of no use to try, the case is altogether hopeless, it is but spending labour in vain." So said one after another of the neighbours, who had run together on an alarm being given that a youth had fallen into the river. At first, all were eager enough to assist in getting him out. In fact they ran against one another in their eagerness to be nearest to the spot, and to get the first sight when the body was brought out of the water. But when curiosity was gratified, the spectators dropped off; they soon got tired of rubbing. One of the surgeons was called away to a patient; the other looked at his watch, said he had an appointment, and that he really considered all further efforts useless. He had never known an instance of recovery, after so long a submersion, as in the present instance. His young man, however, might stay and try a little longer for the satisfaction of the family and that of my uncle, who appeared deeply interested in the case. "I have read," said my uncle, in the Humane Society's Report, "of success after four, and even six hours' labour, apparently in vain; and I am resolved not to give up this case without persevering, for at least that length of time. I hope a few will stay to assist; but if not, I will do what I can alone." My uncle's determination seemed to animate afresh the young surgeon, who had begun to flag in consequence of the dispiriting remarks of his master; and two or three stout men said they were willing to stay as long as his honour pleased, and to do any thing that he wished them to do, though for their parts they were "certain sure" that the poor lad would never revive. Their efforts had not been continued up to the shortest time, which my uncle had named, when a slight indication of returning animation stimulated them afresh to persevere; and before the more distant period had arrived (six hours) their efforts were crowned with complete success. "Well, sir," said the young surgeon, as he shook hands with my uncle at parting,

"this result is altogether beyond my expectation; I have to thank you for a valuable professional lesson, which I hope never to forget." That individual is not now a young man; and, in cases similar to that just referred to, he has been peculiarly favoured in the enjoyment of success, as the result of persevering effort.

"'Tis of no use to try; the excellence of my pattern renders success in attempting to imitate it altogether hopeless; it is impossible for me to follow the example of —— or ——." "Away with your false humility," said my uncle, "try, try, again and again; he is more likely to shoot high who aims at the moon, than he who only aims at a jackdaw in the hedge. If you really wish to attain excellence, it is not impossible to you, any more than to any other finite and fallible being; but if you indolently resolve to rest satisfied with any thing short of excellence, you may depend upon stopping very far short of reaching it. In moral excellence, no man ever yet reached higher than he aimed; and no man was ever justly discouraged in the pursuit of excellence, which he sincerely desired to attain."

"My temper is naturally hasty and passionate; I really cannot help it. If I resolve against it ever so, it takes me unawares, and I cannot resist it; it is of no use to try." "Yes, I must admit that the habit to which you allude is objectionable and dangerous; but I have been so long accustomed to it, and it has gained such an ascendancy over me, that it is next to impossible for me to break it off. I have made several attempts, but it only takes the stronger hold of me for any occasional resistance, and I really think it is of no use to try." "Ah," said my uncle, "when I was a boy, there lived in the village a man, named Joe Sharp, who was so fond of fruit, that it was said of him he could not pass a tree loaded with ripe apples or plums, but he must climb it and get a taste. A lawyer, who lived in the neighbourhood, had more than once had his garden robbed, and suspicion had fallen on Joe Sharp. The next year, when the fruit was ripening, a board was exhibited, bearing a notice that steel traps and spring guns were placed in those gardens. The board was fixed in a tree, loaded with fine jargonel pears; near to it was a tree of choice apples, just beginning to look ruddy; and on the other side, one well hung with *magnum bonum* plums. Through the palisades, too, it was easy to see the well-trained vines, apricot, peach, and nectarine trees, each bearing their respective produce in several stages of advance. Joe Sharp often passed that way, both by day and by night; but he never attempted to enter. The trees were not less tempting or less accessible than in any former year; but it was plain that the temptation was not irresistible. It was observed, that a few days after the above notice was exhibited, in going to and from his work, Joe took the path across the fields, instead of going round the road way, by the lawyer's garden. Now," continued my uncle, "I am no friend to steel traps and spring guns. I would rather lose every bit of fruit that my garden produces, than I would endanger the life or limb of the greatest rogue in the world; but I think every person, who desires to conquer a bad temper, or break a bad habit, should contrive for himself some moral restraint, at least as powerful and efficacious. If every angry breath of yours pressed upon the wire of a spring gun, or if a glass of spirits were only to be reached by putting your hand within the jaws of a steel trap, do you not think you should find that you had power to resist the temptation, if you chose to do so? Then, do not deceive yourself, by saying, it is of no use to try. Read the declarations and warnings of Scripture, and if you believe them to be as true and real as the steel traps and spring guns, you will find them quite as efficacious; and, instead of running into temptation, and hugging evil to your heart, with a pretence that you cannot get rid of it, like Joe Sharp, you will not only no longer find yourself under any necessity of climbing the wall, and snatching the forbidden fruit, but you will turn away your eyes from beholding vanity; you will not enter into the way of temptation, but will avoid it, turn from it, and pass away," Prov. iv. 15.

"It is impossible to preserve peace," said a member of a family, remarkable for disgraceful broils. "Father is so passionate, and mother so fretful, and John so selfish, and Mary so touchy, and Jane so mischief-making. I lead

a weary life among them all: we are always quarrelling; I should be glad to keep peace, but it is of no use to try." "No doubt there is some difficulty," said my uncle, "in maintaining harmony among persons of different tempers and dispositions. This is implied in the very phraseology in which we are exhorted to strive after it. 'Seek peace,' as that which is easily lost, 'and pursue it,' as that which is apt to run away, Psa. xxxiv. 14; but while you say that it is of no use to try, you give an infallible evidence that something is wanting on your own part, and that you are by no means free from the charge of contributing to family discord. Go home, my young friend, with a determination in the strength of Divine grace, to watch over and correct your own spirit; and I am very much mistaken, if you do not find it is of great use to try. Endeavour to remove from your father every occasion of provocation; be more gentle and soothing in your deportment to your mother; let John see in you an example of generosity; and Mary, one of conciliation and forbearance; and endeavour to engage Jane in such conversation as is good to the use of edifying. If you sincerely and steadily strive to do this, I think that peace will be a much more frequent visitant, if not a constant resident in your family; and I am sure that you will find it a lovely inmate in your own bosom, diffusing there a tranquillity and happiness, which outward commotions cannot disturb."

"I know that I ought to keep my children under proper subjection, and restrain them from evil; but I cannot do as many people can, I find it impossible to maintain order and discipline in *my* family: my children are unruly and disobedient, I cannot keep them in order, and it is of no use to try." "That," said my uncle, "can never be; you own it is your duty to do it, and what God, by his commands has made your duty, can never be impossible. It was a noble sentiment, which a British officer expressed, when pointing to an enemy's vessel, of superior force to that which he commanded, he said to his brother officers, 'To-morrow we must carry that vessel into port.' The other officers replied that it was impossible. 'Impossible!' rejoined the captain, 'don't tell me so, when I hold in my hand his Majesty's order to accomplish it!' A similar sentiment may, and ought to be applied to every enterprise, however arduous, every duty, however difficult, for which we can produce a clear command from the King of kings. Now God has commanded all parents to rule well their own households; to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; to command their children and households after them to keep the way of the Lord. See Gen. xviii. 19; Eph. vi. 4. Those parents, who sincerely endeavour to do this, depending upon Him who has given the command to give the ability to fulfil it, will find heavenly wisdom given to direct them in their perplexities, power from on high to sustain them in their feebleness, and an efficacious blessing to crown their feeble efforts; but those who neither strive nor pray, have no right to complain that their duties are above their own strength.

"And is it not equally unreasonable and inconsistent, when persons attempt to excuse themselves in remaining in an unconverted state, by saying, that they cannot change their own hearts, that conversion is the work of God alone; and that till he bestows his special grace, it is in vain for them to try? If there were a sincere desire after conversion, the sinner would not stay to speculate; but would, by a sort of spiritual instinct, make an effort, and at the same time earnestly implore the aid of sovereign mercy; but he who makes inability his excuse does neither; and is justly condemned, not because he cannot, but because he will not come to Christ that he may have life."

"I have so many duties pressing upon me," is sometimes the language of a wearied, burdened Christian, "it is impossible for me to fulfil them all; and it is of no use to try." This is like some of the hasty words spoken by good men of old, which they invariably corrected with shame and regret for their mistake. "You perplex yourself," said my uncle, to one of these, "with far too many things at once, and so disable yourself for attending to any. No person has more than one duty to perform at one time, and for every duty there is an allotted moment. Do not loiter, do not confuse yourself by attempting too much at once; but quietly fill up every moment with its own duty, and in the evening of every day, and at the close of life, while you will find deep

cause for self-humiliation, you will still, in some humble degree, enjoy the satisfaction of a consciousness, that you have finished the work that was given you to do."

"And the troubles and perplexities of life, how they rise one after another! I shall never be able to surmount this difficulty; I can never bear up under this stroke; and it is of no use to try."

"Courage, my fellow pilgrim," said my good uncle, "your circumstances are very trying; but the darkest day,

'Wait till to-morrow, will have passed away.'

Look upward; dark as the night may be, a gleam of light will still appear from above; or if you cannot discern any, still trust in the Lord, and stay yourself upon your God; while you do this, you will renew your strength; and of those very troubles that now so grievously distress you, you will have to say, It was good for me to be afflicted."

I sum up all in a few of my uncle's remarks at different times, on the common expression, "It is of no use to try."

It is almost always an evidence of want of sincere desire to try.

No one knows what he can do till he tries.

It is worth while trying to do what is right, whether you succeed or not. The very effort will be useful, strength is increased by exercise.

Indolence and despondency enfeeble the powers. If you hold a limb in one position, and fancy you cannot move it, it will become so numbed and cramped that in time you really cannot.

If you try to do what is right and do not succeed, try again and again, till you do succeed. Many a good effort is lost for want of perseverance. Remember the woman of Canaan, and let her success encourage to perseverance in the face of discouragements, Matt. xv. 28.

The Divine blessing is afforded to honest endeavours: but we have no right whatever to expect it but in connexion with them. How easily might the woman of Sarepta have said, "It is of no use to try," when commanded to make bread for the prophet, and herself, and her child, with a handful of meal, 1 Kings xvii.; or for the servants, when told to fill the vessels with water, to supply the lack of wine, John ii.; or for the man, when commanded to stretch forth his withered hand, Mark iii. 5: but, in every instance, see what happy and unlooked-for results attended the effort of faith and obedience.

In whatever good and lawful enterprise we are engaged, we are warranted, in humility and faith, to ask and hope for the Divine assistance and blessing; and, above all, in those which have for their object the salvation of souls, we are invited and encouraged to attempt great things, and ask great things, and expect great things. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," Psa. lxxxi. 10.

C.

ETNA.

The next morning, I was awoke very early by my man to let me know that the officer of the watch had sent him to inform me that Etna was in sight, if I wished to look at it: you may be sure I did, and went on deck before sunrise. I cannot describe to you the magnificent object the mountain presented at the distance of forty miles. It seemed to rise so much higher into the air than any land I had ever seen, that I thought it must be an optical delusion. As it became illuminated with the rays of the rising sun, it began to display its mighty contour, with an outline as distinct as if I was only a mile from it, and its three regions were very traceable. The lower was clothed with wood, and spots which appeared like scattered villages. The next was the *regio deserta*, striping the middle of the mountain like a black belt. Above all was the vast summit of snow, dazzling white, and strongly reflecting the glittering sunbeams. The whole was crowned with a conical brown cap, without snow, from which there issued occasionally wreaths of white smoke, curling round the point of the cone in the most graceful and beautiful manner. This was the great crater; but, either in consequence of the heat no snow would lie on it, or it was covered by a recent eruption of ashes.

The astonishing distinctness with which every part of this mighty mountain was seen at our present distance, made me a convert to Brydon's assertion, of which I had been rather incredulous. He affirms that it could be clearly discerned at Malta, distant two hundred Italian miles; and that during some eruptions the island was illuminated by its light. Though I was not so fortunate as to see these things myself from the same place, I yet now think them very possible.—*Dr. Walsh.*

Female at Confession.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

In the Romish continental churches, the eye of the stranger is often attracted by a structure which is thus denominated. Should the reader not have seen one, let him imagine a closet, opening in the front by a latticed door, defended by a curtain placed on the inside, in which a priest may take his seat, with a wing, or small kneeling-place, on each side, in which a person kneeling on a step may whisper into his ear, through a wooden grating, whatever there may be a desire to communicate,—and he will form a correct idea of a Roman Catholic confessional. These wooden structures are commonly ranged along the sides of the churches, and frequently bear on them the names of the priests to whom they are respectively appropriated. The writer will not easily forget the first time in which he saw one of them actually employed. As the shades of a summer's evening were deepening, the sounds of the organ induced him to enter a church dedicated to St. Joseph, but in a few moments the service closed, and immediately after he observed one of the priests unlock the door, and enter his confessional. Instantly the two wings were occupied, one by a female, wearing a thick black veil, the other by a person of the opposite sex.

Only a part of what followed could, of course, be known, namely, the mode in which such applications are ordinarily made. According to the prescription of the church of Rome, the individual falling on his knees, says,—"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen. Pray, father, give me your blessing." While this request is preferred, he makes the sign of the cross in the usual way, by touching, with the fore-finger of the right hand, the forehead, the breast, and the right and left shoulders. A part of the "confiteor," as it is called, then follows: "I confess to Almighty God, to the blessed Mary, ever virgin, to blessed Michael, the archangel, to blessed John the baptist, to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my most grievous fault." The personal confession now takes place, to which is added —"For these and all other of my sins, which I cannot now call to mind, I feel heartily sorry, and humbly beg pardon of Almighty God, and penance and absolution of you, my ghostly father;" and as the remainder of the "confiteor" concludes the appeal, "therefore I beseech thee, blessed Mary ever virgin, the blessed Michael the archangel, the blessed John the baptist, the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, to pray to the Lord and God for me."

A considerable time, perhaps twenty

minutes, elapsed, before the female applicant retired from the confessional, to one of the chairs of the church, kneeling on which she resumed her recital of prayers, possibly by the direction of her "ghostly father;" soon after, the occupant of the opposite niche came from his knees; and in a few seconds the priest, bowing, issued from his closet, proceeded to the steps of the altar, where the writer overheard his repetition of a Latin prayer, at the close of which he left the church.

The Romish church allows of no exception to the practice of confession; from the humblest of its members to the pontiff himself, all are considered as laid under solemn obligation to its observance. A story has often been told of the son of a Protestant mother being urged to go to confession by his father's priest, and who silenced the ecclesiastic, by saying, that as the pope confessed to God, he would do so too, and "save his shilling;" but this has no proper foundation, since the *infallible* successor of St. Peter has his confessor, like others.

To this practice, however, notwithstanding the sophistries of its advocates, there are the most serious and weighty objections. The works designed to assist those who are about to make confession, are, as any who please may have proof, far more likely to increase the pollutions of the mind than to promote its purity. Such, too, is notoriously the effect of the inquiries of the confessors, and there are many well-authenticated facts, to show that, by these means alone, serious offences were first suggested. The confessional exposes the parties concerned to individual and mutual corruption, and thus becomes the birthplace and nursery of vice and of crime. It were therefore needless to say, that the holy word of God does not sanction such a practice, were not the contrary boldly asserted. But when, in an endeavour to support it, there is a quotation of the charge of St. James, "Confess your faults one to another," or of the declaration of St. John, that "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," it may be replied, that the former passage refers exclusively to the duty of the righteous towards each other, and the latter to that of the penitent towards Him who is "ready to pardon." To the priest, to the minister, there is not the slightest possible allusion. No where in the Scriptures do we find a description of any such ecclesiastical prerogative, or a solitary instance of its assertion or exercise.

Still further, the practice diametrically opposes the great doctrine of revelation: salvation by Christ, and by him alone. Penance in the church of Rome is described as consisting of three things,—contrition, confession, and satisfaction; meaning by the latter a kind of compensation made to God, by prayers, fastings, and alms, for offences committed against him. But the Scriptures which declare that "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" and that by his "one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," denounce such a doctrine as one calculated to dishonour the Saviour, and to ruin the soul. W.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

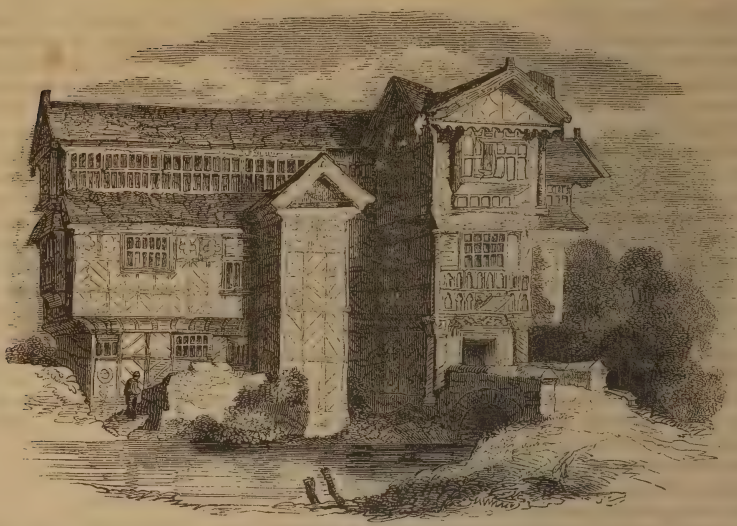
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: WITH MISCELLANEOUS PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THAT PERIOD.

The transition from the feudal state towards the habits of modern society, during the sixteenth century, presents many interesting particulars.

BUILDINGS.

The buildings, during the reigns of the house of Tudor, continued to advance in the style which was introduced during the preceding century. The nobility were no longer immured in the gloomy castles and strongholds of the feudal times. Some large houses, built at this period, outwardly resembled castles, but without the strength of those structures, and free from many of their inconveniences. The turrets and moats were for ornament rather than defence. As the feeling of security increased, there was more attention paid to architectural display; the habitations of the wealthy exhibited a style of architecture which usually is called Elizabethan. The windows and doors were in the ornamental pointed style, their openings were large, the front elevation was long, often in this form [illegible], bearing some resemblance to the initial letter of queen Elizabeth's name. The materials were usually brick, or wooden frame work covered with plaster, unless stone abounded in the neighbourhood.

This view of Moreton hall, in Cheshire, represents such a building in its recently



Moreton Hall, Cheshire.

dilapidated state. Such buildings generally proved less permanent than the strongholds that preceded them. Their materials were less substantial; they were erected in haste, and the interior accommodations were mostly ill planned and inconvenient,

> "Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing."

The bay window formed a remarkable contrast to the narrow loop holes of earlier times. Large windows were characteristic of the Elizabethan style. Bacon complained that some fair houses were so full of glass, that one cannot tell where to be out of the sun. This made the cold of winter to be more keenly felt, while such large apertures rendered the structures less solid. And as late as 1567, the expense of glass windows was considered so heavy, that whenever the Northumberland family left Alnwick castle, the glass windows were taken out and laid up in safety. Yet, forty years later, Harrison speaks of glass as being common every where, and nearly as cheap as lattices. Few of the Elizabethan edifices remain in their original state: such as have not been wholly removed to make way for more convenient structures, have been modernized or improved so as to lose most of their peculiar features.

The engraving of Oxnead hall, in Norfolk, (see page 297,) represents a splendid building of this period.

Another engraving, already inserted, (page 17,) represents Nonsuch palace; this, with others, of which we most frequently read in the histories of the sixteenth century, as Richmond, Greenwich, and Whitehall, have disappeared. In the ancient portions of Hampton Court, we may still trace much of the palatical residence erected by Wolsey, although the most sumptuous apartments have been removed. Some of the colleges, in both Universities, still retain a good deal of their ancient character, especially in their halls.

The more humble dwellings were mostly timber frames, covered with lath and plaster; many of these may still be seen, though very much decayed. In towns, the upper stories projected over the lower rooms, and a profusion of ornaments covered the fronts. Some such buildings still remain in our ancient boroughs.

The country towns were mostly smaller than they are at the present day; and as population increased, the ceasing of internal warfare gave more security to hamlets and houses scattered through the country. Cottages seldom had more than one or two rooms; and where both wood and stone were scarce, they were mostly built of clay, coated with lime, and thatched with reeds. The small farm-houses were little better. In queen Mary's days the Spaniards marked the contrast between the humble dwellings and the diet of the people, saying,

"These English have their houses made of sticks and dirt; but they fare as well as the king." But even the common dwellings exhibited many improvements beyond the preceding centuries. Chimneys were generally used, instead of leaving the smoke to escape by the doors and windows, or by a hole in the roof. The destruction of the woods, accelerated by the progress of manufactures, led to the general use of sea coal, similar to that now used, chiefly brought from Newcastle, where large sums were expended in the works of the collieries. The dirt and sulphurous exhalations of this coal prejudiced many against its use, which was chiefly confined to common purposes, or to those who wished for a less expensive fuel than wood or charcoal. In the reign of Elizabeth the use of sea-coal was forbidden in London during the sitting of parliament, lest the health of the country members should suffer!

The interior, even of these best houses, was not yet conformable to our ideas of comfort. The walls were rudely finished, and covered with hangings of painted cloth, or worked or woven tapestry. Gilbert Talbot, son of the earl of Shrewsbury, wrote, in 1576, to his father respecting a set of hangings. "I have seen many fair hangings, and your lordship may have of all prices, either two shillings a stick, or seven groats, three, four, five, or six shillings the stick; (query, the yard?) the most of them are very shallow, and I have seen none that I think deep enough for a great chamber, but for lodgings."

A list of furniture, supplied to the princess Mary, is curious. It describes several sets of hangings by their designs. "A king riding in a chariot, in a blue gown with stars; a woman with the world in her hand," etc. One piece "has a hole in it." Among the articles of bedding are "counterpoyntes of crimson damask, fringed with white fustian, holland sheets, pillow beers, beds of down, with fustian ticking, feather beds, with bolsters and pillows of down."

The imperfection of the joinery work, in queen Elizabeth's reign, is incidentally noticed by Laneham, the usher of the privy council. He speaks of persons who listened at the chinks and lockhole of the door.

Rooms were often wainscoted; oak, lime, and chestnut were the woods most esteemed for the ornamental parts of buildings, and for furniture, before the introduction of mahogany. There is a room in a public house in Ipswich, which once formed part of the mansion of sir Anthony Wingfield, one of the privy counsellors of Henry VIII. The ceiling was richly carved and gilt. The figures carved over the fire place were once supposed to represent the battle of Bosworth, but more acute observers have ascertained that the subject is the judgment of Paris!

Barton has noticed this apartment in some appropriate lines:

"Such were the rooms in which, of yore,
Our ancestors were wont to dwell;
And still of fashions known no more
These ling'ring relics tell.

"The oaken wainscot richly grac'd
With gay festoons of mimic flowers,
The armorial bearings, now defac'd,
All speak of proud and long past hours.

"The ceiling quaintly carv'd and groin'd,
With pendent pediments revers'd;
A by-gone age recalls to mind,
Whose glories song hath oft rehears'd.

"These tell a plain unvarnish'd tale,
Of wealth's decline, and pride's decay;
Nor less unto the mind unveil
Those things which cannot pass away."

Rushes for covering the floors were gradually discontinued; the lower classes used sand, the middle and upper ranks had their floors polished, and sometimes inlaid with different coloured woods. Carpets, or pieces of tapestry were frequently laid down in different parts of the room, not closely fitted to the whole floor, as now. The orders of John Haryngton's household in 1566, direct, that "the hall be made clean every day, by eight in the winter, and seven in the summer;" all stairs in the house, and rooms that need shall require, were to be made clean on Fridays, after dinner. When any stranger departed, his chamber was "to be drest up again within four hours after." A great improvement upon the slovenly habits of earlier days.

Till the reign of Elizabeth, the hall was the principal apartment; some of the halls, in houses built in the early part of the sixteenth century, have beautifully carved ceilings, and other ornaments: the master took his meals there, surrounded by his dependents, who sat at different tables, according to their rank; the gates of the building being locked during the repast. The halls of the latter part of the century were less elaborate. As the feudal customs declined, the halls were used more as entrance

rooms; the dining parlours, or banqueting rooms, and the withdrawing rooms and gallery, were the customary resort of the family: upon these apartments most care was bestowed.

The staircases also were constructed with more care, and planned with attention to their effect as prominent objects in mansions. The balusters were carved, and the walls adorned.

The lady's closet, or the boudoir, and the nurseries, became apartments of importance. Some careful dames caused their closets to be placed so that when at their devotions, or otherwise engaged in those rooms, they could see into the servants' hall. The females of that day, even ladies of rank, were expected to give considerable attention to household matters.

As the habitations were more regularly built, so the stories were more clearly defined than in older buildings: it was not uncommon to speak of each story as a separate house, though they were often confused by the varying heights of different rooms, as we see in old buildings. The description of an ancient house, in one of Pope's letters, gives a lively idea of the confused plan of interiors.

FURNITURE.

The advancing wealth and improved habits of the people, led to the increase of articles of furniture. Hollingshed, writing in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, says, that old men could remember great improvements in their time, as the exchanging of wooden platters for pewter, and wooden spoons to those of silver or tin. Formerly, not four pieces of pewter would be found in a farmer's house, but now there were many articles of pewter, and several of silver.

Many specimens of the furniture of the sixteenth century remain, in bedsteads, chairs, tables, cabinets, and other articles. They are generally massive in form, and richly ornamented, though often coarsely finished. The testers and headpieces of the bedsteads were frequently of wood, covered with various devices. The travelling bedstead of Richard III. was of this description; it was left at the Blue Boar inn, at Leicester, where he slept the night before the battle of Bosworth: about a century afterwards, a large amount of gold coin was discovered in the frame work.

The curtains and canopies of the bed, and the hangings of chambers, were often richly worked. In 1495, Henry VII. paid the large sum of 158*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for "browdrying of two chambers, with a bedd," at the palace of Shene. The ladies in particular excelled in needlework, both for furniture and articles of dress, during the whole of this period. They also wrought richly adorned covers for books.

A complete inventory of the furniture of Mr. Richard Fenner, early in the reign of Henry VIII., is given by Strutt. He was a person of property, having a large park, with all sorts of deer. The great hall was furnished with pieces of tapestry, three tables with trestles and forms, and a hawk's perch. The parlour was wainscoted, it had a fair table, forms, two turned chairs, three chairs for women, a cupboard, four footstools, six cushions of tapestry work, a carpet of Turkey, say striped, two little carpets, awndirons for burning wood, and a fire fork. It had a set of hangings, a picture of Lucretia, and one of Mary Magdalen, and a backgammon board. There were other sitting rooms with similar furniture. "The great chamber over the parlor," had three large pieces of tapestry of imagery, a trussing bed of wenskotte, with cellar and tester, grained with black velvet and yellow baudkin, with curtains of black and changeable persnet. A coverlet of tapestry of imagery, lined with canvas, a bed of down with a mattress; under the same bed a pair of fustians, two blankets, two pillows, and two bolsters. A cupboard of wenskotte, one turned chair, with a cushion of verder, three curtains of blue buckerom for three windows, which "be cieled with wenskotte."

The master's chamber was more plainly furnished, but with similar articles: there were also three chests, containing clothes, etc.; even the inferior servants had mattresses, sheets, and coverlets, instead of lying upon straw, as had been customary not many years before.

The kitchen had platters, dishes, chargers, porringers, and saucers, brass pots, pans, and chafing dishes, mortars, racks, spits, fryingpans, pails, etc., and "a cestorne of lede with a coke."

The service of silver plate, was a basin and cover, parcel (or half) gilt, two salts with cover gilt, five ale pots

with covers gilt, four goblets without covers gilt, sixteen spoons, two flat bowls, one with a cover, a pepper box gilt, and a chalice, parcel gilt. There was a large service of pewter for common use.

This inventory shows a great advance from the furniture of former times; but it would appear very scanty if compared with the inventory of a gentleman of 1500*l.* or 2000*l.*, a year, at the present day.

The inventory of a knight's mansion of the same period, presents a more complete list, but chiefly so in plate, of which he possessed a large service.

Harrison speaks of the plate of noblemen in Elizabeth's reign, as often exceeding 2000*l.* in value, and that of a merchant, or gentleman, amounting to 500*l.* or 600*l.*

Lord North, in 1577, added to his plate, forty-seven dishes and platters, a charger and eight sausers, weighing one thousand and twenty-three ounces, at 4*s.* 10*d.* the ounce, 249*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and three pence the ounce, for making the same, 12*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* The work could not have been very elaborate or beautiful. In 1586, we read that the higher ranks, lothing these metals, because they were become common, generally chose rather the Venice glasses for drinking wine or beer.

Even artificers and farmers "learned to garnish their cupboards with plate, their beds with tapestry and silk hangings, and their tables with fine napery," all which were proofs of increased prosperity, and the manufacturing such articles brought increased remuneration to the various classes of artificers; thus also giving increased employ even to the common labourer. Without justifying luxury, or the expense beyond their means, too common in every rank, it may be observed, that the person who encourages and employs the honest artificer, is a much greater benefactor to his country, than either the man who hoards his wealth, or distributes it blindly, in careless charity.

The inventories of the royal palaces enumerate many costly articles. In the bed chamber of Henry VIII., at Hampton, was "a steel glass (or mirror) covered with yellow velvet." At Westminster, among "the glasses to look in," was "a fair great looking steel glass, set in crimson velvet, richly embroidered with damask pearls, with knots of blue, and a curtain of blue taffetas, embroidered with Venice gold, and cordrants of the same gold." As yet, looking glasses, properly so called, were little known, the mirrors were never hung up in the sitting rooms; they were placed in bed chambers or dressing closets, and carefully covered to protect them from damp or other injuries. Towards the close of the century, they became more common; Hentzner describes in the house of a tailor, "a most perfect looking glass, ornamented with gold, pearls, silver and velvet," it was reckoned to be worth 500 French crowns.

Strutt remarks upon the great number of clocks in these inventories, some of them richly adorned. Watches, we shall notice among articles of dress. Clocks had become common through the country, though still articles of wonder to the ignorant. A Scottish freebooter wrote to an English gentleman, demanding, among other articles, "the wee trim gawing thing, that stands in the neuk of the hall, chirping and chirming at the neun tide of the day." If he obtained it, he would probably have had to express himself as a later Scottish plunderer did of a watch, that "it died (that is, stopped) the same nicht he gat it."

In the expenses of Henry VII., in 1503 is, "to the smyth of Richmont for a litell clock, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*" Many readers will recollect the curious clock still remaining in the cathedral at Wells. A clock given by lord North to the earl of Leicester, in 1580, with a dial, cost 6*l.* 10*s.*

The supply of table linen was very scanty at the commencement of this period. In the earl of Northumberland's family, seventy ells of linen cloth, at eightpence the ell, supplied the whole establishment with borde (or table) cloths, napkins, towels, cupboard and dresser cloths; but before the close of the century, we read of private persons with "fayre napkins before them," and of a damask table cloth, worth eighteen pounds. Such was the rapid progress during the sixteenth century.

THE FINE ARTS.

Painting and sculpture made considerable progress during the sixteenth century. At the beginning of that period, the arts were chiefly encouraged in

connexion with ecclesiastical structures. But in Italy and Flanders, these arts were cultivated more than in England. Henry VIII. encouraged portrait painting, and the faithful representations of many leading English characters of that period, were preserved by Holbein. Oliver was the first English painter worthy of notice; many of his miniature portraits are still preserved.

Engraving in wood and metal, for printing, was much encouraged. Among the earliest good English specimens of this art, are the engravings in "the Shippe of Foles," printed by Pynson. Some of the ancient chronicles contain improved specimens of this art. Among them may be noticed, the engravings in the early editions of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, many of which are executed with much spirit and accuracy.

Copperplate engraving was encouraged by archibishop Parker. Engraved portraits of popular characters were common. Saxton engraved maps of the English counties, imperfect and far from correct, but valuable as proofs of increased attention to the topography of our land.

Many superstitious pictures and images were destroyed at the Reformation, after which time sculptors chiefly depended upon monumental effigies for employment; many of this period yet remain, showing various degrees of ability. Fireplaces, and the interior of rooms, often were richly sculptured; many ornamental carvings of this period yet remain, and exhibit application and ability of a superior order.

The beautiful specimens of architecture in Henry VII.'s chapel, and other buildings of this period, are well known to most of our readers. Italian artists began to introduce the Grecian style in some buildings, though it was not suited to our country and climate.

Music was generally cultivated. In families of the middle classes, almost every person was supposed to be more or less skilled in music. Thomas Tallis composed a song of forty parts. The Reformation checked the use of instrumental music in churches; but vocal music was encouraged. In 1548, psalm singing was authorized: at this period Edward VI. was much gratified by the psalmody of Sternhold, and the manner in which he accompanied some of the psalms of his version on the organ.

In 1560, Jewel notices the improved spirit of religion among the people, which had been promoted by psalmody in public worship. It was begun in the church of St. Antholin's. He notices that at Paul's cross, sometimes there were six thousand persons singing together; this was following the plan adopted upon the continent.

Keyed and stringed instruments became general, so that viols or citherns were placed in barbers' shops, that customers might amuse themselves while waiting. In the expenses of Henry VII. are lutes for the princesses Margaret and Mary, afterwards queens of Scotland and France, each cost 13*s.* 4*d.*, and a pair of claycords, 10*s.* Morison, at the end of the century, says, "When you come to an inn, you shall be offered music, which you may freely take or refuse."

FOOD.

The national food of England, in the sixteenth century, was similar to that of the preceding centuries. It was chiefly plain joints of beef, mutton, and pork; but for banquets, and among those who thought themselves more refined than others, made dishes, and various elaborate peparations, were esteemed; these were termed "the triumphs of cookery." A writer in the reign of Henry VII., describes the higher ranks as having "the most dilecat deynties, and curyous mets," with "subtilties of the cunyng appreparyng of the cooks." The subtilties were chiefly paste and sweetmeats, in the forms of castles, and ships, and figures of all sorts.

The diet of the poorest classes, early in the century, is described by a poet, as consisting mostly of brown bread, whig or sour butter milk, bacon, and curds. At the close, "cabbages, radishes, parsnips, carrots, melons, pompons, or such like," were their principal food. Wheaten bread they had when they could reach the price of it; at other times bread made of oats and barley. Flesh meat they did not often have: a cow was reckoned a valuable possession to a poor man. The class next above them, about A.D. 1500, had wheaten bread, beef, perry or cider, and cream. Vegetables were but little used by them. Salted meat was a principal article of food during the winter months, the cattle being slaughtered about Martinmas, as on account of the scarcity of winter fodder, they would lose their condition after that time. A

supply of salted fish was laid in before Lent. As noticed in the "Middle Ages of England," in the family of the earl of Northumberland, at this period, one hundred and sixty gallons of mustard was the quantity usually prepared to make this diet the more palatable. Before the end of the century, the diet of the artificer and husbandman was much improved, consisting of butchers' meat, besides souse, brawn, bacon, pies of fruit, fowls, cheese, butter, eggs, etc.

Beer and ale were the principal drinks. A receipt for strong ale directs that not more than sixty gallons were to be brewed from three pecks of malt; but it might be as much stronger as the brewer pleased. Hops came into general use for beer after 1524, but were partially used before that time, being imported from Flanders. Ale of five days old is spoken of as ready for use; hops not being generally put into ale till the next century, that liquor was drank soon after it was brewed. Harrison, late in the century, in 1586, fully describes his process of brewing; from eight bushels of malt, half a bushel of wheat, and the same of oats, he had ten score gallons of beer, or more. The best beer, he says, was commonly a year old, being brewed in March, and "for the household usually not under a month's age, each one coveting to have it stale as he may, so that it be not soure." A Frenchman, in 1553, says, The English are fond of eating, with their beer, soft saffron cakes stuffed with raisins,—what are now called plum buns.

The importance of a proper supply of malt liquor, is thus spoken of in a letter written by the earl of Leicester, during one of queen Elizabeth's progresses in 1575, probably in reference to her own house at Grafton, in Northamptonshire: "At her first coming, being a marvelous hott day, not one drop of good drink for her; but we were fain to send to London with bottels, to Kenelworth, to divers other places where ale was. Her own here was such as there was no man able to drink it; and yet was it laid in about three days before her Majesty came. Hit did put her very farr out of temper, and almost all the company beside so; for none of us all was able to drink, either bere or ale here. Synce, by chance, we have found drink for her lykyng, and she is well agayn: but I feared greatly, two or three dayes, some sickness to have fallen by reason of this drynk."

Mead, and various mixed liquors, such as clary and hippocrass, made from wine and spices, were much esteemed. Sack was a sweet wine, or Spanish white wine sweetened; it was sometimes beaten up with the yolks of eggs. Lord North, in 1576, paid 10*l.* for a butt of sack. There were fifty-six sorts of French and other small wines, thirty of Spanish and strong wines, of which thirty thousand tons were imported in the reign of Elizabeth. Harrison mentions the discontinuance of the growth of vines in England, at that period, the liquor being found more hard than foreign wines. The poorer classes were fond of bracket, which was ale boiled up with honey and pepper.

The tables were covered with cloths, on which spoons, knives, and napkins were placed; forks were unknown in England till the next century. Basins and ewers of water, mostly of pewter, were carried round, or placed ready for the guests.

Tea and coffee were unknown at this period. Breakfasts, early in the century, were substantial meals of meat, with malt liquor and wine, what are now called dejeunés a la fourchette, but forks then were unknown. The breakfast of the Northumberland family, at the commencement of this period, was noticed in the "Middle Ages of England;" that of queen Elizabeth was as follows:—On Monday, 20th November, 1576, for breakfast, cheats and manchets, (fine and coarser bread,) ale and beer, wine, mutton for the pot, long bones, ise bones, chine of beef, chines of mutton, chines of veale, short bones, conyes, and butter. The number that ate of this food provided for the queen is not stated, but the whole cost of the provision was 13*s.* 4½*d.* At dinner the same day, in the first course, were the same articles, with a signet, (small swan) capons, friants, custerde, and fritter. The second course had kidde, herons, godwits, chickens, pejons, larkes, tarte, and eggs. The cost ought to have been 45*s.* 5½*d.*; but some additional articles increased the amount to 70*s.* 7*d.* No vegetables are mentioned. The supper was very similar, but the birds were mostly boiled; there was also "slised beef," "chicken pies," "Dulcets (sweetmeats) and sallets, with olives and capers." The cost ought to have been 33*s.* 5*d.*; but it amounted to 52*s.* 10*d.*

There were several meats which were not much known out of England. Brawn

was one: a quantity was found by the French when they took Calais; but they tried in vain to make it agreeable to their palates, by roasting, baking, and boiling it.

The particulars of a dinner to the barons and officers of the Exchequer, on June 8, 1573, may be given as showing the diet and prices of that period.

Breade, ale, and beare	10	0
A greate sirloine of byfe ...	6	4
Three jointes of veale.....	4	8
Two gese.....	3	0
Three capons	6	10
Halfe a lambe.....	2	4
Seven chickins	3	0
Four rabbetes	1	4
Butter	3	0
Eggs	0	8
Vineger, verges, barberies, and mustard	0	8
Spices	5	0
Fruite	0	8
Rose water and sweete water	0	8
Scrill and pslye	0	2
White wine.....	0	4
Sacke	1	0
Stroing herbes	0	2
Ffier	4	0
Cooke's wages.....	4	0
Boote hier	0	8
Occupying of plate, naperie, and other necessaries	5	0
Total lxiii*s.* vi*d.*		

It is probable that at the present day the learned judges would consume less solid food and ale, but more fruit and wine than their predecessors.

A fish dinner for the judges and treasurer, in April, has linge, coddes, plase, whitings, pikes, fresh samond, conger, turbot, sooles, flownders, smeltes, crefishes, shrimps. This was a more costly entertainment, the amount being cviii*s.* viii*d.*, and it included a necke of mutton, a capon, also two chickens, for some of these personages who required something in addition to the fish. The variety enumerated, however, would hardly be exceeded at one of the celebrated fish dinners of the present day. In March, 1576, lord North paid 13*s.* 4*d.* for a fresh salmon, and 4*d.* for a pound of fresh butter.

Harrison, in 1586, describes, that "the beginning of every dish was reserved unto the greatest personage that sitteth at the table, to whom it is drawn up still by the waiters as order requireth, and from whom it descendeth even to the lower end, whereby each one may taste thereof." At the same time, the variety was so great, that to taste of every dish would tend to "the speedie suppression of health."

The breakfast for the higher classes would be served about eight in the morning; the dinner would be ready at noon, or an earlier hour; the supper would be taken about six.

The order for John Haryngton's household in 1566 and 1592, directs the meat for dinner to be ready at eleven, and for supper at six or seven in the evening. Later in the century, the breakfast usually was not a hearty meal, most persons would be contented with a piece of bread and a cup of ale. Harrison in 1580 says, "Of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after dinner, and reare suppers when it was time to go to rest: now these old repasts are left, and eche one in maner (except here and there some young hungrie stomach, that cannot fast till dinner time,) contenteth himself with dinner and supper onlie."

At night, a draught of wine or ale, often warmed with spices, was taken. This was commonly placed ready in the sleeping apartment; Cavendish in his life of Wolsey describes the reception of a French embassy in 1527, at Hampton Court, then the palace of the cardinal. "Every chamber had a bason and an ewer of silver, a great livery-pot of silver, and some gilt; yea, and some chambers had two livery-pots with wine and beare, a bowle and a goblet, and a pot of silver to drink in, bothe for their beare and wine; a silver candlestick, bothe white and plaine, having in it two sizes, and a staffe torch of waxe; a fine manchet and a cheate loafe."

We are not to suppose that the daily food even of the middle and higher ranks at this period was very luxurious. Even in respectable families, the bread, excepting on special occasions, was of wheat and rye, or some inferior grain, as barley or pease, mingled together. So prevalent was this, that the bakers of Henry VIII. were threatened with the stocks if they mixed inferior flour for the king's bread. The flesh meat was chiefly beef and that generally lean, even the coarser pieces were used; fat bacon or pork was often boiled with the beef to make it richer. And as luxury in dress increased effort to save in diet, waste was prevented, and the doles to the poor were

more scanty. A merchant when alone, or with his family, in 1586, would not have more than one, two, or three plain dishes.

The alehouse was a place of constant resort; it became increasingly so after the suppression of the monasteries, when not only was it the resting place for travellers, the haunt of idlers, but there was commonly found the degraded characters, the old popish priests, or ejected monks, who continued to serve in the churches, but who retarded and injured the Reformation as far as was in their power; and wholly careless of the souls committed to their charge, wallowed in sensual indulgences even more freely than they could do in their old habitation. Several writers of that day speak fully of the injury caused by allowing such characters to remain as ministers of religion.

It was common to give large and expensive entertainments at funerals; the cost of that of Sir John Rudstone in 1531, enumerates many articles and their prices. Sugar at 7*d.* the lb.; milk 1½*d.* the gallon; eggs 60 for 7½*d.*; rabbits 2*s.* 2*d.* the dozen; capons and geese about 7*d.* each; a sirloin of beef 2*s.* 4*d.*; half a calf 2*s.* 8*d.*; a barrel of ale 3*s.* 8*d.*; a kilderkin of beer 1*s.*; wine 10*d.* the gallon; currants 2½*d.* the lb; cheat or common bread, 1*s.* 10*d.* the bushel loaf.

At bridals and such like merry meetings, among artificers and husbandmen, it was common for each of the guests to bring one or more dishes; and thus the feast was furnished.

Terms of carving were appropriated to each dish; as, "break that deer, rere that goose, frusche that chicken, unlace that coney, display that crane, wing that partridge, sawce that tench, culpon that trout, tame that crab, barb that lobster," etc. The young men brought up in noblemen's and gentlemen's families, were taught carving as a science; females of respectability were also instructed in the art.

In an account of provisions furnished to some soldiers sent to Greenwich are pesecods, and twenty pounds of cherries. Oranges appear in many dinner bills.

There is more frequent mention of fruits than of vegetables; a desert is described as consisting of plums, damsons, cherries and grapes, pears, nuts, strawberries, mirtleberries, and hardcheese; also pippins and carraways in comfits; but all these articles could hardly have been produced on one occasion. Biscuits are often mentioned. "Jellies of all colours, codinats, marmilots, sugar-bread, ginger-bread, and florentines," are mentioned by one writer; another enumerates "quinces or marmelade, pomegranates, oranges sliced and eaten with sugar, succates of the pille or bark thereof, and of pomecitres, old apples and pears, prunes, raisins, dates, and nuts." As early as February, 1496, Henry VII. paid "to a Portingale for oringes, 6*s.* 8*d.*"

The excess in liquor which so long disgraced England, was very prevalent in the sixteenth century. Cavendish, describing the hospitable reception of the French Ambassadors and their suite at Hampton Court, already noticed, says, "Then went the cuppes so merrily about, that many of the Frenchmen were faine to be led to their beddes," and this while the cardinal archbishop was presiding at the board!

HOW TO MAKE A QUARTERN LOAF OUT OF A DEAL BOARD.

To make wood flour, in perfection, according to professor Autenrieth, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed transversely into disks, of about an inch in diameter. The sawdust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres in a pounding mill. The fibres and sawdust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of every thing harsh and bitter, which is soluble in water, by boiling them, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by enclosing them in a sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun, or by fire, and completely ground in a flour mill. It is next baked in small flat cakes, with water, rendered slightly mucilaginous, by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marsh-mallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood flour into cakes. These

cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this, they are broken to pieces, and again ground, until the flour passes through a fine boulting cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a hard wood, such as beech, requires the process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten flour; but the professor found fifteen pounds of birch wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheaten leaven, and two pounds of wheat flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of very good bread. The learned professor tried the nutritious properties of wood flour, at the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then, taking courage at the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family partly, he says, ate it in the form of gruel, or soup, dumplings, and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible; and found them palatable and quite wholesome. Are we, then, instead of considering a human being stretched upon a bare board, as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider, henceforth, the common phrase, "bed and board," as compounded of synonymous terms?—*Quarterly Review.*

THE GOSPEL PROVED.

THERE is something more in the case of every good man, than barely a rational persuasion of the truth of religion in general, from the arguments adduced to support it. The truths of the gospel give him such a view of himself, and of his own state, as experience shows him to be true. In the gospel he finds a remedy proposed for his guilt and misery, which, besides all the other evidences of its Divine original, is exactly suited to his felt condition. Add to both these, that he immediately experiences its happy effect, not only in laying the best foundation for his peace, but in operating a thorough change in his heart and life. Thus hath every real Christian an inward and experimental proof of the truth of the gospel, not contrary, but superior to, stronger and more stable, than any speculative reasoning.—*Dr. Witherspoon.*

HONEST OLD RICHARD,

(A LIVING CHARACTER.)

To me there is a very great gratification in remarking the variety of character visible among mankind. Every man has in his person, habits, or qualities, some peculiarities; and it is the more striking developement of these peculiarities that constitute what we usually call character. From my youth up, I have been an observer of those around me; and it is more than possible that, while thus busily occupied with others, I have passed with them as a character myself.

It is not in the peopled city and the crowded street alone that human nature is set forth; in the more retired nooks and corners of civilized life there is always something to be gathered. Never did I set foot in a private dwelling, and remain there for any length of time, without finding enough to occupy me in my observations of character. Sometimes I have seen what has given me pleasure, at other seasons that which has afforded me pain; for good and evil are strangely blended. In the best characters we often see much to lament, and in the worst we sometimes discover what is worthy of imitation.

But my present object is not to speak generally of mankind, but rather to note down one of the many characters of old men that have come under my observation. Pay attention, then, to my sketch of Honest Old Richard.

It is now about forty-five years ago since Richard (who, I dare say, remembers the day and the hour) entered the service of our family, in the west of England. Richard occupied the post of fogger; but as this term is not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, nor yet in the older dictionary of Bailey, it may be necessary to say, that the duties of a fogger are of various kinds, including some attention to horses and cattle. The word foggage means coarse food for cattle.

It would be difficult to enumerate the multifarious duties which Richard, in virtue of his position and the trust reposed in him, had to perform; among them, however, he had to take care of the visitors' horses, to provide sustenance for the greyhounds, to mow the walks in the garden, to pay particular attention to the poultry, to look up the eggs, to see that the old turkeycock did not kill the young ducks and chickens, and to be ready, at a moment's notice,

to take dinner to the mowers, or beer to the haymakers. Besides these things, it was his especial calling to stick the green bough in the parson's tithe cocks at harvest; and to attend to numberless other engagements, known only to those who have some acquaintance with a country life.

Did the sun rise early, so did Richard, leaving nothing for the morrow which required to be done in the day. Was the lark cheerfully carolling in the air, so was Richard; he was no grumbler, nor given to make mountains of molehills: a good will makes labour light. In the various and constant occupation of his service, a diligent and cheerful discharge of its duties always marked his character, and obtained for him the confidence of his employers, and the respect of the visitors. When Richard led off a horse to the stable, no one doubted that he would be well taken care of. The rack and the manger were well supplied, and what man *could* do for a horse, with a wisp of straw, a brush, and a curry-comb, was done by Richard. "Tell the fogger to bring Mr. ——'s horse," was, in the worst of times, at least worth a sixpence, it being a certain indication that a piece of silver was on its way to Richard's pocket.

As Richard advanced in years, his abilities for usefulness were continually developing themselves. In the country, men are employed in adding to the comforts of life; in the town and city they are, frequently, occupied in its embellishments. What Richard knew was practical, what he did was useful. Few persons in the village could graft an apricot or an apple tree like him; and last summer how many hawthorn-dean apple trees of his rearing did I see, in full bearing! In other fruit, he was equally successful; and then, for jargonelle pears there certainly was not his superior.

In noting down these remarks, I am insensibly taken back to country scenes. The fields are before me, as they appear in the different seasons of the year. I can hear the song of the milkmaid, the whistle of the ploughboy, and the merry laugh of the haymakers, toiling in the sun. I can see the reapers cutting down the corn with their sickles, and the loaded wagons on their way to the rickyard. Even now, I am standing alone, leaning over the rickyard gates. It is moonlight, the clouds are flitting along the sky, my heart is solemnized and softened, with a sense of the goodness of God; my cheeks are wet, but not with the dew of heaven, and my lips are putting up the prayer, that God would guide me by his counsel, and bring me to glory.

Thus, when our hair is turning grey,
We sometimes heave a sigh,
And muse upon the seasons past,
The yesterdays gone by.

The sunny scenes of youth arise,
Scenes that so long have flown,
And while we trace another's track,
We call to mind our own.

It was hardly to be expected that such a man as Richard would always remain a bachelor. Maidens have their eyes on young men of good character and industrious habits, and regard their advances with favour. Why should they not? Richard married the daughter of a small farmer, and the different members of his large family, now grown up, are obtaining a respectable livelihood. Thus it is, that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," not only in worldly good, but in comfort, peace, domestic habits, reputation, and general respectability.

As Richard's family increased, so did his diligence. He was quite at home among bees, and few persons knew better than he did how to manage them when they swarmed. He had several stocks of his own, and scarcely was there one in the parish that had not been hived by him. In that part of the country, it is still believed, that when their master dies, unless the bees are informed of the event, in the following manner, by one of the family, the same night, all the stocks will die.

Awake bees, awake,
Your master is dead,
A new one now take.

In winter, Richard added to his many occupations, that of killing the neighbour's bacon hogs; while in harvest he thatched the ricks, having the reputation of being one of the best thatchers in the neighbourhood.

Thus, as the seasons rolled onwards, Richard held on his course,—

"Far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife,
His sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

But though not ambitious, he was not born to be altogether a private character. It was an era in his life, when he was chosen parish clerk and sexton, the duties of which offices he performed, to the entire satisfaction, not only of the

clergyman, but also of the parish at large. See him, while gazed on by the whole congregation, descending with dignity from the clerk's desk, to mount the gallery and give out the psalms! See him taking the lead among the choir, with the bass viol, his performance on which instrument was highly creditable. It would have been a hard matter to find a man so variously occupied as Richard, or one more deserving of the estimation in which he was held.

It is often the case in public life, that one event is as a stepping-stone to another. Richard was no sooner appointed parish clerk than he had a vote for the county. This new acquired right was soon put in exercise, he being conveyed to the county town, to be present at a contested election. Richard says it is a memorable period in his history that such an one as he should be "riding in a post-chaise, to vote for a parliament man."

In course of time, a cottage was to be disposed of, with a piece of land; and this, with the assistance of the worthy clergyman, Richard was enabled to purchase. On a part of the ground, a Sunday school was erected, of which he became a teacher, and subsequently the superintendent. The possession of land soon made him a nurseryman, seedsman, and florist; and as even then there were fragments of his time that might be occupied in other pursuits, he superadded the business of a haircutter and shaver.

The varied callings of honest Richard, when congregated together, would form a sharp reproof to the numberless loungers, who listlessly pass away their time from "morn to dewy eve," without performing one single action for the advantage of others, while his diligence and success may be put in profitable contrast to the striking picture of the idle and slothful man drawn in holy Scriptures. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man," Prov. xxiv. 30, 34.

The provincialisms that are common in villages often give a character to the discourse of country people: it was so in the case of my friend Richard. Having once occasion to inquire after the welfare of a prolific apricot tree in his garden, he informed me that the lightning had "killed him down to the ground," but that "he had started up again," and had then "a main parcel upon him." On another occasion I obtained from him the interesting information that his married daughter was "peartish," and had a "fine sprak little boy."

About three years ago, being on a visit in the neighbourhood, I failed not to make a call at Richard's dwelling, where I found him, the same unsophisticated character as he ever was. The happiest life has its shade as well as its sunshine, nor was I much surprised to learn, that even Richard's peaceful abode had not been altogether free from affliction. On the whole, however, there was little reason for regret, and great cause for thankfulness. True it was, according to Richard's own testimony, that they had been "very unked" during the last winter, on account of the illness of a part of the family, but then things had taken a pleasant turn again, for he was at that time "smartish;" his wife, notwithstanding her trouble was "main pure;" and the children, who had suffered from sickness, were "all got feartish again."

During my short stay, the rites of hospitality were not disregarded: a cold fore chine was placed on the table, with a supply of ale, out of the intended feast-barrel, having been kindly pegged for the occasion. Nor was this all; for after I had taken my leave, Richard came up in the evening to the parsonage, bringing with him no stinted supply of his favourite hawthorn-deans and pomeroys, gooseberries, and such other produce of his garden as he thought would be acceptable. The choicest fruit in Covent-garden market would not have yielded half the pleasure that this grateful offering afforded me; and yet it is doubtful whether the giver or receiver was most gratified.

> Though silver spread its shining store,
> And gold its glare impart,
> There is a gift that pleases more—
> That of a grateful heart.

Since I called on Richard at his habitation I have learned, that, by the decease of a relative, he has become possessed of a small farm; and being now of an age that renders him incapable of labouring as heretofore, he will, I hope

and trust, pass the remainder of his days in comparative ease and comfort, closing a laborious and useful life, by a death of peace; afterwards entering into that state of everlasting blessedness prepared for the people of God, through the abundant mercy of him who "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them," Heb. vii. 25.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

WORTHING.

It is getting rather late in the year to look for field flowers, and admire green foliage, but there is a delight in being abroad when the October winds shake the trunks and branches of the trees, and bear along the faded leaves flittering in the air.

I am now at Worthing, in Sussex; a spot that was once a mere fishing hamlet, but now a fashionable place of resort for sea bathing. A stranger leaving the gayer scenes of Brighton, the domes, the minarets, and oriental magnificence of the pavilion, the costly crescents, and the crowded pier, will not, at first, be taken with the place; for the sea and the town being nearly on a level, it has an unvaried flatness; not a single rock or cliff breaks the dull monotony, but after a time, the quietude, peacefulness, and retirement of the spot, amply repay the absence of excitement.

In summer, the walks here must be very lovely, for even now they are beautiful. Calm, quiet, and rural, there is nothing to excite, but much to produce a peaceful and happy feeling. The pretty villages, the country churches, and the white cottages peeping from amid the trees delight me.

This seems to be the favourite abode of laurels, laurustinas, and monthly roses; they are most luxuriant! Not a cottage without its monthly rose trees in full bloom. The more I look around me, the more I like the place. The cottages, called Mount Pleasant, are delightfully situated. The gardens in front of the houses look lovely; the various coloured chrysanthemums, marygolds, fuschias, myrtles, and laurustinas are in full bloom, while monthly roses and mignionette sweetly perfume the air.

Charming is the spot called Park Crescent, the lawn, shrubberies, and walks in front of the handsome houses look beautiful, the grass is of the finest texture, and most lovely green, and on one side of the lawn are two of the prettiest Swiss cottages, thatched with reeds, that I ever beheld. The colonnade is formed of the thick trunks of trees twined round with monthly roses, and the pavement underneath is composed of different coloured stones gathered from the beach.

I have had a pleasant ramble to Sompting, a pretty country village, about two miles distant from this place, at the foot of the Downs. Its characteristic is that of rural simplicity. On the side of a woody hill stands the church; adjoining the churchyard is a knolly field, full of large elm trees, and clinging ivy decorates the lone churchyard wall. The spot is beautiful in itself, and is rendered still more so by commanding a view of the sea.

The little bell in the church tower much pleased me, it looked so simple and so much in keeping with the rustic simplicity of the place. There it is, seen through the little window of the tower; not very well adapted, judging by its diminutive size, to accomplish the end for which it is designed, but, perhaps, the least tinkling may be sufficient to call together the simple people accustomed to assemble within these venerated walls.

After passing the church and pretty parsonage, I rambled on along the winding lane, wondering where it would lead me, when, suddenly coming to a turn, I found myself on the open Downs. It was a glorious view! The Downs in all their sublime extent, loneliness, and loveliness, stretched far before me, unenlivened by a human form, but relieved here and there by a windmill or a cottage. On turning round, a striking contrast met my admiring gaze. A richly wooded valley lay close below me, while the boundless blue of the then tranquil sea extended itself far as my sight could reach; the untainted delicious breeze, fresh from the bosom of ocean, sweeping by me, whispering of health, of cheerfulness, of purity, and of peace. How beautiful is nature at all times; but, oh! how unspeakably beautiful, when the heart is thrilling with a sense of heavenly love. And these are the gifts of God to his unworthy creatures! "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all."

"If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found!"

"The sea, the sea, the open sea" is always an interesting object, always sublime and beautiful! Its bed, at low water, is a place of amusement and traffic. Here the gay make a figure, and the invalid seeks for health; while the shrimp catcher plies his trade; the carter gathers stones; the builder seeks materials to burn into lime; and the curious collect pebbles, shells, and sea weed. Every returning tide, man lays a tax on the ocean: and the very cattle snuff up the sea breeze, till driven back by the waves.

I walked to another part of the Downs, where every shade of green and brown was lit up by the sunbeam; and where the distant woods and village spires pleasantly harmonized together, producing on the mind a soothing power and sweet solemnity. No wonder that poets, keenly alive to nature's charms, should, when unbaptized with holy influences, indulge in dreams of pleasant resting places.

"Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the Down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave;
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave."

Oh that the heart were more captivated by the bright prospects beyond the grave, which are presented to the eye of faith in the inspired volume of truth.

When the shadows of evening gather round the Downs, and give to them a solemn, sombre appearance, less lovely they seem to the eye, than when glowing in the sunshine; but what they lose in loveliness, they gain in sublimity. And thus it is with human character. In the joyous, light-hearted hours of youth, the sunny morning of life, we see much that is lovely; but it is in the more advanced, in the tried and shadowy seasons of existence, that we contemplate the deeper and more influential qualities of the mind.

In a ramble towards Tarring, I spied an old ruin in a field. It proved to be the remains of a chapel. Before this, on my way from Brighton, I had noticed the ruins of an old church, a rectory; and was told that neither a dwelling nor inhabitant are to be found in the parish; yet, in these ruined walls, Divine service is performed once a year to a few assembled hearers, that the parish may be kept up.

As I stood to admire the old chapel, a hoary, meek-looking countryman came up, in his round frock, and low, broad-brimmed hat. He pointed out to me the Clapham woods, the vale of Findon, and Highdown Hill, on which stands the Miller's Tomb. My companion told me, that in his younger days he knew the miller well, "a good man, though a strange one."

In his leisure hours, the miller amused himself in making machinery, two pieces of which used, in his life time, to be fixed on the top of his house, and afforded amusement to the passer-by. The one, represented a mill and a miller, so constructed that every time the shafts were moved by the wind, a sack opened, and a shovel was seen in the act of raising the flour for the purpose of filling it. The other represented a custom house officer, with an upraised sword, pursuing a smuggler; and an old woman, at the heels of the officer, violently banging him with a broom. At that period, this part of the British coast was much frequented by smugglers; and some have suggested from the above circumstance, that even the miller himself had a secret predilection for these clandestine gentry. In many respects, the miller was a singular character. He had his coffin and vault made, and when he died his tomb had been erected twenty-seven years. For the last four or five years of his life he was blind, and a young girl used to come from Tarring, a neighbouring village, every sabbath day, to read him a sermon. His funeral drew thousands together from different parts of the country.

Over the shed behind the tomb, where there is a seat for visitors; and whence is a most delightful view of the ocean, from Portsmouth to Beachy Head, including the miller's house on the left, with a choice portion of Sussex in front, are placed some lines, not very poetical, calling on the stranger, while enjoying the enchanting scene before him, to think of the better scenes which are above. The erection of this tomb on this unconsecrated spot, and for twenty-seven years previous to the decease of its occupant, is a singularity hardly equalled in the annals of eccentric biography.

I am now walking on the pebbled shore, listening with delight to the dash of the waves, examining the pebbles and sea weed. Stop! here is a curious mussel, with a profusion of sea weed growing from the shell. A little time has elapsed; the poor fish for a season held the sides of its shell most tenaciously together; but the heat of my hand has enfeebled its powers, and deprived it of existence. Yes, it is so, I can now open the shell without the slightest resistance.

It is one of those shadowy, sunshiny days, when, at one moment, every thing appears to be shrouded in gloom, and the next all is brilliancy and brightness. Just at this instant, each varied colour of the rainbow is reflected on the ocean; and here and there is a large patch of light green, which looks like an oasis on the desert waste of waters. The swell is rather high near the shore, and the small vessels keep at a distance, or as the sailor says, "They give the land a wide birth."

"In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to thee:
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee;
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion."

How much more calculated to raise the heart and soul to nature's God, are the beauties of nature, than all the wonders that art ever produced! Mid scenes of fashion and frivolity, the mind loses its high-toned feeling, its elevated aspirations, and all its relish for sober pursuits; the eye restlessly wanders from one object to another, and the heart knows no repose. A mental intoxication is produced, while a continued round of excitement becomes almost necessary to every day's existence. When the heavenly hand is seen and acknowledged in all, and a grateful spirit is vouchsafed, the heart yearns amid the beauties of nature to hold communion with God, and is ready to exclaim,

"Then send me not back to the race of mankind,
Perversely by folly beguiled;
For where in the crowds I have left shall I find
The spirit and heart of a child?

Here let me, though fix'd in a desert, be free,
A little one whom they despise,
Though lost to the world, yet in union with Thee
Shall be holy, and happy, and wise."

The scene is truly lovely, and the air soft and mild as on a summer's evening. Yonder grazes a flock of sheep in the large, green field, and there sits the shepherd on the railing, in his round frock, with his crook in his hand, and his dog beside him, the fine turfy pasturage stretching far and wide.

While rambling amid these rural scenes, the sweet lines of Cowper appear to possess a double charm,

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more."

DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

The law denotes that part of the Divine word which consists of precepts and prohibitions; with the promise of a reward to be conferred on those who obey, and a threatening of punishment on the disobedient. The gospel signifies the doctrines of grace, and of complete salvation in Jesus Christ, which elect sinners shall receive by faith. Every prescription, therefore, of virtues and of duties; all exhortations and dehortations; all reproofs and threatenings; all promises, likewise, of reward to perfect obedience, belong to the law. To the gospel pertains every thing that can minister hope of salvation to sinful man; that is, the doctrine of the person, the offices, the states, the benefits of Jesus Christ; and all promises to which are annexed the pardon of sin, and possession of grace and of glory, to be obtained by faith in Christ. —*Witsius.*

INFIDEL OBJECTION REFUTED.

"MAN must," Mr. Owen says, "as he has done for many past ages, continually degenerate under the institution of marriage." The proof he offers is, that, "if we compare the ancient inhabitants of Greece and Rome with ourselves, we find the comparison greatly to our disadvantage." That this may be the case in individual instances is not disputed; but if we take a general average, which obviously is the only fair and correct mode of trying the question, we shall find it otherwise. We know, from the history of all nations and ages, that since the generation when Noah came forth of the ark, the outer bound of man's life, with those few exceptions which serve to establish the rule, has been limited to fourscore years; while the general average has never been estimated at more than thirty years; and, in savage countries, where marriage and the institutions of civilized society are little regarded, it scarcely reaches to twenty years. A more convincing practical proof can scarcely be desired of the beneficial effect of marriage upon the duration of life, than the fact, that for the purposes of assurance, married lives are of more value than others.

With regard to the physical powers of man, still stronger proof exists. But a few weeks ago a mummy was opened at the Scientific Institution, at Islington, which had been for ages sleeping in its gilded sepulchre, at the time when the foundation stones of Athens and of Rome were laid. It was of a race who were then the masters of the world both in arts and arms. Its height was four feet ten inches, and its bulk in a due proportion. That it never exceeded those dimensions was evident from the capacity of the shell in which it was contained. Its teeth were perfect, and it appeared to have attained the age of from forty to forty-five years. This is only a single instance; but what shall be said to the countless millions of similar examples with which the catacombs of Egypt teem? Her ruined Thebes with an hundred gates, and the pyramids which encumber her desert plains, at which the world wonders, would alike cease to be objects of wonder if built by the hands of giants and piled up by the strength of Cyclopes. It is only when compared with the puny forms they entomb, and the sarcophagi which they contain, that they excite our admiration and amazement, which nevertheless gives place to astonishment at the results of modern science. Nor is it to the graves and pyramids of Egypt alone that we need appeal. Wherever throughout the world the ordinary habitations of man are found, or the tools, utensils, and implements for his use, they invariably indicate a race in no degree physically superior to the present. The disinterment of Herculaneum and Pompeii, after a sad entombment of more than eighteen centuries, confirms the same truth. The bones of the dead in ancient Greece and Rome (to whom Mr. Owen so confidently appeals) speak a similar language; while the opened sepulchres of Mexico and Peru add their testimony to the truth of the sentiment expressed three thousand years ago, "All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth."

Nor is there any thing in ancient history which leads to the inference, that at any period of the world since the flood, its inhabitants were capable of more physical endurance or of greater exploits than are the present races of civilized countries where the marriage institution is most scrupulously regarded. Cesar, with his legions, turned their backs upon Britain, and sought for his shattered navy a refuge in a milder clime. The Britons of that day slunk to the depths of their forests, and sheltered themselves in caves from the rigour of the season. Her modern sons are found traversing the widest oceans which this wide world contains; now scorching beneath the vertical sun of the torrid zone; now battling with hurricanes and tempests in untraversed seas; and now, amid the eternal fields of ice and snow, calmly setting down to winter at the pole. Alas, for our degeneracy!—*Lecture by R. Matthews, Esq.*

THE LAW OF MAN AND OF GOD.

SOME men, in the indulgence of their iniquitous practices, pacify conscience by the consideration that the long arm of the law, grown to an enormous extent by the crimes of our country, cannot touch them—their conduct, they say, is not illegal. God of heaven! and shall a Christian man square his conduct by an act of parliament, with the express precepts and dread sanction of Jehovah's law, and the spotless, peerless example of Christ, blazing in meridian splendour before his eyes!—*Waugh.*

FRIENDSHIP.

(Concluded from page 311.)

Let us now glance at a few points which are desirable in the formation of true friendship. Some degree of equality in circumstances between the parties strikes me as being one essential.

The rich who bestow favours upon their poorer neighbours are their benefactors, rather than their friends; while the poor who have nothing to spare, may yet be kind and helpful friends to each other. To overstep the boundary line of our own station in life, for the purpose of forming an incongruous friendship, would yield no happiness: nay, it would very likely become the source of annoyance and mortification. The labouring man who toils for his scanty wages, will find that he has but few sentiments in common with the wealthy: each will view things around him through a different medium, nor will there be many opportunities for that reciprocal interchange of good offices which marks friendship; each indeed may confer obligations on the other, but it will be under another character than that of friendship.

Congeniality of disposition, taste, habits, mental capacity, and acquirements, are also very desirable among friends: how pleasant, how instructive is a connexion where this harmony prevails!

The fireside of the W——s often affords a charming example of this; they have no "dear five hundred friends" wherewith to surround themselves; but by the selection of some few well-chosen associates they keep up a cheering, most interesting, and improving intercourse, based upon the principles of friendship. In their exchange of unceremonious visits, each contributes his share of information; while the thoughts and observations communicated by the rest cherish conversation, which is never permitted to degenerate into idle words, or to run out into quarrelsome disputation: debate they frequently do, and with much animation, but never with loss of temper; for the moment there appears the least sign of what may justly offend, it is a rule amongst them that the argument be pursued no farther.

Friends must have the good of each other at heart. We are not called upon to injure ourselves, that we may serve our friends: a reasonable Christian would not require this from his friend; and we are to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. The spiritual welfare of our friends ought to lie near our hearts; and in praying for, and seeking that, we cannot possibly injure, but may most likely call down showers of blessings upon ourselves. Their general benefit should also form an object for our attention. If we have availed ourselves of past experience, and learned what to avoid, and how to make a wise choice in any of the affairs of life—if we are better acquainted with some good method than our friend, let us not neglect to communicate what may essentially serve him. As I have before hinted, if his character is unjustly attacked, we must be bold as a lion in his defence. Any feeling of selfishness or jealousy, is utterly repugnant to the nature of friendship; we rejoice in the prosperity and happiness of each other, or we are not friends.

To the faults of each other we cannot blind our eyes; and reproof is a painful duty, even when advice and correction are solicited: great wisdom of manner in the administration is required, lest we should do more harm than good. Reproof must always spring out of a heartfelt desire to make our friend a still more estimable man than he now is; if it arises from exultation over his faults, or is tainted by a pharisaical notion of our own superiority, it is unchristian; the manner of exhibiting it will be faulty, nor can we expect from it any good result. I would here suggest the great force of example. Do we perceive a fault in our friend with whom we have influence, let us try how far we can correct by setting him a good example; this will prove, perhaps, the mildest and least invidious mode of reproof wherewith to begin. It will lead us to cast out the beam out of our own eye, that we may see clearly to cast out the mote out of our brother's eye; it will add great weight to whatever reproof we may afterwards be called upon to administer; and a person of discernment will not only observe, but appreciate, the delicacy of this method and possibly be more likely to profit by it than if his feelings had been wounded by direct censure.

I cannot conceive of exalted friendship apart from principles of purity and morality. M—— solicited contributions to defray the expenses of the funeral

of his associate W——, who died drunk; but the jovial fellows who passed their nights together, cared little when W——, who was the profane jester of the party, no longer could amuse them; and they refused to contribute. M——, blushing for the instability of his and their boasted but disgraceful fellowship, was heard to cry out amongst them, "Is there any thing in pot companionship, or not?" What an appeal between man and man!

A casual introduction is frequently the commencement of a valuable friendship; but we must by no means expect, that a firm friend is to be secured in every accidental acquaintance. A knowledge of character, repeated proofs of worth and suitability, which it will require time to develope, must precede, and, if I may use the expression, ripen into friendship: having duly deliberated and determined to become friends, we must be faithful to each other. "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not," Proverbs xxvii. 10.

I have heard some persons observe, that friendship is very delightful; but that they cannot afford to entertain friends, and are therefore obliged to forego the sweets of such delightful intercourse. I cannot help thinking, that such persons confound the ideas of eating, drinking, and visiting, too much with friendship. If consistent with the pecuniary circumstances of the individual, the exchange of a suitable entertainment, within the bounds of strict moderation and temperance, (for I can conceive of nothing desirable in overstepping these,) may very properly be one of the forms by which we show our respect and attention to our friends; and to share with them the provisions with which a liberal Providence has surrounded us, enlivened by good conversation, is better than selfishly to keep all our choice stores to ourselves. But if Providence forbids us to feast our friends, without infringing on the consistency of our conduct, are we to give up socialities on this ground? I cannot see any reason why it should be so. N—— was a valuable friend to T——; they both lived in the same neighbourhood; opportunities several times during their lives occurred, in which, being able, they effectually served each other; they took great pleasure in each other's society, yet neither were rich enough to afford more than a very frugal repast, and many an evening's delightful communion have they enjoyed which they would have felt bound to forego, if an expensive entertainment had been indispensable.

I would here inveigh against the too frequent, and I can call it nothing less than disgraceful, practice of making the holy hours of the sabbath a time for revelling and frivolous conversation, to the neglect of the house of God, and the unfitting of the mind for that composed attention to Divine subjects on which, as Christians, we are bound to meditate during that sacred portion of time. Persons who aim at decency and propriety of conduct, will condemn Sunday visiting as vulgar and indecorous, while the Christian will eschew it as the bane of spiritual worship. I had once the misfortune to be greatly annoyed, by spending a sabbath under the roof of persons who, though they professed to approve of the ways of God, had not decision enough to break through the habit of paying and receiving occasional visits on the Lord's day.

The family were preparing to attend public worship, when there alighted from an omnibus, a lady and two gentlemen, followed by a nursery maid with an infant in her arms. The visitors were unexpected, but a general invitation of "Come down some Sunday," had been given, of which the friends had now availed themselves. A very cordial greeting was exchanged; refreshments were produced; the infant was admired and caressed, and various kind inquiries made and answered. All this took up a considerable time; the house of God was forgotten, till it was too late for any of them to think of going.

The hostess, instead of being at her devotions, was under the necessity of spending part of the morning in making hasty arrangements in the kitchen for a more sumptuous repast; and instead of her servants attending worship, or quietly reading the Bible at home, they were required to toil at a blazing fire, cooking food, and almost breathless with fruitless exertions to serve a meal, which, as it was unexpectedly required, had not been provided, and for the preparation of which none of the needful conveniences were at hand In the kitchen, therefore, ill humour and con-

fusion prevailed. Meanwhile, conversation in the parlour degenerated into frivolity, and the morning was wasted; the dinner was ill dressed; the master was mortified; the mistress annoyed; the servants insolent; the guests uneasy, and glad for evening to come, when, with the infant tired and cross, they were despatched in a crowded omnibus, to be jolted over a dusty road home. The disordered family they had left was full of discontent, and reviewed the day with dissatisfaction and regret, which terminated in an unhappy dispute between husband and wife: thus concluded what is sometimes called, not unaptly, a "racketty Sunday."

Those who would cherish true Christian friendship must avoid the divulging of secrets. Solomon says, "A talebearer revealeth secrets: but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter," Proverbs xi. 13. If we are of a peaceable temper, that will lead us cautiously to avoid carrying from one family to another, under any pretence, the seeds of discord. "Blessed are the peacemakers," Matt. v. 9. We have no more right to intrust the secrets of our friend to another, than we have to dispose of money which he may have committed to our charge.

In times of affliction, the face of a friend is peculiarly cheering. Is the mind troubled? The conversation and prayers of a wise and holy friend are often, under the blessing of God, most salutary. Does God command us to walk down into the valley of humiliation? does he strip us of those things of which we boasted, "to humble us, and to prove us, and to try us?" We shall then find that worldly acquaintances will stand aloof, nor would the consolations they could offer afford us relief; while the Christian will cling to his friend in adversity, and point to sources of solid comfort.

And here, in concluding these scattered hints on the subject of friendship, we would observe how greatly its value is enhanced by true religion. Where this is wanting, the mainspring of happiness is unknown. Should a sincere friendship subsist between individuals, one of whom does appreciate the worth of the gospel, while the other does not, what a want of full communion must there be; and how binding is the duty of the Christian to pray earnestly for his friend, and to endeavour to lead him into the paths of peace! One most excellent Christian friend is within the sphere of the writer's observation. She is doubtless an imperfect creature, and if she were to speak the feelings of her heart, she would acknowledge that she falls far short of the standard at which she aims; yet it is most evident to her fellow Christians, that her religion is that of the heart, from the excellence of her conduct. The tree is known by its fruits. It is in the character of a friend, particularly, that this valuable woman shines. Many individuals might at this time be pointed out to whom she has acted a kind part. Let one instance suffice. A young couple, about to settle in life, consulted her respecting the purchase of various commodities. She took an interest in guiding their purchases to the very best of her excellent judgment; (it is astonishing how soon we discover it, when a person has our welfare at heart;) her kindness won the respect and affection of the newly married pair, and the advice and approval of Mrs. E—— was sought and valued on all occasions of importance. With her usual wisdom, she availed herself of the progress she had made in their estimation, to recommend for their adoption such principles as she knew would help them to bear well either prosperity or adversity. They are now good members of society, and devoted Christians. Their first attention to the Bible; their morning and evening worship in their family; their regularity at the house of God; their quiet sabbaths, unbroken in upon by visitors or visiting; the many wise maxims by which they rule their household; they gratefully acknowledge to be owing, under God, to the friendly advice of Mrs. E——.

If communion with a holy and wise Christian friend, as a fellow traveller through life, is valuable, infinitely more valuable must be Divine friendship. How vast the condescension of that Saviour, who has "called us friends!" How suitable, in times of adversity, the friendship of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother!" How great the compassion of Him, who has told us, in his sacred word, the utmost extent of man's love for his fellow man, and who hesitated not to lay down his life for his friends! Nay, far more, who shed his blood while we were yet enemies, that

he might reconcile and bring us to God! Here, indeed, the principle of equality holds good no longer; here an unparalleled condescension on the part of the great God to our low estate is manifested, which lifts us into communion with himself, seats us at the table of his love, and confirms to us, by his promises, a mansion prepared for us in our Father's house above. C.

SILK AND SILK WORMS.

Silk is a substance obtained from an insect, called by entomologists, *Phalæna bombyx mori*, and by the unlearned, the silkworm. Now, before we attempt to explain the various processes by which this article is converted into useful purposes, it will be desirable to obtain some information concerning the animal that produces it.

The silkworm is not less remarkable for the variety of changes it undergoes during its short existence, than for the production of the silken covering with which it invests itself after a series of transformations. We will trace its successive changes from the egg to the reproduction of the ovum.

The egg of the silkworm is small, about the size of a large pin's head; and in the spring of the year, brought to maturity by the warmth of the season, sends forth a small whitish-yellow caterpillar. In this caterpillar state, the insect remains for about thirty days, during which period, it feeds upon the leaves of the mulberry tree, and casts its skin three or four times. It grows rapidly till it has increased to forty times its original length, and nine thousand times its original weight. When first hatched, fifty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-five worms weigh an ounce; when at full size, six worms weigh an ounce. When it has acquired its full growth, it begins to discharge a viscid secretion; and at last envelopes itself in a silken bag, and is changed into a chrysalis, in which condition it remains, without any sign of life, for about fifteen or twenty days. The chrysalis is then converted into a moth, which forces its way through the silken ball, and after a few days, dies, having laid a considerable number of eggs. "When the silkworm in its caterpillar state, is arrived at the size and strength necessary for beginning its work, it makes its web, or that light tissue which is the ground and beginning of its admirable operation; this is the first day's employment; on the second, it forms its folliculus or ball, and covers itself almost entirely over with silk; on the third, it is quite hidden, and the succeeding days it thickens and strengthens its ball, always working from one single end, which it never breaks, and which is so fine and so long, that some have found, or stated the length of line in one ball to measure six English miles;" but on an average, half a mile is a more correct estimate, and is a surprising length.

There are two modes of breeding the silkworm—that is to say, in the open air, and in apartments; the latter is much to be preferred. It requires about ten days for the perfection of the silken covering, or cocoon; and if it be not soon after removed from the tree, the moth will eat through it, which would destroy the silk. Hence it is, that those who breed silkworms, prefer having them in a well-aired chamber, called by the French, a *magnanière*. If the spring should happen to be more forward than usual, and the warmth considerable, there would be much danger of the caterpillar being produced before the mulberry trees had given forth their leaves. Artificial means are, in such cases, adopted to lower the temperature of the apartment in which the eggs are placed; or they are placed in a well, or cold cellar. At the proper period, however, the temperature of the room is raised to about eighty-five degrees of Fahrenheit, and in about eight or ten days the worm is produced. When the cocoons are perfected, a sufficient number of the finest are selected, and placed in a separate apartment, that the moth may disengage itself, and enough eggs be produced for the following year. Each female moth lays about five hundred eggs. It is then an object of importance to prevent the chrysalis of the others from being converted into a moth, as in forcing its way through the bag in which it is enveloped, one end of the silk must necessarily be destroyed. The cocoons are therefore exposed for a day or two to the heat of the sun or an oven, or tin cases are filled with them, and plunged into water at almost the boiling point.

"The most hazardous period in the process of breeding the worms, is at the

third and fourth moulting; for upon the sixth day of the third age, and the seventh day of the fourth, they in general eat nothing at all. On the first day of the fourth age, the worms proceeding from one ounce of eggs will, according to Bonafons, consume upon an average twenty-three pounds and a quarter of mulberry leaves; on the first of the fifth age, they will consume forty-two pounds; and on the sixth day of the same age, they acquire their maximum voracity, devouring no less than two hundred and twenty-three pounds. From this date, their appetite continually decreases till, on the tenth day of this age, they consume only fifty-six pounds." During the thirty days they devour about sixty thousand times their original weight. From the moment when they begin to spin their silken coverings, till their death as moths, they cease to eat. It takes about one hundred and seventy-four pounds of mulberry leaves to produce a pound of silk.

It may be here worthy of remark, that there are several species of insects, which produce silk in the same manner as that of which we have been speaking. Dr. Helfer, in an interesting paper in the "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal," enumerates seven species before unknown, indigenous to India.

Silk was known to the Romans, but its value was so great, that it was impossible to employ it for any useful purpose. At one period, it was worth absolutely its weight in gold; and in the time of Aurelian, it was so costly, that the empress could not be permitted to have a silken dress. The silkworm, however, was ultimately introduced into Europe, from China, by two monks. These missionaries, having resided for some time in China, and being well acquainted with the treatment of the worm, and the manufacture of the silk, resolved to introduce the one and the other into their own country. For this purpose, they enclosed a number of eggs in a hollow walking stick, and thus avoided the detection of the ever-jealous Chinese. In this manner, the silkworms were brought to Constantinople, then the capital of the Grecian empire; and being carefully attended by those who were acquainted with their habits, and the modes of treatment, they soon multiplied, and the breeding became a profitable occupation. Silk manufactories were consequently founded at Athens, Corinth, and other places; and the Venetians established themselves as the carriers of the manufactured article to the whole of western Europe.

About the year 1130, Roger, the second king of Sicily, succeeded in raising silk manufactories at Palermo, and at Calabria, which were carried on by artizans who had been taken as prisoners of war during his expedition to the Holy Land. The Moors introduced the silk manufacture into Spain, in several parts of which country it was successfully prosecuted. The French were exceedingly anxious to be engaged in the trade; and, in the year 1521, we find they had obtained the assistance of some workmen from Milan. They did not, however, at first, succeed in rearing the silkworm; but a working gardener, at Nismes, having a healthy nursery of white mulberry trees, in a short time propagated them through many of the southern provinces of France; so that in 1564, the trade had arrived at some degree of importance.

Many attempts have been made to introduce the silkworm, and of course the mulberry tree, into England. James I., in a speech from the throne, recommended an attention to the growth of the mulberry tree. It was, however, soon found by the gardener, that the climate of the country, more particularly the prevalence of blighting east winds, was unfavourable to its growth: but the manufacture of silk was not neglected, although the attempt to rear the silkworm failed from want of food. In the year 1629, it had become so important, that the silk throwsters of London were formed into a public corporation; and in 1661, there were forty thousand persons employed in the trade. But that which did most to raise the English manufacture, was the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which brought into this country many skilful French weavers, who chiefly settled in Spitalfields.

Until after the peace in 1815, the English goods were very inferior to the French, and the manufacture was greatly burdened by the heavy duties on the raw material. The foreign twisted raw silk paid a duty of fourteen shillings and seven pence halfpenny per pound; the raw Bengal silk, five shillings; and that from other places, five shillings and seven pence halfpenny. But after the

peace, when there was intercourse with Lyons, the French goods became better known to our English manufacturers, and were closely imitated in many articles. A bill introduced into the house of parliament, by Mr. Huskisson, in 1824, reduced the duty on the foreign twisted silk to five shillings, and on raw silk to three pence per pound. So little aware were even the revenue officers of the improvement then already made in the English silk manufacture, that when English silk goods were brought to them for examination, to obtain the drawback allowed on the alteration of duty, they mistook some of them, at first, for French! They actually seized, as French goods, several pieces from the second parcel thus presented to them, though belonging to a respectable London manufacturer, never suspected of smuggling, and were not a little surprised when the workmen, who had made the pieces in question, came forward the next morning, and spoke to their own hand work, and were not a little proud of the compliment thus paid to them. The prohibition upon all French silks was, subsequently, removed, and a duty of thirty per cent., *ad valorem*, was established. This measure has proved of the greatest importance to the English manufacture. By the admission of French goods, new and useful patterns are constantly given to the English manufacturer, and a spirit of competition has been produced, much calculated to improve the art; and the English manufacturer excels the French in many articles. The change, however, was very destructive of the capital previously embarked in the trade; by the sudden alteration, almost every existing manufacturer was a heavy pecuniary sufferer, and most of them left the trade, which was taken up and followed by new capitalists. A wise legislator will always avoid sudden commercial changes, which, as in this instance, are sure to be ruinous to many who have embarked in the trade thus subjected to revolution, not expecting to be subject to other changes than those of the ordinary course of events, and caprice of fashion. The effects of these are gradual, and may be met, not as in the present instance, involving all parties in the vortex.

We shall close by a few remarks upon reeling the silk. As soon as the cocoons have been submitted to a heat sufficiently great to destroy the chrysalis, they become articles of trade, and the silk may be reeled either by the silkworm breeder, or by the silk manufacturer. There is a prejudice among those who are engaged in this branch of trade, against reeling longer than July, August, and September, although the period might be extended without injury to the silk. The process of reeling is simple. A vessel of water is placed over a charcoal fire, which keeps the liquid at a high temperature, and near it stands the reel upon which the silk is to be wound. The cocoons are then put into the hot water; for it has the effect of softening and dissolving the natural gum, which connects the fibres. In the process of reeling, the thread of several cocoons are united together, and as one breaks another is added, so that the thread is kept of nearly uniform thickness. To do this, it is not necessary to form a knot, but merely to place the filament upon the compound thread, to which it will at once adhere. To prevent the necessity of handling, a small whisk is used, and by stirring the cocoons, when they have been moistened in the water, the ends of some of them will adhere to it. Four or more of these are then taken by the woman who superintends the process, and being passed through a small hole, or wire eye, are attached to the reel. Four others are then united in the same manner, so that two skeins are formed upon each reel, which is generally turned by a child; and so constructed, that while it revolves, it has a motion in the direction of its length to prevent one thread from covering another. This, then, is the method of producing the raw silk, which is said to be coarse or fine, according to the number of fibres of which the thread is composed. From two to three thousand cocoons are required to produce a pound of reeled silk, which, when boiled, to clear it from the natural gum, is reduced to twelve ounces. H.

OLD HUMPHREY ON SPIDERS.

Though old age be not heralded by a flourish of trumpets, and an audible proclamation, yet is there not wanted a goodly troop of signs and symbols to announce its approach. A stiffness in the limbs, a sluggishness in the gait, an unwonted love of quietness and repose, are all silent monitors

of approaching years. Then, again, the mote in the eye, the cramp in the leg, the twinge in the back, the twitch at the pit of the stomach, a disposition to sit when once seated, and an indisposition to pick up any thing from the ground: all these things tell a tale to those whom it most concerns.

I suppose it is the case with most old men, that the heat of summer is pleasant to them; the warm current of the heart does not circulate through the veins so rapidly as it used to do. Sometimes I walk in the full blaze of the mid-day sun, without feeling overcome by it. It was not so a few years ago, for then the sun soon brought the briny dew upon my brow. I shrank from the shine, and sought the shade, taking off my hat, and loosening my neckcloth. Yes, yes; I am getting older! I am getting older!

Not a murmur, however, shall escape my lips; neither, indeed, is there one in my heart on this account. If any one has need to be thankful, it is Old Humphrey, for he can yet enjoy the summer season, and, buttoned to the chin in his warm great coat, still brave the winter's blast. If those who know him not, could see how lustily he traverses the lanes and streets, shrouded by his capacious umbrella, when the rain or the sleet patters down upon him, they would hardly believe him to be Old Humphrey.

Oftentimes have I alluded to my love of natural scenery. There is enjoyment, and much of it too, in the crowded city, that a man of a quiet and reflective spirit may lawfully indulge in; but give me the mountain and the moor, the woods and the waterfalls, the fields and the foliage, fanned by the free air of heaven. Give me natural scenery, when my object is merely enjoyment.

How pleasant it is to ramble on a summer's day, taking in at a view the extended prospect; and then to concentrate our attention on the minuter objects around us! I love to observe the movements of the insect world; to watch the bee, as he buries himself in the cup of a flower; to follow with my eye the labours of the accumulating ant, and to speculate on the pursuit of the "shorded beetle," as, with the sunshine glittering on his dark and glossy coat of mail, he hurries across my path.

But still more do I love to bend over a spider's web, while the industrious insect weaves his filmy lines. The more I gaze, the more am I puzzled by the ease, the rapidity, the untiring perseverance, and the absence of hesitation exhibited by the spider in all his movements. What a piece of work does man make about building himself a dwelling; while the poor spider is his own architect, builder, mason, and carpenter! He has no neighbour to consult, no plan laid down for him, no assistance rendered him; yet, all alone as he is, he sets to work like one that has an object in view, and knows how to attain it.

Spiders are very numerous; ten thousand times ten thousand must be actively employed to form the countless webs, that in a misty morning are made visible to the eye. But while the weaving spider is at work, to procure himself food, other spiders are pursuing the same object in a different way. The leaping spider is springing on his prey; the lurking spider is ensconced beneath the sere leaf and the rugged stone, on the watch for his opportunity to satisfy his hunger; the water spider skims along the surface of the quiet pond; the hunting spider tires down the insect he pursues; and the diving spider seeks the bottom of the shallow brook that he may break his fast.

The other day, after indulging for some time my favourite recreation among the insect tribe, my lip curled with a smile of surprise and conscious superiority, as I looked on a tub, placed at the corner of an outbuilding, beneath a wooden spout, to collect rain-water for domestic uses; for a silly spider had woven its web across the mouth of the tub, exactly underneath the spout. The water pouring from the spout when the first shower of rain came, would in a moment sweep away the insect's workmanship. Why, my smile of surprise was a compliment to the whole race of spiders, for it implied that a silly spider was a thing not frequently seen.

Are the wisest plans and best executed projects among men more secure than those of the spider? Even before the spider's web is washed away from the water tub, we may be swept away from the world. How was it that I felt surprise at the little insect's lack of wisdom? Has a world that finds room for so many foolish men, no space in

it for a foolish spider? I will uphold it, that where you find one error among the insect world, you will find two among mankind.

This thought, in some degree, corrected me; I ceased to smile at the ignorance shown by the spider in his choice of a dwelling place, and gazed curiously on his fragile web, which resembled the rigging of a distant ship. "Ay, ay," thought I, "our ancient ship builders were indebted not a little to the spider."

"What! compare a spider's web with the rigging of a man of war?" you will say; but no, believe me, I meant not to do the spider such injustice. Man's proudest workmanship will not bear such a comparison.

The rope spinner has only to twist together a few lines of hemp to make the cord he requires, while the thread of a spider is composed of at least a thousand lines. Man has implements of all kinds to assist him in his operations; but the spider has only the claws of his feet. The spider stretches his filmy lines, without the knowledge of science; yet, strong and elastic, they are arranged without ugly knots and awkward splicings. A spider's web is a piece of perfection that man would quail to emulate.

The sailor goes aloft amid the roaring tempest, in perilous situations, holding on by a rope, where the head of the landsman would grow dizzy, and his slackened hand give up the hold that kept him from destruction: but we cannot compare the dexterity of the sailor to that of the spider. See the adventurous insect floating on his thread in the air, passing from tree to tree, and safely descending from a thousand times his own height to the ground.

The patient perseverance of the spider is wondrous. Let accident or design sweep away every vestige of his dwelling place, he is not discouraged. In some new situation will soon be seen, damp with the morning dew, or glittering in the sunbeam, his newly erected habitation. Solomon directed the attention of the slothful to the industry of the ant; and the desponding may learn a lesson from the spider.

You may remember, it is said of king Robert Bruce, that in his adversity he was so encouraged by the perseverance of a spider, as to take heart, and make a successful stand against his enemies, overcoming those, who before had conquered him. If Bruce gathered instruction from the spider, why may not we?

But enough of spiders. The animal and the insect world are known by their habits, let us be known by ours. The fox is proverbial for his cunning, the hyena for his ferocity, the ant for her industry, and the spider for his skill and perseverance. Let Christians be as well known, then, among mankind for every good word and work, for thoughts of kindness, and for deeds of love.

GAUDY FLOWERS.

You have no doubt enjoyed the delightful season when the flowerets of summer again enlivened our pathway. Now, I have a complaint to make against a certain opinion, that seems to be pretty generally entertained concerning flowers; and, as I always feel very angry with the people who entertain this opinion, I am determined to take up my pen, being just in the humour to give them all a good scolding.

Somehow or other, an idea has got abroad in the land, that it is bad taste to admire gaudy flowers. People take it into their heads that it is very poetic, and very sentimental, and very every-thing-that-is-amiable, to admire lilies, and violets, and forget-me-nots, and to be mighty cautious how they praise tulips, poppies, and peonies, because, forsooth, they are gaudy. Now, I maintain, this is a lackadaysical affectation, that ought not to be tolerated. I would point such people to the gold and silver, the blue and scarlet of an autumnal sky, and ask them if they will dare to call that sky gaudy? Who shall decide which is most deserving of our admiration—the delicate, shrinking, exquisite beauty of the lily; the gay, gorgeous colouring of the painted poppy; or the bold, bright, daring gaze of the champion of the garden, the sunflower? I ask no one to decide this question, let it remain for ever undecided, that we may love each peculiar flower for its own peculiar beauty; but let us not tamely see a tulip passed by, or hear a poppy sneeringly spoken of as gaudy: such flowers may be gaudy, but they are glorious to look upon: and as for you and me, reader, we will teach ourselves to revel in the beauty of a blackberry blossom; and when there is no other floweret at hand, we will run with blithesome step to gather even a dandelion.

Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: WITH MISCELLANEOUS PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THAT PERIOD.

AMUSEMENTS.

Hunting, hawking, and other field sports, were favourite amusements. Much stress was laid upon using the appropriate terms, and to conduct every thing according to certain rules. One of these was, to offer a large hunting knife to the principal person who was present at the conclusion of the sport, especially if a lady, that she might cut the throat of the deer with her own hand!

Hawking was much esteemed as an amusement for the ladies. Mary queen of Scots continually followed it during her detention in England. The hawk was brought to the field hooded; but when the game was seen, the hood was removed from its head, and the hawk was allowed to pursue the bird. The sportsmen followed as they could, some on horseback, some on foot, the latter often using long poles to leap over hedges and ditches. Henry VIII. was thus following a hawk near Hitchen, when his pole broke: he fell headforemost into a ditch, and was nearly smothered; but an attendant came up just in time to rescue him. Among the expenses of Henry VII. are, "For a white hoby 16*s.* (a riding horse,) for a greyhound 14*s.* 4*d.*, for a gosehawk 4*l.*" The last item shows the excessive value set upon a trained bird of prey—five times that of a horse.

Tournaments were still practised, but rather for amusement than as duels. Henry II. king of France, lost his life at a tournament; and Henry VIII. was several times in great danger in these sports. The processions and displays of finery, on public occasions, seem to have caused them to be discontinued. They rapidly declined after the retirement of sir Henry Lee, in 1590, from age and infirmities. We have noticed the pageants so frequently exhibited; masques, interludes, and mummeries were common at Christmas time, but became still more so in the next century.

Theatrical amusements began to assume a more regular form in queen Elizabeth's reign. After the Reformation, the profane scripture mysteries were discontinued. They were succeeded by tragedies and comedies, regularly performed in buildings constructed for the purpose, or inn yards were sometimes used. Much evil was thereby introduced. Theatres have ever been the resort of idle and vicious characters, and are usually surrounded by the haunts of licentiousness. It is to be remarked, that several of the first erected theatres, in London, were built on the Bankside, in the neighbourhood where houses had

been licensed for profligacy by prelates of the church of Rome. At one time, queen Elizabeth was induced to give permission for plays to be acted on Sundays; but this license was recalled. In foreign countries, where Popery is the established religion, theatres are now open on Sunday evenings, and crowded more than on any other day in the week. The Reformation did much to stop the profanation of the sabbath, which always has been found to lead to every species of vice and crime. The history of every period shows that vice and profligacy have invariably attended the amusements of the theatre; this unvarying experience of two thousand years, ought to be sufficient to cause every reflecting mind to avoid these temples of Satan. Stowe speaks plainly of the evils of the theatres, where, he says, abounded "unchaste, uncomely, and unshamefaced speeches, and many other enormities."

Bear and badger baiting were favourite amusements; there were theatres, especially for these sports, which then were encouraged by the chief nobility, as well as the lowest of the populace. A poet of that day censures those whose store of money was "but verie small,"

> "And yet everi Sunday they wil surely spend
> One peny or two, the bearwards living to mend."

These brutal sports, ever are productive of numerous evils.

Domestic amusements included cards, dice, tables, chess, and other similar games, which then, as now, usually led to gambling. The professed gambler is enumerated as one of the open pests of society during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Henry VIII. set a bad example in this respect. He gambled away many of the articles which came into his possession, at the spoliation of the monasteries. At one cast of the dice, he lost a celebrated ring of bells and the bell house in St. Paul's churchyard to sir Miles Partridge. How many evils result from the accursed practice of gambling! Let parents always discourage their children from games of chance.

Bowling and archery were less dangerous amusements; the latter was encouraged by several statutes during the reign of Henry VIII. Fathers were to provide bows for their children when they were seven years old; masters were to provide bows for their apprentices. Latimer speaks of archery as a wholesome and manly exercise, requiring constant practice from childhood. Archery formed a part of the May games, and other rural sports: it was considered to be important, not only to keep up the use of a weapon, famous in English warfare, but as a manly sport, strengthening the body. In the latter respect, it has been succeeded by cricket. The use of gunpowder, and hand guns, both for sport and warfare, caused archery to fall into disuse.

Gunpowder was now much used in fireworks; elaborate exhibitions of this sort were displayed before queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, in 1475, and subsequently at Elvetham, in Hampshire.

Some of the amusements, at the beginning of this period, are recorded by the expenses of Henry VII.: "To a Spanyard that tumbled, 2*l.* To a felow for eting of coles, 6*s.* 8*d.* To one that joculed (or juggled) before the kyng, 10*s.*" Contrast these sums with the very limited amount of his largesses. "To the harvest folk, beside Burnham Abbey, 1*s.* To the repers in the way, reward 2*d.*" Henry VII. appears to have had a menagerie and an aviary. In 1503 was paid, "Making of a birdes cage, 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* For a nightingale, 1*l.* For hawkes, popingays, eagle, and wild cats, 1*l.*" This seems to have been a cheap lot.

The amusements, most fashionable at the close of the sixteenth century, are enumerated in the account of Mountjoy, lord deputy of Ireland in 1599: "He delighted in study, in gardens, in riding on a pad to take the air, in playing at shovelboard, at cards, and in reading play books for recreation; and especially in fish and fish ponds, seldom using any other exercises, and using these rightly as pastimes, only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other."

But the most interesting and lawful sports are those of childhood and youth. Those in use, among boys and girls, in the sixteenth century, are enumerated in the following lines: among which, however, are some games of chance:

> Any they dare chalenge for to throw the sledge,
> To jumpe, or leape over ditch or hedge;
> To wrestle, play at stoole ball, or to runne,
> To pitch the barre, or to shoote of a gunne;
> To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes
> To trye it out at foote ball, by the shinnes
> At tick tacke, seize noddy, maw and ruffe;
> At hot cockles, leape frogge, or blind-man's buffe;
> To drink the halper pottes, or deale at the whole cann,
> To play at chesse, or pue, and inke horne;

To dance the moris, play at barley brake,
At all exploit a man can think or speak;
At shove groat, venter poynte, or cross and pile,
At beshrew him that's last at any stile;
At leaping over a Christmas bonfire,
Or at the drawing dame out of the myer;
At shoote cocke, Gregory, stoole ball, and what not;
Picke poynte, toppe, and scourge to make him hott.

BOOKS AND PRINTING.

Much time was passed in reading when books became more common. Many romances of chivalry were written as books of amusement. Voyages, travels, and books of history were also much read.

By the discovery of the art of printing, books were brought into general use early in the sixteenth century. The privy purse expenses of Henry VII. contain many interesting items, which mark the period of transition from manuscripts to printed books, and show that the facility for multiplying copies, caused an increased demand for them. A few extracts may be given. "To sir Peter (a priest) for gilting andly mning of a book, 1*l.* 15*s.* To the same for certain bokes, 11*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* A boke bought for my lorde of York, 1*l.* (This large price given for a book for a child under ten years old, afterwards Henry VIII. shows his early regard for books.) To Quintyn for bokes, 20*l.* Again, for a boke, 23*l.* To the boke bynder, for five bokes, 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Two saulter bokes, 8*s.* A Frenchman for sertain bokes, 56*l.* 4*s.* For claspes and garnishing the king's boke, 10*l.* Two new bokes bought of Ursyn, 2*l.* For certain bokes delivered to the peres, at Richmond, 46*l.* 10*s.*"

Another valuable document is an inventory of the library of the count of Angouleme, in 1496: it contains both manuscripts and printed books, and describes the binding of many; several had the arms of the count upon the covers. There is a particular description of forty-six manuscript and twenty-three printed books. There were also sixty-three "little books," some in paper, and some in parchment, in plain covers; and another lot of forty-three books, which were considered of small value. In this library were Lancelot de lac, Tristram, knight of the round table, and other romances then popular; but not many works of real value as to their contents. If we compare this list with the catalogue of sir Thomas Smith's library, at Hill Hall, in 1566, we shall see the rapid improvement in literature. The library of sir Thomas would be a respectable collection at the present day, including many choice volumes of classical and theological literature.

Ascham, in "The Schoolmaster," written about 1568, condemns romances; he says: "In our forefathers' time, when papacy, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure. As one, for example, 'Morte Arthur,' the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at! yet I know when God's Bible was banished the courts, and Morte Arthur received into the prince's chamber." He speaks against the Italian tales and novels of that period, which he considers were translated into English, and circulated principally by the busy and open Papists, because, "Where the will inclineth to goodness, the mind is bent to truth, wherewith is carried from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon drawn from truth to false opinion." He considers that the perusal of such books was a ready way to entangle the mind with false doctrine, causing "young wills and wits" "boldly to contemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness." Also, "I say further, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living as they do to subvert true religion. More Papists be made by your merry books of Italy, than by your earnest books of Louvain." These remarks are applicable to the novel reading of later days. In our own time, we have seen the supporters of principles, which certainly are in effect similar to those of Popery, attribute the preparation of the public mind to receive their doctrines, to the wide circulation of popular novels, among the youth of our people, in which the real facts of history are kept out of sight, or distorted by a masterly hand. Day printed some valuable books in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., and that of Edward VI.; but his press was silenced during the popish tyranny of Mary. Under Elizabeth, he resumed his labours, and embarked large sums, at considerable risk, in printing the works of Tyndall, Becon, and many others of the reformers. But he is chiefly to be noticed for his patronage of John Foxe, whose invaluable work the "Acts and

Monuments" was reprinted several times at Day's press. Foxe seems chiefly to have been supported by the employment Day gave him as editor. This spirited printer was opposed by the trade in general, who did all they could to check the sale of his books; upon which archbishop Grindall allowed him to have a shop under the front of St. Paul's for their sale, by which means many were circulated.

For a long time, paper was imported, chiefly from Holland; the first paper mill, in England, is supposed to have been constructed not long before 1588; but there must have been much earlier attempts to provide the press with this indispensable article. Among the expenses of Henry VII. is, "for a rewarde geven at the paper mylne, 16*s.* 8*d.*;" this donation, liberal for that monarch, shows that considerable importance was justly attached to the invention.

In this century, we find the first mention of an application of the art of printing, which has been hardly less important than the discovery of that art itself—the commencement of English newspapers. It had for some time been customary, for persons in London, to be employed to write letters of news to persons of rank in the country; many pamphlets, also, were printed, on political and other subjects, of temporary interest. But in April, 1588, when the kingdom was filled with anxiety respecting the Spanish invasion, a plan was devised of circulating printed papers, containing the intelligence of the day, under the title of "The English Mercury." The earliest specimen, now known to exist, is Number 50, and dated July 23; consequently, these papers must have been printed three or four times a week. This number records the saying of king James, then of Scotland, that the only favour he expected from the Papists, was that promised by Polyphemus to Ulysses, that he should be devoured the last. It must, however, be mentioned that circumstances have lately been brought forward tending to prove that this paper is spurious, a forgery of later date. The plan of publishing papers of intelligence, was continued after the special season of anxiety had passed by.

Caxton, the first English printer, was succeeded by Pynson, and many others; among them, John Daye seems to be the most deserving of notice. More than any other he has been distinguished by the title of The Printer of the Reformation. To this the device he assumed appears to refer; it represents the sun rising, a man is awakening another who is asleep; the motto, "Arise, for it is day," is a double allusion, to the times and to the printer's name.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The introduction of printing tended much to fix the English language nearly in its present state. Many extracts from works, of the sixteenth century, have already been given: a few may be here added. The first is from Barclay, who wrote his "Ship of Fools" in 1508:—

"Who that will followe the graces manyfolde,
Which are in virtue, shall find avancement;
Wherefore ye foles, that in your sinne are bold,
Ensue ye wisdome, and leave your lewde intent,
Wisdome is the way of men most excellent;
Therefore have done, and shortly spede your pace,
To quaint yourself and company with grace."

The next specimen is from Roy, who wrote a severe satire against cardinal Wolsey, about 1526.

"He standeth in the pope's roume,
Havynge of his bulles a great some,
I trowe, an whoale carte loade;
Wherwith men's perses to discharge,
He extendeth his power more large
Then the power of Almighty God.
For whether it be goode or ill,
His pervers mynde he will fulfill,
Supplantynge the trueth by falshod."

Sir Thomas More, a short time before his execution, wrote—

"Ey, flatering fortune, loke thou never so fayre,
Or never so plesantly begin to smile,
As though thou wouldst my ruine all repayre,
During my life thou shalt me not beguile.
Trust shall I God, to entre in a while,
Hys haven, or heaven, sure and uniforme,
Ever after thy calme, loke I for a storme."

Sir Thomas Smith, one of the secretaries of state in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, did much to refine and correct the English language. Cheke, Haddon, and Smith, when at Cambridge, about 1542, were considered the first masters of the English tongue. Smith was anxious to conform the spelling of words to the sound, and for this purpose, urged some alterations in the alphabet, which he would have increased to twenty-nine letters, but he did not succeed so far as to introduce these innovations. His style was plain and clear, as appears from his orations for and against the queen's marriage, printed by Strype. The following is a sentence from them: "My masters, say what you will, and call me as it please you,

either enemy to strangers, the pattern, or idea, of an old Englishman, home friend, or what you list, I say, and see, that it is England alone that shall make her highness strong; England, and no other, her true patrimony, riches, power, and strength, whereto she must trust; England, her highness's native country alone, being well tilled and governed, shall be better to her majesty, in the end, than all those empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and marshionates; and other rabblements of gay titles, which are but wind and shadows, and makers of cares and costs; which are no profit, but rather hindrance and loss, as at last will be proved, and as you may perceive by these discourses, her predecessors have proved."

It is unnecessary to multiply specimens. These, already given, show that the words, then in use, were nearly the same as our best and plainest English at the present day. A few words have become obsolete, and some have not now precisely the same meaning, as they had three hundred years ago. The chief difference is in the spelling; in the sixteenth century there was no certain rule for the orthography of our language. In the same book, often in the same page, sometimes in the same sentence, the same word will be spelled in different ways, but when given in modern spelling, as in the extract from Smith, there is little appearance of any thing obsolete.

The encouragement given to classical literature, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, led to an affected style being introduced by some writers of that period. It consisted in the use of high-flown metaphorical expressions, interlarded with words taken from the Latin, Greek, and French languages, so as to be unintelligible to the people in general. This foppery was ridiculed by all men of sense; it was promoted, mainly, by a writer named John Lilly. To converse in this phraseology was called "to speak Euphuism," from the title of the book written by Lilly in this style, called, "Euphues and his England." It is a dull story of a young Athenian, who is supposed to have visited England. The following is a specimen: "He caused the sees to breake their boundes, sith men had broke their vowes; and to swell as farre above their reach, as men had swerved beyond their reason. Then might you see shippes sayle where sheepe fed; anchors cast where ploughs goe; fishermen throwe their nets where husbandmen sowe their corne; and fishes throwe their scales where fowles breed their gulles."

This fashion of talking, in far-fetched allusions, and metaphorical antitheses, became so fashionable, that we are told that a lady who spoke not Euphuism, was as little regarded at court as if she could not speak French.

The following description of queen Elizabeth, we may suppose, had the best pains of the author. It is given, by Barrington, in modern orthography: "Touching the beauty of this prince, her countenance, her majesty, her personage, I cannot think that it may be sufficiently commended, when it cannot be too much marvailed at; so that I am constrained to say, as Praxiteles did when he began to paint Venus and her son, who doubted whether the world could afford colours good enough for two such fair faces; and I, whether my tongue can yield words to blaze that beauty, the perfection whereof none can imagine; which, seeing it is so, I must do like those that want a clear sight, who being not able to discern the sun in the sky, are enforced to behold it in the water."

Scott, in one of his historic novels, has introduced a character who speaks "Euphuism;" but he has caricatured, rather than imitated this style. This is one, among the many instances, in which his writings very much misrepresent facts, characters, and manners.

Among the best writers and poets of this period, may be mentioned sir Thomas More, lord Surrey, Spenser, and several historians. Bacon rather belongs to the next century.

Here may be observed, that English ballads became popular in this century: many are extant, which were written on subjects that interested the public mind. Two singers are incidentally mentioned as having gained twenty shillings a day, by singing ballads at Braintree fair. The term was applied to short pieces of poetry in general. The Song of Solomon was called the "Ballet of Ballets," in an early English translation of the Bible: nothing irreverent was intended by the use of such a title.

This section may be closed by a specimen from Becon, one of the greatest tract writers of the Reformation. More than forty of his little works were collected, and reprinted, under his super-

intendence, by Day, in 1563. They are among the scarcest of the writings of our Reformers: a republication of them is very desirable, as they show the real opinions of the leaders of the Reformation on doctrinal and practical matters. Becon was one of Cranmer's chaplains and preachers; the collected edition of his works is dedicated to the prelates of that period.

STATE AND CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE AND AGRICULTURE.

Harrison, in his description of England, written in 1586, says, "As for slaves and bondmen, we have none; naie, such is the privilege of our countrie, by the especiall grace of God, and bountie of our princes, that if anie come hither from other realms, so soone as they set foot on land, they become so free of condition as their masters." This indicates an important change in the state of the lower classes; it was one of the causes which rendered a public provision for the poor requisite. Other causes, such as the change in value of the precious metals, the progress of society, and the dissolution of the monasteries, have been already noticed; but the latter has too often been considered as the principal, if not the only cause of the increase of the poor.

The statements of sir Thomas More and others, before the Reformation, have been already noticed, showing the increase of the poor, or rather that they already claimed more of public notice, and that so far from the monasteries affording effectual relief, they tended rather to increase the number of paupers. Thus we find laws for the suppression of mendicancy, in 1495 and 1504; the latter restricting the impotent poor to their native places, or last abodes. In 1531, a more severe law was passed, subjecting impotent poor to imprisonment, if they begged out of their districts, and able-bodied mendicants were to be whipped. In 1536, another law, first establishes compulsory relief, which was to be afforded, both to "poor creatures," and to "sturdy vagabonds" in their own districts, to prevent the necessity for their begging openly; and voluntary alms were to be collected for the purpose, every preacher and parson exhorting and provoking people to be liberal, especially at the time of confession, and making of wills. So great had the evil of pauperism become, that a sturdy beggar was to be whipped on his first conviction, to have his ear cropped on the second, and to be executed as a felon and an enemy of the commonwealth for the third offence.

All these laws were enacted prior to the Reformation, and before the dissolution of the monasteries.

In the first year of Edward VI., the last severe act was repealed; still the sturdy beggar was to be forced to work, and branded, and if he repeatedly ran away, was to be treated as a felon. Other laws followed in that reign, and of Mary, and in the early part of Elizabeth; all directing relief to be given to the impotent poor, and latterly the justices had power to assess all the inhabitants of a place according to "their good discretions," in such sums as the justices should appoint for the maintenance of the poor. In the forty-third of Elizabeth, the well known statute which forms the basis of the later systems was passed, directing a more regular way of parochial assessment, and of maintenance for the impotent poor, and destitute children, and for the employment of all able to labour. The plan was well intended, but had some imperfections, and unhappily most of the measures devised as improvements during the two following centuries, tended to impede rather than to promote the right working of the humane statute of Elizabeth, which hitherto never has been carried into effect, fully in the spirit designed by its originators.

The increase of population was, of course, one cause for an increased number of poor. At the close of the sixteenth century, the population of England and Wales was estimated at nearly five millions, a number far below its present inhabitants, but considerably more than they had been at the close of the civil wars of the roses.

The cultivation of the land was not much improved during the sixteenth century, either as to the implements of husbandry, or the processes for rendering the land more fertile. But an alteration was in progress; the changes which followed the discovery of America, with the consequent reduction in the value of money, the difference in the tenure of property, and the progress of commerce, all promoted improvements in agricultural affairs, but not without a severe struggle. It was difficult for those who witnessed the trials resulting from a state

of transition, to enter calmly into the subject, and to bear in mind, that however desirable any particular state of society may appear, it is impossible for a nation to continue permanently therein. As the poet says,

> "Change is the diet on which all subsist
> Created changeable; and change at last
> Destroys them."

Thus Latimer, in one of his sermons before Edward VI., describes the English yeoman of the commencement of the sixteenth century. "My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before his king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds or twenty nobles apiece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours; and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did of the said farm, where he that now hath it payes sixteen pound by year or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, or for his children, or to give a cup of drink to the poor." Not long after the period here mentioned, one hundred acres of arable, and as many of pasture land in Cambridgeshire, were let at ten pounds a year; that is, a shilling an acre: the rent was to pay the wages and expenses of the knight of the shire for attending parliament.

From Latimer's account, we learn that in half a century the rental of his father's farm increased fourfold, evidence both of the depreciation of money, and the progress of national wealth. With respect to the other remarks of good bishop Latimer, without at all disputing that the more simple the state of society, the greater proportion there will be of real comfort, we may question how far his comparison is fair. In all probability a man, such as he describes his father to be, would in Edward's right have been found proportionally advanced in the scale of society, while his father's successor, had he lived half a century earlier, would have been a mere cottier, one of the half-dozen men who tilled the soil. The complaint that what "heretofore went for twenty or forty pound by year, now is let for fifty or a hundred," did not show, as he said, that the landlords had for their possessions "yearly too much;" it only proved the change in the nominal value. He at the same time testified that while God sent plentifully the fruits of the earth, all kinds of victual had become dearer, and even anticipated "we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pig a pound."

Harrison gives a much more favourable description of the farmer, not very long afterwards. "Though foure pounds of the old rent be improved to fortie, fiftie, or an hundred poundes, yet will the farmer thinke his gains very small towards the end of his terme, if he have not six or seven years rent lying by him, therewith to purchase a new lease; beside a fair garnish of pewter on his cupbord, with so much more in odd vessell going about the house; three or foure feather bedds, so many coverlids and carpets of tapestrye, a silver salt, a bowle for wine, if not a whole neast; and a dozzen of spoons to furnish out the sute."

It was true, as Latimer complained, that "all the enhancing and rearing goeth to private commodity and wealth." The natural heart of man is prone to covetousness; thus the apostle James had to complain, and justly, of the rich men of his day, who kept back the wages of the labourer, and it is to be feared there are many such in our day; but this is a different question from that under notice. The general increase of prices, if it does not proceed from famine and scarcity, will always be found to regulate itself. But whatever may be the price of the produce of the earth, it is painful to think that the wages of the labourer will in general be found barely sufficient. The number who cultivate the soil in any regularly settled country, soon fully equals the demand for labour. Still the state of a free labourer, if industrious and steady, is vastly superior to that of a slave, or of the serf or bondman of the feudal times. Where slavery exists, the master has no inducement from interest, to treat his slaves upon different principles from his cattle, while those who suffer under a bad master, have no refuge or way of escape; their children also

are doomed to the same course of life: while the free-born peasant, even if sorely pinched himself, and hardly able to rear his family, knows that other lines of life are open to them, which present greater opportunity for rising to those who possess ability, while he himself is protected from ill usage, and can change his service whenever he sees occasion to do so. Nor is the employment of free labourers, rather than slaves, less advantageous to the master. But to proceed with this discussion would lead us from our immediate subject. The sixteenth century, however, is to be noticed as having seen the end of slavery in England; a material change and improvement in the lower classes followed; but this, like every state of transition, was not passed through without considerable suffering, as we have already noticed.

The employments of a farmer's wife at this period were not trivial, if a writer in 1539 is correct. In addition to caring for the food and clothing of the family, "it is a wife's occupation to wynowe all manner of cornes, to make malte, to washe and wrynge, to make heye, shere corne, and in time of nede to helpe her husbande to fyll the muckwayne or dounge carte, to drive the ploughe, to loade heye, corn, and suche other. And to go or ride to the market; to set butter, chese, mylke, egges, chekyns, capons, hennes, pygges, gese, and all manner of cornes." We must suppose this to be the beau ideal of a farmer's wife of the sixteenth century; few specimens of such a concentration of accomplishments could really have existed!

A poem, written by Thomas Tusser, of Essex, about the middle of the century, contains minute particulars of the agriculture of that periods. We have room only for one extract—the "Corn Harvest."

1. One part cast forth, for rent due out of hand.
2. One other part, for seed to sow thy land.
3. Another part, leave parson for his tythe.
4. Another part, for harvest sickle and scythe.
5. One part, for plough-wright, cart-wright, knacker, and smith.
6. One part, to uphold thy teams that draw therewith.
7. One part, for servant, and workman's wages lay.
8. One part, likewise, for fill-belly day by day.
9. One part, thy wife for needful things doth crave.
10. Thyselfe and child, the last one part would have.

Who minds to quote
Upon this note,
May easily find enow,
What charge and pain,
To little gain
Doth follow toiling plough.

Yet farmer may
Thank God, and say,
For yearly such good hap
Well fare the plough,
That sends enow,
To stop so many a gap.

Harrison, in 1586, estimates the yield or produce of corn ground in average years, to be sixteen to twenty bushels of wheat or rye well tilled and dressed, thirty-six bushels of barley, or four to five quarters of oats.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, the usual price of wheat, soon after harvest, in plentiful years, appears to have been about 5*s.* the quarter. During the middle of this period, it averaged 8*s.*; towards the close it had increased to 15*s.* and upwards. A law, passed in 1594, allowed the exportation of wheat, when the price was not more than 20*s.*, of peas and beans at 13*s.* 4*d.*, barley and malt 12*s.*: we may therefore suppose these were reckoned fair average prices. The mixture of rye and wheat sown together, was called miscelin. But there were many years in which, from scarcity, the price of wheat increased to two or three pounds, and in one of the closing years, for a short time, to five pounds the quarter. Raleigh computed that the value of corn imported, at this period, was equal to two millions annually. The chief consumption was of bread made from inferior grain. The allowance to a baker, in 1495, was 2*s.* per quarter; in 1592, when the best wheat was 21*s.* 4*d.*, it was 6*s.* 10*d.* per quarter of flour, reckoned thus: fuel, 6*d.*; two journeymen and two boys, 1*s.* 8*d.*; yeast, 1*s.*; candles and salt, 4*d.*; himself, family, and house rent, 2*s.*; the miller's toll, 1*s.* 4*d.* Bakers, living at Stratford, were allowed to sell bread from carts in London, being two ounces heavier in the penny loaf than bread baked in the city. There were large mills on the river Lea in that neighbourhood.

The improvement of agriculture, during this century, mainly proceeded from the progress of manufactures and commerce, with the advance of the general state of society. Agriculture and commerce mutually benefit each other; to think these interests are really opposed, is a great mistake. The English manufacturers and farmers are reciprocally the best customers to each other; but if

undue advantages are given to either class, the other must suffer.

The increase of flocks, and of inclosures for pasture, excited much discontent at this period; it doubtless produced inconvenience, which ever must be the case during a state of transition; but it was another evidence of the general prosperity of the country.

Among the evils remaining from feudal times, the practice of purveyance severely oppressed the agriculturist. By this power, the queen's officers could take any rural produce at certain prices, usually below the market rate: a large proportion was often resold for their own profit; or they took money from the farmers as a bribe not to remove the articles. An anecdote is told of a farmer, who made his way to court, and insisted upon seeing the queen: when he saw her pass, he made his best reverences, observing aloud, so as to attract her attention, that this was indeed a fair well-shaped lady, more so than his daughter Madge, who was reckoned the fairest in his parish; but it could not be she that took all his poultry, and sheep, and corn; that must be a very monstrous sized person who could consume all that her purveyor required. The queen never countenanced malpractices in her officers, and being not displeased with the compliment to her personal appearance, ordered the complaint to be inquired into, and that the guilty purveyor should be punished. This evil became so notorious, that it was partly done away before the end of her reign.

Another proof of progress in the state of society, and which strongly indicated an increased feeling of security, was the increase of gardens and orchards during the sixteenth century; but as yet, in general, they consisted only of enclosed pieces of ground near the mansion house, with a limited assortment of flowers, trees, and vegetables. The real progress of English gardening rather belongs to the next century, though Harrison, in 1486, speaks of great improvements in the preceding forty years, having sorts of fruit trees in comparison of which most of the old trees are nothing worth. He speaks of near three hundred sorts of "simples," "not one of them being common," as growing in his own little garden, of about three hundred square feet. One evidence of this progress, even in London, appears in the account of Henry VII. "for making an arber at Baynard's castle, *5s.*" The palace gardens of Elizabeth are described as having groves, ornamented with trellis work, cabinets of verdure, walks embowered with trees, columns and pyramids of marble, statues, and fountains.

OLD HUMPHREY ON TERMS USED IN WAR.

What a continual holiday of the heart! what an unceasing jubilee of the spirit would it be if mankind would always dwell together in peace and love! But the time is not yet. While sin is alive, sorrow will never die; and, therefore, though our paths are thronged with countless mercies, we must not expect them to abound with thornless flowers.

That it is an advantage, nay, a duty to look on the sunny side of things, is clear; and yet there are so many sources of grief and distress, that a thinking man can hardly avoid, now and then, walking in the shade, afflicting himself with regret, and shrouding his spirit with melancholy reflections.

I was musing, the other day, on the many forms of expression that we meet with, and read over, without emotion, as things of course, though they involve every thing that is dreadful to human nature. Among them, I was calling to mind some of the phrases that are used in reference to war. There is, in many of these, such a brevity and careless ease, that we hardly seem required to pause upon them. "The troops were driven into the river." "The town was taken by storm." "The garrison were put to the sword." "The city was given up to pillage." "The place was burned to the ground." These light and tripping phrases are common place in military despatches, and, yet, what fearful excesses! what dreadful sufferings they involve!

Let us take one of them, and for a moment examine it in a few of its ramifications. True it is, that we are now at peace; but a calm is often succeeded by an unexpected storm, and the quietude of Vesuvius is followed by the loud bellowing of the burning mountain. Peace and war depend much on the public mind, and of that public we all form a part; it may be well, therefore, to keep alive within us that hatred, which a review of the cruel excesses of war is calculated to inspire. Let us take, for our examination, the expression, "The city

was given up to pillage." Those who have read much of scenes of warfare, well know that imagination is not likely to exceed the reality of the miseries which war has generally produced. The narratives of Labaume and Porter, Wilson, Segur, Dufens, and others, bring to our view such extravagant scenes of calamity and cruelty, such displays of horrible enormity, that we wonder why mankind do not, with one united and universal cry of abhorrence, exclaim against the practice and principle of heart-hardening and demoralizing war.

But let it not be thought that I have any pleasure in blackening the reputation of a soldier: neither would I presumptuously brand the brow of him who differs with me in opinion; but, feeling as I do, that the word of God is the word of peace, and that war is a bitter evil; and knowing, as I do, how thoughtlessly we receive and retain the opinions of those around us, right or wrong, I claim the liberty of free speech, while I endeavour to excite more consideration and sympathy among the advocates of war, than is usually manifested.

"The city was given up to pillage." What is the real meaning of the term, giving up a place to pillage? for it explains itself so little, that it may be worth while, for once, if it be only for the sake of impressing it on our memories, to make ourselves familiar with the signification, as explained by past experience. It means, then, neither more nor less than this, that an infuriated soldiery are given free leave and liberty to indulge, without restraint, their selfish, brutal, and cruel passions, in plundering, burning, and destroying the property of unoffending people; and in ill-using, maiming, and murdering them without control. This is the plain meaning, so far as we can gather it from the most authentic records of the occurrences, which have taken place in cases of the kind. Indeed it must be so; for, in giving armed and revengeful soldiers permission to pillage, you give them leave to take, by force, the property of those who, naturally enough, will make a struggle to retain it: the consequences are inevitable, and strife is succeeded by bloodshed. How fearful, then, is the expression, "The city was given up to pillage!"

The enormity of giving up a city to pillage is not seen or felt, when we read of it as taking place in a distant part of the world; it comes not home "to our business and bosoms," as it would do, were the occurrence to take place under our observation; but rapine and murder are crimes wherever they are practised, and pain and heart-rending calamity are as hard to endure in one part of the world as in another.

"The city was given up to pillage." There will be no harm in applying this to the immediate town or city in which we dwell; the place wherein we possess property, and where those live who are dear to us, as the ruddy drops that warm our hearts; and here let no one accuse me of wantonly harrowing up human feelings. Let no man tell me that I do wrong in painting war in its own sanguinary colours! I am persuaded it is because Christians have been guiltily silent, as to war's abominations, that so little repugnance is felt against strife and bloodshed. To shrink from a painted battle is affectation, if we have no antipathy to a real one! Surely, if a monster affrights us not, we should not be scared at his shadow! What I have read of the pages of warfare, has wrung from my very spirit a strong sympathy for the victims of violence, and called forth an urgent, and irrepressible desire to excite the same sympathy in others. Let me, then, pursue my course.

For a moment, let me suppose the roaring cannon to have brought down our church spires; to have broken in the walls and roofs of our habitations; and that bomb shells, Shrapnell shells, and Congreve rockets have set buildings without number on fire, and spread confusion around. All at once the thundering of the cannon ceases; the bombs and rockets are no longer seen in the air, and a new and more dreadful plague spreads abroad. Wild and savage yells are heard, with the rattle of iron hoofs, and trampling of hurried feet. Bands of armed men on foot and on horseback, burst in, like a resistless torrent, among us. Doors are smashed, windows broken. Here, soldiers broach or stave in the casks! there, others drain the jugs or the bottles, till fired with brutal passions, drunkenness, revenge, and fury, they wallow in pollution, and deal around them desolation and death.

Household furniture is destroyed. Cabinets, bureaus, and boxes broken to pieces. Jewels, money, curiosities, and clothing huddled together, to be carried

away. Paintings are rent, sculpture mutilated, inscriptions defaced; and family records, love tokens, and gifts of friendship are torn, trampled, and burned. Oaths and blasphemies resound, riot and debauchery are every where seen with the wildest forms of cruelty and death.

A father has borne all, grinding his teeth in agony! He has seen the wreck of his property, the destruction of his worldly goods; but, when the lawless hand of the ruffian-soldier lays hold on his family, he can bear no more: starting up in their defence, and seemingly with more than mortal energy, he attacks his enemies. It is in vain! a dozen bayonets bear him to the ground; and while he draws his last gasp, his life welling from his wounds, he drinks in the agonizing shrieks of those who are dearest to him, calling uselessly for his aid.

His wife struggles hopelessly in the savage grasp of the abandoned ruffians to preserve her babe. Alas! it is wantonly slaughtered, and mother and child lie bleeding on the ground; while the cruel jests, and mad merriments of their hard-hearted murderers, echo through the desolated mansion.

Nor is this a solitary scene. The same demon-like career is carried on throughout the city, for the place "is given up to pillage;" mercy is exiled, and youth and beauty, wisdom and age, the infant and the hoary-headed are alike. Rapine, brutality, murder, and conflagration are abroad.

Reader, this is the meaning of a city "being given up to pillage!" Are you not called on then to resist, with every power you possess, that spirit of warfare which tolerates such enormities? Ought you not to bear testimony against it, leaving it on record to your children, and children's children, to do the same?

Have you a son in whom you delight, and does he thirstily drink in, as water, the lessons of instruction you bestow. Are desires gathering in his heaving breast; and hope, and enterprise, and expectation visible in his brightening eye? It remains with you, I speak with due reverence to the Most High, whether he, by sharing such excesses as have been described, shall become a scourge to mankind; or, by the practice of virtue and humanity, he shall be an ornament and a blessing to his race.

Have you a daughter, who is your joy and your glory? whose gentleness, tenderness, and affection are to influence, in future years, the more rugged heart of man? It remains with you, whether your child, by encouraging in others the selfish dreams of ambition and pride, shall strengthen the ranks of war, and spread around desolation and death; or by the exercise of persuasion, kindness, and mercy, she shall prove the gentle advocate and influential promoter of peace.

Blame me not for pressing this matter on your thoughts, but rather give it the consideration it deserves. Be convinced, and try to convince others, that the only way to avoid the evils of war, is to drink into the spirit of the gospel, and with earnestness, truth, and sincerity, to "follow after the things which make for peace," Rom. xiv. 19.

POLITICAL POWER OF THE PAPACY.

It must be obvious, to the most casual visitor of Rome, that the great aim of those in power here is, to exalt and aggrandize the Romish church. All the splendid collections and rich specimens of the fine arts in the Vatican, are designed to adorn, beautify, and encircle with a halo of glory, the skeleton of popery. There is another consideration, which makes the papal religion assume an air and attitude of importance and dignity here—it is the court religion. No one can expect any civil honours or offices, or any favour from the crown, who is not a zealous adherent to popery. The Romish church is the very prop and pillar of the civil government of the papal states. The Pope is their civil as well as ecclesiastical sovereign, by virtue of the peculiar relation he holds to the Romish church. He is the king of the land through all the papal states, as well as the head of the church. The road to power and political influence is through the church, and the favour of those who guide its affairs and guard its interests. The same motives which lead men in our country to resort to popular arts to please the people, and gain political influence, lead them at Rome to become zealous Roman Catholics. If the truth were known, I expect it would be found that the Pope himself values his civil, quite as much as his spiritual sceptre. Of course, the church is the pillar of his hopes, the great apparatus by which he gulls and hoodwinks the people; and as

long as he loves temporal power, he will hold on to his professed priestly supremacy, and seek to perpetuate the reign of superstition and darkness. Every one who has at all examined the subject, will see that there are prodigious incitements in the papal church to unsanctified ambition. The most obscure monk, clad in the coarsest robe, girded with a flaxen rope, and shod with wooden sandals, may, by tact and cunning, and a certain course of management, obtain a cardinal's hat, ride in a princely chariot, roll in splendour, and ultimately sit in the papal chair. The now reigning Pope rose to his present station, from an obscure monk of the order of St. Gregory.

Sixtus v. also, who filled the papal see the latter part of the sixteenth century, might be referred to, as another instance, illustrative of the preceding remarks. He was born near Montalto, of very indigent parents, and spent his early years in the most humble labours, to procure his daily bread. His proper name was Felix Peretti. He had an uncle that was a Franciscan monk, through whose influence he obtained admittance into one of the schools of this religious order. Evincing brilliancy of intellect, he ingratiated himself so far into the favour of his instructor, that he was continued in school till he had received a thorough education. He particularly distinguished himself in scholastic philosophy and theology, and in Roman literature. He now rose rapidly, and obtained not only holy orders, but the title of Doctor of Divinity. His celebrity as an acute logician and eloquent preacher, soon became widely diffused. His learning and talents, and increasing distinction, awakened the jealousy of not a few of the great men in the Roman Catholic church, whose fame he threatened to eclipse. They engaged in controversy with him, and tried to crush him. For a while they partially succeeded: but at length, he obtained a cardinal's hat, and took the name of Montalto. Well acquainted with the policy of his colleagues, he believed the surest way to gain the triple crown, the great object of his ambition, was to pursue a course of conduct which should not awaken the jealousy of the other cardinals. Up to this period, he had been distinguished as an intolerant, violent, and most ambitious man. His habits, also, were very active; no labour or toils would prevent him from carrying into execution any plan he had formed. The vigour and strength of his body appeared every way equal to the activity and restlessness of his mind. But all these qualities seemed now suddenly annihilated. He would not connect himself with either party in the conclave, after the death of Pius v. He withdrew almost wholly from the court, and very reluctantly took any part in political affairs, under Gregory xiii. He treated every one with kindness and affability, and suffered injuries without seeking revenge. He expended his income in acts of benevolence and literary enterprise; erecting monuments to forgotten saints, and ministering to the poor. His whole bodily appearance was changed. Instead of a stout, vigorous frame, he had become greatly emaciated, and presented the appearance of a sick and broken-down old man, who loved, above all things else, tranquillity and devotion. Under the mask of pious simplicity and feeble old age, he gained much information from the licentious nobles, who confided to him their secrets, while he acted as their confessor. He thus deceived all about him, as to his true character. Upon the death of Gregory xiii., the majority of candidates were of the opinion, that a pope like Montalto would be most easily managed, and probably would soon, by his demise, leave the see vacant for another election. In the midst of the conclave, convened in the electoral chapel, stood Montalto, leaning with bent form and tremulous limbs, upon a staff, to all appearance on the verge of the grave, when his election to fill the pontifical chair was announced. Instantly he threw down, as with scorn, the staff on which he had leaned, and stood forth erect in form, and with an elasticity of step that perfectly astonished and electrified the whole college of cardinals. He was no longer the feeble, decrepit, simple old man, but the firm, vigorous, shrewd, ambitious pope Sixtus v., who showed that he could grasp and wield the sceptre of the world. His object was now attained. He had been acting a part fifteen years, and now, having obtained the object of his wish, the mask was thrown off.

The possibility of attaining this high eminence is more clearly illustrated by the fact, that the occupants of the papal chair are generally selected, as in the instance just related, from those whose prospects of continued life were not the

most encouraging. To show the truth of this remark, it will be enough to state, that since the death of Pius VII., in July, 1823, a period less than fifteen ears, there have been three popes—Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., the present Roman pontiff. In a body composed of about fifty, never exceeding seventy persons, there is held out the strong probability, that at least three of this number, every fifteen years may occupy a throne. Are there no stimulants to unsanctified ambition here? And then the Pope is not a tool, subject to the dictation of his ministers. He is an absolute monarch. No government can be more despotic than that established over the papal states. I might refer to the case of Torlonia, a distinguished banker in Rome, in illustration of the position that the Romish church is upheld and strengthened in these states, from worldly and political considerations. Torlonia was the son of a poor pedlar, but by his tact and industry, he accumulated a large fortune. He desired to ennoble his family, and therefore purchased a dukedom, and acquired the title belonging to it. He must of course live in a style which comports with his acquired nobility. He has therefore purchased one of the old palaces on the *Corso*, and is fitting it up with an elegance that will throw the mansions of the wealthiest princes of Rome into the shade. But observe, no one can lift up his head here among the magnates of the land, upon whom the pope and church do not smile; and, therefore, Torlonia has purchased, for the sum of eighteen thousand dollars, the privilege of putting up and adorning a chapel in one of the unoccupied recesses of the church of St. John Lateran. It is said, that already contracts have been made for sculpture and paintings, for the adornment of this chapel, to the amount of more than a hundred thousand dollars. What political men in our country are willing to scatter among the people to buy golden opinions, Torlonia is willing to lavish on the church, to obtain the good opinion of him whose thunders issue from the Vatican.—*Clarke's Glimpses of the Old World.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

With the exception of St. Paul's Cathedral, perhaps no public building in London is more generally visited than the British Museum; and it might be difficult to find a place that has been more frequently described. It possesses two very great attractions: one, that it has much within it deserving attention; the other, that it may be seen for nothing.

As viewed from the spot where I am now standing, it has little in appearance to recommend it. Neither its guarded gateways, its square turrets, its front of dirty red brick, nor its old crazy cupola, is of an alluring character. Even in the short time it has occupied me to note down this remark, twenty-three persons have passed by the two sentinels, who are on duty with their bayonets fixed at the end of their muskets; and now a carriage has driven up to the gate. It is time for me to trudge across the street, and to enter the place myself.

Ay! This spacious quadrangle gives a different aspect to the building, and the fine flight of steps adds much to its general appearance. The French architect, Peter Puget, who designed the edifice, now rises in the estimation of the spectator. But the sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics, near the gateway, and the ancient canoe, formed apparently from a large tree, hollowed out by the chisel or by fire, draw the visitors aside, and claim for a season their attention.

At the foot of the flight of steps, surrounded by a slight enclosure, the gigantic head bones of two enormous creatures arrest the eye of the spectator. They are of a most astonishing size and form; and a stranger, until he reads the inscription beside them, wonders to what kind of animal they could belong. I have something to say on this subject, which is a little curious.

A few years ago, on passing over London Bridge, my attention was attracted by half a dozen bright yellow placard papers, pasted against a wall near the bridge. On these papers, was printed the following wonderful announcement: "Wonderful Remains of an Enormous Head, eighteen feet in length, seven feet in breadth, and weighing seventeen hundred pounds. The complete bones of which were discovered, in excavating a passage for the purpose of a railway, at the depth of seventy-five feet from the surface of the ground in Louisiania, and at a distance of one hundred and sixty miles from the sea. This great

curiosity to be seen from ten in the morning till six in the evening."

In a very short time, I directed my steps to the Cosmorama, in Regent Street, where the enormous head was to be seen. There I gazed on the prodigy, and much did it excite my wonder. The proprietors were Frenchmen, and many were the dreams of imagination in which they indulged. It was thought the head might have belonged to a bird, for the beaklike formation of the projecting bones gave some colour to such a possibility; but, then, had such a monster lived, kitelike, on other birds, he would speedily have depopulated a space equal to a whole parish, ay, a whole county of its feathered tribes. It was suggested by one, that it might have belonged to a fish; but the circumstance of it being found so deep in the earth, and so far from the sea, threw a difficulty in the way of this suggestion. It was intimated by another, as no improbability, that it belonged to a reptile, a gigantic lizard; and to such a creature, supposing that he sustained himself by vegetation, shrubs and bushes must have been as grass, and young oaks and elms as a pleasant sort of asparagus. In short, from the conversation I had with these foreigners, it was clear that in their apprehension, the eagle might be but a lark, the whale but a minnow, and the mammoth but a mite, compared to the creatures that once inhabited the air, the ocean, and the earth in the ages that have longed winged their way to eternity.

Well! I lost sight altogether of this "Enormous Head" for some years, and did not expect to see the like again, until one day visiting this place I saw the two heads now before me, one that of the Spermaceti whale, (*Physeter macrocephalus,*) the other the skull and lower jaw of the northern whalebone whale, (*Balæna mysticetus.*) The strong resemblance of the latter convinced me that the "Enormous Head" was nothing more than the head of a whale.

I have entered my name in the book, kept in the hall, for the purpose of receiving signatures of visitors: given a glance at the gilded idol, and the mysterious impression made by his foot, ascended the staircase, paused a moment opposite the musk ox, polar bear, and gigantic fernsprays, and am now opposite the elephant and giraffes, sometimes regarding them, and sometimes leaning my head backwards to admire the painted ceiling, whereon the fall of Phaeton, and the synod of heathen gods, are beautifully painted.

Youth, maturity, and age, all press forward to see the British Museum. There is a perfect throng now upon the staircase. Holiday and cheerfulness may be seen in almost every face. A pleasant sight it is to witness human happiness!

Here is a room crowded with curiosities, once the property of savage tribes, living thousands of miles apart from each other! The Esquimaux, the new Zealander, the Otaheitan, and the South American Indian have all contributed to the collection. Implements of labour, fishing tackle, warlike weapons, and instruments of music are ranged around. The spear, the javelin, the shark-tooth saw, the club, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife, are mingled with bows and arrows, canoes, sledges, fish hooks, harpoons, bowls, and calabashes. Here is a screen made of the feathers of an eagle; there, a dancing dress of the fibres of cocoa nut bark, and yonder are ugly idols, bracelets of boars' tusks, mirrors of black slaty stone, necklaces of seeds and shells, and wooden coats of armour.

Nor are the trophies of war forgotten; the scalps of the vanquished in battle may here be seen, a species of spoil that is too dear to the cruel and implacable spirit of savage men. How opposed to the fierce hostility and relentless revenge of the untutored Indian, is the merciful injunction, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," Matt. v. 44. And yet the time will come, for the mouth of the Holy One has declared it, when this Christian command shall run through the wigwam and through the world, when the javelin of the savage shall be broken, his bow be snapped in sunder, and his scalping knife be guiltless of his fellow's blood.

In the centre of the room, in a glass case, lies the far famed Magna Charta, wrung from a tyrannous monarch by the armed hands of his barons; and many a prying eye pores over the time-worn document with curiosity and wonder. It takes us back to the days when king

John, a treacherous and false-hearted king, made, as it were, the land "desolate because of the fierceness of the oppressor, and because of his fierce anger," Jer. xxv. 38. But his tyranny prevailed not. What a fine burst of language is that, in which the prophet Isaiah rebukes those who are fearful of the oppression of man, and yet forgetful of the goodness of God! "Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor?" Isaiah li. 12, 13.

The painted ceilings by Charles de la Foss, and the splendid groupes of flowers, by James Rousseau, are admirable productions. They remind me of the vivid pencillings of Le Brun, in the palace of Versailles. The more I look on them, the more I like them.

To describe the animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, the shells, minerals, fossils, petrifactions, and antiquities of this place, would be impossible; for there is not one department that would not furnish amusement for a week. They are all classed in a scientific manner; the carnivorous animals are separated from those that are granivorous; and the birds of prey from the aquatic and those that sing. From the diminutive humming bird to the stately ostrich; the feathered creation may here be seen in all their varied forms and gaudy plumage. The kite in the glass case there, reminds me of an anecdote that has just been related to me.

"A respectable farmer in Scotland, after a walk over his farm, at the beginning of this year's lambing season, and on a very warm morning, fell asleep on a high hill. On awaking, he found that his broad blue bonnet, and a yellow silk handkerchief, which he had placed beside him, were both missing. At first, he suspected they had been taken away in sport by some person on the farm; but, on inquiry, every individual on the farm and neighbourhood, who could possibly have approached the spot, denied all knowledge of the missing articles. Some weeks after, our correspondent and a party were ascending a very steep and dangerous rock on the farm, to destroy the nest of a glede, (kite.) Great was his amazement, when the first article taken out of the nest, was the missing yellow silk handkerchief; then the broad blue bonnet, with three eggs most comfortably ensconced in it; next appeared an old tartan waistcoat, with tobacco in one pocket, and Orr's Almanac, for 1839, in the other, the almanac having the words, scarcely legible, 'J. Fraser,' written upon it; then came a flannel nightcap, marked with red worsted, 'D. C. J.;' a pair of old white mittens, a piece of a letter with green wax, and the Inverness postmark, an old red and white cravat, and a miscellaneous assortment of remains of cotton, paper, and other things. This bird had, indeed, been a daring robber, and had carried on his extensive larcenies for a long time with impunity."

Herculaneum and Pompeii have sent of their long buried stores to add to the costliness of this extended treasure house. Greek and Roman antiquities are here, and numerous idols of metal, stone and wood; terracottas, sculptures, vases, jars, and urns; with busts and figures, coins and medals, rings and curious seals. There are also beautiful specimens of precious stones, of all the kinds that are known, so that almost every shade of disposition may find something that will add to its gratification.

One of the most costly curiosities of the place, is the Portland Vase; for two hundred years, it was the principal ornament of a palace: it was found in the road between Rome and Frascati. By far the greater number of visitors pass this by, as a thing of little value, yet thousands of pounds would not purchase it.

What a number of mummies are here, and ornamented mummy cases! and yet this is London, and not Egypt. They set one thinking of the pyramids, of the statue of Memnon, and Thebes with her hundred gates, of the idols, Orus, Apis, Isis, and Osiris. Here is a splendid mummy case, half opened, and the embalmed mummy half unswathed.

"And thou hast walked about, how strange a story!
In Thebes' streets, three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

It may not be so with all, but it is with many, that the very sight of these remnants of former ages, drives away much of doubt, and brings much of certainty to the mind. We do, in general, but half credit the annals of antiquity: we are, in a degree, sceptics, while professing to believe the records of holy Writ; but these mummy cases reprove us, and seem to say to us, "See and believe." While our sight and senses are, beyond a doubt, convinced that these are the remains of ancient Egypt, our faith is confirmed in the recorded verities of Scripture. Yes, it is a truth, and we feel it as such, that "Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmelites," Gen. xxxix. 1. It is a truth that Joseph sent for his father Jacob to dwell with him in the land of Egypt, and that "when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob revived." "It is enough," said he; "Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die," Gen. xlv. 27, 28. The miracles that God performed for his people, rise to our remembrance, and the plagues that were spread over the land,

When Moses stretched his wonder-working rod,
And brought the locust on the foes of God;
When countless myriads with despoiling wing,
Scourged the hard heart of the Egyptian king.

I have wandered from one piece of sculpture to another. Here the chisel of Phidias, and there that of Praxiteles has been at work giving an inestimable value to stone. The Elgin marbles; the relics of the Athenian temples; the statues of Theseus, Illyssus, and the Fates; the frieze of the Parthenon; the alto-relievo representations of the strifes of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ; the Townley marbles, and the Egyptian collection of sculpture, have all been visited, and I could now sit me down opposite this huge hieroglyphical sarcophagus, and muse and moralize. The temples of olden time; the artists of genius and talent, whose works are before us, and those to whose fame they have vainly sought to give immortality—"Where are they?" The mutilated marbles and time-worn inscriptions of the most splendid works of art seem to press on the reflective mind the lesson, "Gratefully enjoy the things of time, but forget not those of eternity."

The print room, to those who are fond of engravings, is a treat absolutely inexhaustible. Historical subjects, landscapes, seascapes, architectural designs, portraits, animals, birds, fishes, insects, trees, shells, fossils, fruit, flowers, and ornaments by the most eminent artists, English and foreign, are kept in the nicest order. The connoisseur and amateur may here revel in boundless variety. The library is, perhaps, after all, still more generally valuable than any other part of the Museum, containing as it does, almost every book from which pleasure and information can be derived. The manuscripts are very numerous, and the persons in the reading room, where I am making my closing remarks, sufficiently testify by their numbers and busy attention, how highly they estimate the advantages of the institution.

CHRIST'S COMMISSION TO THE APOSTLES.

Our Lord's commission to the apostles for preaching the gospel, was extensive as the human species. The middle wall of partition between Jews and Gentiles being demolished, those first ministers of Christ were not only permitted, but required, as Providence gave opportunity, to proclaim the glad tidings wherever they came, without any exception of nations, of rank, or of character. The prerogatives connected with carnal descent from Abraham, the covenant made at Sinai, and the Mosaic economy, being all abolished, those ambassadors of Heaven were commanded to publish pardon, and proclaim peace, through Jesus Christ, by faith in his blood, among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.—*Booth.*

BLISSFUL ANTICIPATION.

How divinely full of glory and pleasure shall that hour be, when all the millions of mankind, that have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb of God, shall meet together and stand around him, with every tongue and every heart full of joy and praise! How astonishing will be the glory and the joy of that day, when all the saints shall join together in one common song of gratitude and love, and of everlasting thankfulness to this Redeemer? With what unknown delight, and inexpressible satisfaction, shall all that are saved from the ruins of sin and hell, address the Lamb that was slain, and rejoice in his presence!—*Dr. Watts.*

POWERSCOURT WATERFALL, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND.

The glen of the waterfall is a deep mountain recess, environed on every side, except the entrance, by steep and lofty hills, adorned with wood and rock and broken ground, and sweeping down from every side with the greatest boldness and variety. The head of the recess is crossed by a mural precipice of denuded rock, down the front of which the river Glenisloreane falls perpendicularly a depth of three hundred feet. A velvet turf is spread over the undulating surface of the bottom of this glen, and majestic oaks of picturesque forms clothe the mountain sides, and climb the rocky precipice in front.

At a distance, the fall is seen partly gliding in frothy streams down the sloping surface of the moss-clad rocks, and partly dashing, in angry mood, against some projecting cliff, whence being rejected, it seems to vanish like the floating mists of morn. In the broken and varied foreground, a sloping bank protrudes, worn by the mountain torrent, which has bared the tenacious roots of the great monarch of the wood; confident in strength, he seems to disregard the persevering efforts of the stream that rolls so rapidly at his feet, to undermine his throne so long enjoyed: more in the distance still, less venerable oaks, candidates for that preeminence yielded by the leafy tribe to the royal inhabitant of the grove, fling their shady branches over the verdure-clad lawn, and afford cool shelter to the "deer that desire the water brooks."—*Fisher's Views in Ireland.*

THE SCOTCH FIR.
(*Pinus Sylvestris.*)

a, Male catkin. *b*, Another shedding its pollen *c*, Female catkin. *d*, Ripe cone. *e*, Cone expand ing to discharge its seeds. *f*, Winged seed.

NATURAL ORDER. Coniferæ, or Pinaceæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Moncœcia Monadelphia.

Barren Flowers placed at the end of the branches of the preceding year, and at the base of the young shoots; in a deciduous catkin of numerous naked spreading stamens; connected by a common stalk. Calyx none. Filaments two or more, and very short, with a scale at their base. Anthers two on each stamen, erect, wedge-shaped, crowned by a jagged, membranous crest. *Fertile Flowers* on the summit of the shoots of the current year, generally in clusters of two together. Catkin egg-shaped, or roundish, afterwards enlarged, conical and pointed, composed of numerous, imbricated, close, woody scales. Corolla none. Scales oblong, swelled at the upper extremity into a sort of pyramid truncate at the summit. Style, one to each germen. Stigma simple. Seeds two within each, recurved scale, oval, each crowned with a membranous wing. The apex of the cone opens when the seeds are ripe, and changes in colour from green to reddish brown. Leaves linear, smooth, obtuse, and acuminated, arranged spirally on the branches in pairs within a scale. A tall, straight tree, with scaly, reddish brown bark. Flowers in May and June; but the cone does not attain its full size till the autumn of the following year.

" ———The pine, long-haired, and dark and tall,
In lordly right predominates o'er all."
L. HUNT.

" ——— The pine of mountain race,
The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place."
CHURCHILL.

THE Scotch fir, or pine, is the only species of the natural order, *Abietinæ*, indigenous to this country; an order equally distinguished by the remarkable resemblance which prevails throughout the numerous and widely diffused families of which it is composed, their extreme utility to man, and their peculiar adaptation to the situation in which they are placed. "No order," says Lindley, "can be named of more universal importance to mankind than this, whether we view it with reference to its timber or secretions. Gigantic in size, rapid in growth, noble in aspect, robust in constitution, these trees form a considerable proportion of every wood or plantation in cultivated countries, and of every forest where nature remains in a cultivated state." They clothe the interminable plains of northern Europe and America, and mantle the craggy heights of the Himalaya and the Andes. But, although this order ranks among its many species, the goodly cedar, the tufted larch, the spiry, spruce fir feathered to the ground, the fanciful arancaria, the silver fir, of graceful symmetry, the gloomy cypress, and the *arbor vitæ;* still our native species is universally allowed to be inferior to none of its brethren, either in useful properties, or picturesque grandeur of appearance.

Cesar has stated in his Commentaries, that the *abies* was not found in Britain, and hence much discussion has arisen, and many ingenious arguments brought forward to explain his meaning, as it is an indisputable fact, not only that the Scotch fir is indigenous to our island; but that at that early period the greater part of, at least, our northern districts, was completely overrun with trackless forests of this tree. The question admits of a very easy solution, if we consider, that by *abies* he intended the silver fir, a native of the southern parts of Europe, and but recently introduced among us. The mistake evidently arose from the name fir having been injudiciously applied to our native species, instead of that of pine, to which botanical *genus* it undoubtedly belongs. The *pinus sylvestris* was well known to the ancients, and a native of the Alps, and many parts of Gaul; and Cesar, in the passage alluded to, says that Britain had all the trees of Gaul, excepting the *fagus* and the *abies*. Both the spruce and silver firs are found in many parts of France and Italy, but are not indigenous in England. The difference between the two *genera* of *pinus* and *abies*, is very slight, though easy to be distinguished; in the former, the leaves are long and spirally inserted on the branch, two, three, or five being grouped within one sheath; in the latter, they are short, and inserted singly in whorls round the branch. The habits and properties of the two *genera* are

remarkably similar, and they are often indiscriminately mentioned by the poets, as applied to the same purpose.

"The adventurous fir that sails the vast profound,
And pine fresh bleeding from the odorous wound."—HARTE'S STATIUS.

"The pine, with whom men through the ocean venture,
The firre that oftentimes doth rosin drop."—W. BROWNE.

Although an undoubted native of Scotland, the Scotch pine is found in every part of the north temperate zone, from grim Kamtschatka's desert plains, to the rocky chain of Caucasus. On the Alps, the Apennines, the Tyrol, and the Pyrennees, it skirts the region of eternal snows; and, in connexion with the spruce fir, extends over vast districts in Lapland, Russia, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Austria. Of the Scandinavian forests, Dr. Clarke thus speaks:—"If the reader cast his eyes upon the map of Sweden, and imagine the Gulf of Bothnia to be surrounded by one continuous, unbroken forest, as ancient as the world, consisting principally of pine trees, with a few mingling birch and juniper trees, he will have a general and tolerably correct notion of the real appearance of the country. If the sovereigns of Europe were to be designated, each by some title, characteristic of the nature of their dominions, we might call the king of Sweden, Lord of the Woods; because, in surveying his territories, he might travel over a great part of his kingdom, from sunrise to sunset, and find no greater subjects than the trees of his forests. The population is everywhere small, because the whole country is covered with wood." Such was, no doubt, in former times, the condition of a large proportion of our island. The famous levels of Hatfield Chase, when drained in the seventeenth century, discovered vast multitudes of trees, of various sorts, the roots in their natural position, and the trunks lying beside them; one third, at least, of them are pines, and some of these were thirty feet in length. In the extensive peat mosses, or bogs, which are found in every part of Scotland, and afford fuel little inferior to coal, the remains of pine trees are very abundant, and principally in the most exposed districts; even when the damp and cold have reduced the birch to a pulp, and the oak to splinters, the heart of the pine, preserved by the resinous properties of the wood, is quite fresh and elastic. Many vestiges yet remain of the vast forests, which there is every reason to believe, once extended over the hilly regions of Scotland, though they suffered much, in consequence of the scarcity of Norway deals during the last war, being felled, more than otherwise would have been the case. Of the principal, yet remaining, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; but in those districts which are now open, the remains of roots on the surface, and extensive peat mosses in which scarcely any other timber is found, prove that they formerly extended much further. In the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, this submerged timber is so abundant, that it forms an article of trade, as the vast quantity of turpentine which it contains renders it superior to any other fire wood; and among the peasants, slips of it are used as a substitute for candles.

The pine attains to the greatest perfection in mountainous districts, in situations and soils in which scarcely any other tree will thrive. Its very name betokens that it is a native of the mountain, being derived from the Celtic word, *pen* or *pin*, signifying rock or mountain, and is retained in the various languages derived from this as a common source. Thus the tree is known as *peinge*, in the Erse; *pinna*, in Welsh; *pymbaum*, in German; *piner*, in Anglo Saxon; *pin*, in French; and *pino*, in Italian. Hence also the term Appennines (or *Alps pennines*) mountains covered with pines, and the Spanish towns Pennafiel and Pennaflor, etc., which are amid the mountains; nor is it unlikely that the Scotch *ben* is derived from the same word. The more bleak and exposed the situation, and the more sterile the soil, the better timber is produced, because its growth is slower. A light hazelly loam, or the debris of granite, is best adapted to it. On clay or bog its growth is stunted, and it soon dies; on a rich soil, it grows rapidly, but the timber is inferior and perishable, being composed, for the most part, of sap wood.

The botanical student is aware that the dicotyledous plants of our northern countries deposit every year a fresh portion of wood within the bark, and that the circles, which are said to mark the yearly increase of the trunk, are produced by the check given by the severity of winter to the flow of the sap. He will also

readily understand that the extreme durability and hardness of this timber is occasioned by the very trifling annual addition made to its circumference; so that the hard substance of the yearly circles greatly preponderates over the sap wood. Thus the best timber, which is known by the name of red deal, is fine grained, hard, and solid; and the trunk, when severed, presents the appearance of a close and compact series of fine circles: the white deal is less resinous, coarser, and more spongy, and much more liable to decay. It was formerly imagined that these were two distinct species; but it seems now to be satisfactorily proved, that this great difference arises solely from a variety of soil, situation, and climate. A northern aspect is likewise desirable; for it has been observed that where trees have been much exposed to the mid-day sun, the whole southern half of the tree was frequently little better than sap wood, while the northern half contained only a layer or two at the circumference. The most valuable timber is that produced in natural forests, or by planting in large masses; the trunks being then drawn up, and destitute of side branches, sometimes even to the height of fifty or sixty feet, yield planks which are long, straight, and free from knots, a circumstance so peculiar to this tree, that Ovid describes it as "unknotty fir."

The stem of this tree is remarkably straight and taper; in favourable situations, it attains the height of from eighty to one hundred feet, though the diameter of the trunk rarely exceeds four feet.

"Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled heads."—Wordsworth.

"Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep Head of an aged mountain."—Spenser.

"The slender fir that taper grows."—Dyer.

The branches are disposed so that the tree, when young, presents a pyramidal appearance; but the branches afterwards assume a horizontal direction; the lower ones, however, as in the other species of this order, have a remarkable tendency to decay, and fall off as it advances in age. In fact, some naturalists have considered them rather as gigantic fronds, or leaves; and thus the *abietinæ* form a connecting link between the monocotyledonous and dicotyledous tribes. The bark in young trees is thin, and easily scales off; as it grows older, it assumes a richer brown, and often becomes deeply furrowed. The leaves are evergreen, but fall every fifth year; they are arranged spirally on the branches in twos, within a scaly sheath. When young, they are of a bright hue, but afterwards assume a bluish tint, probably on account of their peculiar form, by not allowing much scope for the influence of the solar rays, so necessary to enable a plant to deposit carbonic acid. This acid is considered to be of a dark blue colour, which when seen through the yellowish green tint of the cellular tissue of the leaf, produces the refreshing green, by which nature everywhere clothes the earth, and thus soothes the tired eye.

The barren, or staminiferous flowers of the pine appear in the month of May, at the extremity of the shoots of the preceding year, and below those of the current year. The pollen is of a yellow colour, and so abundant that when ripened, it is sometimes carried by the wind to a distance, and has often been the cause of much alarm to the superstitious Highlanders, who have believed themselves to be visited by a shower of brimstone. The cones generally appear in pairs above the shoots of the current year; their colour varies, being sometimes yellowish or red, though more frequently of a purplish green. They do not attain their full size till the autumn of the following year, nor is it till the succeeding spring that their scales expand, beginning from the upper end, and thus allow the seeds to fall. They are then in a fit state to sow. Each seed is furnished with a large, oval wing, and inclosed within this membranaceous covering, being attached to the axis of the cone. As the cones remain on the tree for some months after the seeds have fallen, we discover on a pine tree, at the same time, specimens of them in all their various stages.

As a timber tree, our native pine is inferior in value to none within the north temperate zone. In strength and durability, it is only surpassed by the oak, and for many important purposes is even superior to it. By the experiments which have been recently so successfully made, to raise the remains of the gallant ship, in which

"Brave Kempenfelt went down,
And twice four hundred men,"

it has been discovered that the fir planks

"yet were sound," and little, if at all affected, by the action of the water and ravages of worms, though the other timbers had been much injured by their attacks. Evelyn tells us, that on piles of this wood, "most of Venice and Amsterdam is built, with so excessive charge, that the foundations of their houses, as some report, cost as much as what erected on them, there being driven in no fewer than thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine great masts of this timber under the Stadt house of Amsterdam."

The ancient Greek and Roman navies were wholly constructed from these trees: hence Pliny observes, "It is pretty to consider that those trees which are so much sought after for shipping, should most delight in the highest mountains, as if they fled from the sea on purpose, and were afraid to descend into the water." In modern times, the oak is the timber most generally used in constructing "the wooden walls of old England;" yet now, as in the days of Virgil,

"Pines are for masts a useful wood,"

and they are always formed of this timber. These masts are, for the most part, procured from the shores of the Baltic. Thus Milton describes the stupendous height of the spear of Satan:—

"His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand."

Our native forests, however, yield timber in no degree inferior, though the supply is not equal to the demand. But it is pre-eminently as "the builder's tree," that the pine is distinguished; its deals or planks furnish a very considerable article of commerce. Being long, straight, light, and easily worked, although strong, they are peculiarly adapted for rafters, joists, flooring, and all the interior wood work of houses, the frame work of machinery, scaffolding, the beams of coaches, and an endless variety of purposes. It is generally selected by gilders for frames, etc., being smooth and easy to polish, also for carving, as being easily worked, and holding glue better than any other wood. We find mentioned in the Scripture, that Hiram, king of Tyre, "gave Solomon cedar trees and fir trees according to all his desire," as materials for his glorious temple. Josephus affirms that the almug trees of which we read, 2 Sam. x. 12, were a species of fir; and the purposes to which these were applied, are exactly those for which the timber is now used among ourselves. "The king made of the almug trees pillars" (that is, rails or props) "for the house of the Lord, and for the king's house, harps also and psalteries for singers." These last are also alluded to in 2 Sam. vi. 5. "David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals."

In the present day, the sonorous qualities of the wood, doubtless to be attributed to its hard and smooth grain, cause it to be selected as the material of which the breasts of violins and sounding boards of other musical instruments are made. For such purposes, it is cut across the grain, and then, from the fineness of the stripes or layers, presents a beautiful appearance. To this application of its timber, allusion is strikingly made in the following address to the tree:—

"Thy throne a rock! thy canopy the skies!
And circled in the mountain's dark embrace,
'Mid what stern pomp thy towering branches rise!
How wild, how lonely is thy dwelling place!
In the rich mead, a God of love we trace,
We feel His bounty in the sun and shower;
But here His milder glories shun our gaze,
Lost in the one dread attribute of power.
I cannot choose but wish thou hadst a fairer bower.

"Yet to the scene thy stately form doth give
Appropriate grace; and in thy mountain hold,
Like flowers with zephyrs, 'at the shut of eve,'
Thou with the storm hast dallied from of old.
But stateliness of form, and bearing bold
Are not thy only boast: there dwells in thee
A soft, sweet spell (if we be rightly told,)
Which waiteth but the touch of harmony,
To smooth the brow of care, and make e'en sorrow flee.

"Thus be't with me, when storms of trouble rise,
Which all of women born, alas! must know,
Built on a rock, and looking to the skies,
Like thee undaunted, may I meet the blow.
Not so, when call'd to hear of others' woe:
Then may soft pity touch some chord within,
Prompting the tear of sympathy to flow,
And words of healing, such as gently win
The mourner's stricken heart, and pour sweet comfort in."—L. A. TWAMLEY.

Nor is it only on account of the use thus made of its timber, that we must regard the pine as a meet emblem of a Christian heart, which, though enabled to trust and not be afraid, because rooted on the rock Christ, yet, like his Divine Master, is ever ready "to

rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep." Like the tree before us, it may be said of the believer, that the sharper the blast that assails him, the more does his thanksgiving abound; the deeper his trial, the louder he sings; and thus, though sorrowful in himself, he is always rejoicing. The foliage of this tree, being composed of innumerable and sharp-edged leaves, when agitated by the wind, gives forth a mournful, murmuring sound, varying from loud to soft, from sweet to shrill, as influenced by the gentle gale, or the gusty blast; sometimes, it is as the dash of the billows of ocean on the strand, and again as melancholy melody. Hence Virgil speaks of "the singing pines;" nor have modern poets been neglectful of the circumstance.

"The loud wind through the forest wakes
With sound like oceans, roaring, wild and deep,
And in yon gloomy pines strange music makes,
Like symphonies unearthly heard in sleep;
The sobbing waters dash their waves and weep;
Where moans the blast its dreary path along,
The bending firs a mournful cadence keep,
And mountain rocks re-echo to the song,
As fitful raves the wind the hills and woods among."—DRUMMOND.

"And then there fled by me a rush of air,
That stirr'd up all the other foliage there,
Filling the solitude with panting tongues;
At which the pines woke up into their songs,
Shaking their choral locks."—L. HUNT.

In Rowe's translation of Lucan, the peals of loud applause, with which the ready legions rent the air, are thus compared:—

"Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads
His weighty wing o'er Ossa's piny heads:
At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd,
And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind:
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour through the air.

A later poet says,

"An idle voice the Sabbath region fills,
Of deep that calls to deep across the hills,
Broke only by the melancholy sound
Of drowsy bells for ever tinkling round;
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs and pine trees steady sugh."
WORDSWORTH.

The rosinous secretions of this tree not only increase the durability and consequent value of the timber, but are in themselves of great use to man, when yielding tar, pitch, lampblack, turpentine, and rosin. The two latter are extracted from the trunk by incision; tar is produced by burning the roots, chips, etc., and is afterwards converted into pitch by boiling. Large forests of the *pinus sylvestris* in the north of Europe, are annually consumed to supply the demand. Dr. Clarke enters into a full description of the process, which is much the same as that adopted by the Highlanders for their local purposes. He tells us, that the roots, logs, etc., being neatly tied in bundles or stocks of a conical shape, are placed in a hole of the same size and shape, which is dug on the side of a bank or hill. Having carefully covered the top with turf, firmly beaten down, they set fire to the stack, which is slowly consumed. A cast iron trough having been previously fixed at the bottom of the funnel, with a spout projecting through the bank, conveys the tar exuded from the wood, into barrels placed ready to receive it. Lampblack is produced from the soot, which is deposited on the top or sides of the cavity during the process of combustion: this is generally the produce of the American forests. To obtain turpentine, much used in painting, an incision is made in the trunk, and the liquid exuding from it, is collected in ladles, and poured into a basket or sieve. The turpentine runs through into earthern vessels ready to receive it. The sediment in the basket is then distilled with a quantity of water; the oil thus procured is oil of turpentine, and the matter which yet remains, rosin.

Tar water is well known on account of the medicinal properties attributed to it, which were so highly celebrated by bishop Berkely, but this remedy is now much neglected. Even the fumes of melted rosin are said to have been found beneficial in asthmatic complaints. Indeed, the air when impregnated with the exhalations of fir trees, is considered not only to be refreshing and agreeable, but wholesome for those whose lungs are delicate. The ancients were accustomed to mix some of the rosinous products of this tree with their wines, as rendering them more pleasant and less injurious. The fresh cones are sometimes boiled in whey as a remedy for scurvy, and Evelyn strongly recommends the chips as substitutes for hops.

Dr. Clarke tells us that the fir tree is the *summum bonum* of the Norwegian peasants; nor is it less useful to the Highlanders, furnishing them, as it does, with wood for their buildings and furniture, food for their cattle, and fuel for their fires. In bad seasons, the inner bark when kiln-dried and ground,

is often added to eke out the oaten meal of which their cakes are made. Indeed, it is considered that the deficiency in the home supply of this timber, is to be attributed to the numbers of young trees cut down for this purpose in 1812. The young shoots, as well as the bark, are said to be used for the same purpose in Siberia. In this latter country, ropes are also made from the bark, and found to be strong and elastic. The inflammable properties of the wood, cause it to be valued above any other by charcoal burners.

Slips of the wood lighted, were and still are, in some parts both in Europe and America, used as substitutes for candles. Hence a story is related of a Highland chieftain, who won a large bet in the following manner:—Being present at a party in England, when some massy chased silver candlesticks were much admired, he ventured to assert they were inferior to those he daily used in the Highlands. A large sum was immediately staked that he could not prove his assertion. After some time, which was allowed him to bring the candlesticks to London, the company assembled to decide the bet, when several handsome young Highlanders, clothed in their national costume, were seen standing round the table, each holding a blazing fir torch in his hand. It was universally owned that these were the candlesticks commonly used in Scotland, and that their value was superior to the finest silver candelabras.

The too prevalent idea that the Scotch pine is a gloomy, unpicturesque looking tree, has, no doubt, arisen from its being generally planted for the sake of its timber, or else to serve as a sheltering screen to more tender plantations, or the habitations of man. We then find this tree, as Gilpin observes, in "close, compact bodies, in thick array, which suffocates and cramps them; their lateral branches are gone, and their stems are drawn into poles, on which their heads appear stuck as on a centre."

"——— The Scottish fir in murky file,
Rears his inglorious head, and blots the fair horizon."—Mason.

In such situations, we own, its chief interest is derived from the recollection of its utility, arising from the very circumstances which mar its beauty: but how different the sensations excited by its very name, to one who has seen it in its native haunts, towering in rugged majesty amid the sublimest scenes of the Scottish Highlands.

"Oh! wild and bleak are Scotland's hills,
Where headlong torrents roar,
Where granite-peaked mountains frown,
All capped with snow wreaths hoar:
And broad and wide her moorlands stretch
With many a dark ravine,
Where legends tell of kelpie sprites,
By fitful moonshine seen.
When winter winds shriek loud and high,
When floods tumultuous pour,
The lofty pine creaks gratingly
Amid the mighty roar.
The lofty pine crowns Scotland's hills,
Nor recks he winter's blast,
His root clings firmly to the rock,
Like an anchor strong and fast."
L. A. Twamley.

Within the vast districts yet covered with the remains of those magnificent forests which once extended over the whole face of the country, are to be found scenes of unrivalled sublimity and interest, yet deriving their greatest attractions from the noble tree of which we are speaking. The "good green woods" of England are unequalled for sylvan beauty; but those of the Highlands combine within their limits all that is wild and grand in landscape scenery. "Here, the endless fir woods run up all the ramifications and subdivisions of the tributary valleys, cover the lower elevations, climb the sides of the lower hills, and even in many cases, approach the very roots of the giant mountains which tower over them; yet with all this, the reader is mistaken, if he supposes that any tiresome uniformity exists among these wilds. Every movement we make, exposes to our view fresh objects of excitement, and discloses new scenes produced by the infinite variety of the surface. At one time, we find ourselves wandering along some natural level, under the deep and sublime shade of the heavy pine foliage, upheld high over head by the tall and massive columnar stems which appear to form an endless colonnade; the ground dry as a floor beneath our footsteps, the very sound of which is muffled by the thick deposition of decayed spines, with which the seasons of more than one century have strewn it; hardly conscious that the sun is up, save from the fragrant rosinous odour which its influence is exhaling, and the continued hum of the clouds of insects that are dancing in its beams over the tops of the trees. Anon, the ground begins to swell into hillocks, and here and there the continuity of shade

is broken by a broad rush of light, streaming down some vacant place, and brightly illuminating a single tree of huge dimensions and grand form, which rising from a little knoll, stands out in bold relief from the darker masses behind it, where the shadows again sink deep and fathomless among the red and grey stems, whilst nature luxuriating in the light that gladdens the little glade, pours forth her richest Highland treasures of purple heathbells and bright green bilberries, and trailing whortleberries, with tufts of fern irregularly intermingled. Anon, the repose of the forest is interrupted by the music of distant waters stealing on the ear, and we hurry forward with the sound growing upon us, till all at once the roar and white sheet of a cataract bursts upon our astonished senses, as we find ourselves suddenly and unexpectedly standing on the fearful brink of some deep and rocky ravine, where the river pouring from above, precipitates itself into a profound abyss, in one continued turmoil of foam and mist. The cliffs themselves are shaken and the pines quiver where they wildly shoot with strange and fantastic wreathings, from the crevices in their sides, or where, having gained some small portion of nutriment on their summits, they rear themselves up like giants aspiring to scale the gates of heaven. By and by, pursuing the windings of the stream, we are conducted by it into some wide plain, through which it flows, sparkling among the opposing stones, where trees of all ages and growths stand singly, or in groups or groves, as nature may have planted them, or the deer allowed them to rise, while distant herds are seen maintaining their free right of pasture, where on all sides the steeps are clothed thick with the portly denizens of the forest, and the view is bounded by a wider range of the Cairngorum mountains. And finally, we climb the rough sides of some isolated hill, and when toil-worn and breathless, after scrambling for an hour up the steep and slippery ascent we reach the summit, what a prospect opens to us, as we seat ourselves on some bare rock! The forest is seen, stretching away in all directions from our feet, mellowing as it recedes into the furthest valleys among the distant hills, climbing their bold sides, and scattering off in detachments along their steeps, and above all, the bold and determined outlines of Benmacdhuie, that king of British mountains, and his attendant group of native Alps, sharply yet softly delineated against the sky, look down with silent majesty on all below."

The principal forests now existing in Scotland are those of Abernethy and Rothiemurchus onthe Spey, Glentanner, Braemar, and Invercauld, in Aberdeenshire, besides many thousand acres more recently planted on the banks of the Findhorn. Those of Braemar and Invercauld on the Dee, may in fact be considered as one, and it is to them that the above description particularly applies.

The value and abundant supply of timber yielded by these forests, may, in some degree, be estimated from the following inscription, which is to be seen in the hall of Gordon Castle:—

"In the year 1783, William Osbourne, Esq., merchant of Hull, purchased of the duke of Gordon, the forest of Glenmore, the whole of which he cut down in the space of twenty-two years, and built, during that time, at the mouth of the river Spey, where never vessel was built before, forty-seven sail of ships, of upwards of nineteen thousand tons burden. The largest of them, of one thousand and fifty tons, and three others, little inferior in size, are now in the service of his Majesty and the Honourable East India Company. This undertaking was completed at the expense (of labour only) of above 70,000*l*. To his grace the duke of Gordon, this plank is offered, as a specimen of the growth of one of the trees in the above forest, by his grace's most obedient servant, William Osbourne."

The above inscription, on a brass plate, is appended to the plank, which is six feet two inches long, and five feet five in breadth. The tree from which it was taken is supposed to have been the largest ever cut down in Scotland, and was known by the name of the Lady of the Glen. The Dunmore fir, sixty-seven feet high, and eleven feet three in circumference at the ground, is one of the handsomest specimens now standing, and the largest in the Lowlands.

These observations on this interesting tree, would be very incomplete, were the peculiar adaptation of its every part to the situation in which the God of nature has fixed its habitation, allowed to pass without notice. The roots, unlike those of almost every other tree,

wander in a direction nearly horizontal; thus accommodating themselves to the scanty depth of soil in which they are found. As the tree advances in age, they frequently appear above the surface of the ground, and are therefore composed of fibres much more tough and woody, than those of other trees which take a perpendicular direction. The accrose leaf, general to the other trees of this order, which are all natives of exposed or alpine heights, by allowing the wind and snow to pass through the interstices, secures the tree from the resistless fury of the former, or an overpowering weight of the latter. Observe, too, the numerous scaly coverings over each bud, the germ of future cones and future trees. The leading shoot of each tree is not developed till after those of the side branches, and thus is secured the preservation of its valuable trunk, rather than the increase of its comparatively useless and short-lived branches. In the woody substance of the scales of the cones, and their firm adherence together for so long a time, and till the seed is ripened, no less than in their immediate explosion, as soon as this is fit to germinate, we again trace the watchful care of Providence for the security of so vital a part of the tree, so peculiarly exposed to the conflicting elements and extremes of temperature. And thus the lofty pine may speak a word of comfort and encouragement, to the troubled soul that will learn from it a lesson of firm reliance, simple trust on the wisdom and power of its God. Has he placed in the chill and barren regions of our earth, a tree so well calculated to supply the necessities of their inhabitants, and also adapted it to the situation assigned for it? does not he know also how to temper the blast to the shorn lamb, and to stay the rough wind in the day of the east wind? Never did he assign a duty without imparting grace for the right discharge of it, or appoint to frail and feeble man a burden without bestowing strength to sustain it. Review the history of the generations of old, and trace the operations of his hand in every object that meets the eye, and say whether the humble and sincere follower of such a God, has not cause to trust and not be afraid, and to cast every burden on the Lord, assured that he is able and willing to sustain it. See the meek and timid Moses, endued with Divine power, boldly confront the impious, hardened oppressor of his harassed people, and in the name of the Lord call down upon the guilty land of Egypt, plagues, the like of which had never been seen among them. See the unlettered fishermen of Galilee, filled with the Holy Ghost, fluently proclaiming in every tongue the wonderful works of God, when the duty had been laid on them by the parting command of their risen Lord to preach repentance and remission of sins in his name to all nations. The fearful Nicodemus, too, can go in boldly to Pilate, and crave the corpse of one who had just suffered the death of a malefactor, when there was a needs-be that to avoid collusion, and to remove any ground for mistrust, the body, the human nature of Christ as the seed of the woman, bruised by Satan's power, should be laid in a sepulchre "wherein never man before was laid," and thus the triumph of him who conquered death, and him that had the power of death, be established beyond the power of doubt. Then, "why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God," he hath forgotten to be gracious; I shall one day perish by the hand of my enemy?" Never did he disappoint the soul that waited for him, or delay the aid required when the right time was come. Have we warrant to require strength for trials ere the hour of trial arrives, or reason to despond because strength is not given in anticipating the day of evil? Does not his word run thus? "As thy day, thy strength shall be," and not until the clouds of eventide close upon the last rays of the setting sun, shall it be light. Fear not then, neither be afraid, believe only, and in thus going forward, though it be even into a sea of trouble, or through a trackless desert of perplexity, the cloudy pillar and the fiery column shall daily direct thy way, and impart to thee the shelter or the light which thy necessity requireth.

"Does each day upon its wing
Its allotted burden bring,
Load it not betimes with sorrow,
Which belongeth to the morrow.
Strength is promised, strength is given,
When the heart by God is riven;
But foredate the day of woe,
And alone thou bearest the blow.
One thing only claims thy care,
Seek thou it by fervent prayer,
The all-glorious world above,
Scene of righteousness and love,
And whate'er thou need'st below,
He thou trustest will bestow." S.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

NOVEMBER.

Say not that the present month, gloomy as it may be, is destitute of interest to the lover of nature; he deems "all seasons fair,"

> "And finds in winter many a view to please:
> The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,
> The sun at noon seen through the leafless trees,
> The clear calm ether at the close of day."

November, however, is a month of fogs and mists; and "driving sleets deform the day:" the leaves which, seared and withered, still remained on the branches of the forest, are now stripped off by the rude wind, and covering deep the tender shoots and the various plants that love the woodland glade, form a natural matting to protect them from the severities of the season; and then decaying as spring comes on, become resolved into a light mould for their nutriment—a wise and beautiful arrangement.

But the vegetable world is neither dead, nor are the tuneful mute, as poets feign. The trees have indeed lost, or are quickly losing their foliage; but new buds, embryo leaves folded up, and protected by a close envelope, have been pushed forth, waiting for the breath of spring to develope them; the stalks and leaves of some plants have perished, but the roots remain housed in the bosom of the earth, as if dormant, till warmer suns restore their vital energies. Others indeed, like the frail insects of the summer, the ephemera and the butterfly, have passed away; but not until they had scattered their seeds abroad, which are waiting to fill, in Flora's kingdom, as it is called, the place which their parent plants had occupied: and thus, in the vegetable world, is provision made for the safety and non-extinction of species. Shall we then say, that death reigns, at this season, over the meads and woodlands? It is only a needful repose, the quiescence of hybernation. But are the tuneful mute? The swallow, it is true, no longer twitters "on the straw-built shed;" the thicket no longer resounds with the melody of the nightingale, and the strains of the thrush and the blackbird have ceased. But listen: the song of the robin is clear and lively; the short, shrill pipe of the wren occasionally breaks upon the ear; the sparrows on the eaves are chirping; and if no full chorus of music delights us, as we pass through leafless groves, and along hedgerows, ruddy with the clustering berries of the hawthorn, we, at least, hear the piping call notes of troops of birds, expressive of contentment, mingled with the caw of the rook, whose black squadrons are scattered over the fields; and the chattering of the restless magpie.

At this season, many birds, which during the summer were only associated in pairs, now collect into flocks of considerable numbers, and thus rove the country in quest of food. Of this singular law, the skylark is an instance. These well-known songsters, to whose varied and delightful minstrelsy no one can listen without pleasure, now congregate in immense troops, spreading over ploughed lands and turnip fields, searching for grain seeds, and tender leaves. All are not natives of our island, for the numbers are increased by accessions from the northern parts of the continent, driven from their own countries by the inclemency of the season. Being greatly esteemed as delicacies for the table, hundreds are now devoted to slaughter: the gun thins their ranks, but the net still more so; and whole flocks, while sleeping, unsuspicious of danger, are captured during the darkness of the night. From the neighbourhood of Dunstable, (and also from Holland,) the London markets are supplied. Great, however, as is the destruction of these birds at this season, there is no perceptible diminution of them during the spring and summer; we may then walk through the corn fields and clover lands, and hear and see them in abundance.

Another beautiful bird, which now collects into flocks, is the yellow hammer, (*Emberiza citrinella*,) which may be observed flitting along the hedgerows, and crowding the farmer's stack yard, attracted by the scattered corn. The chaffinch (*Fringilla cœlebs*) is another example; but it is remarkable that the males of this species form flocks distinct from those of the females; the latter being very few in number, most having migrated, while the males are stationary with us. This curious fact is noticed in few works of ornithology; Mr. Selby, however, distinctly mentions it: "All the British ornithologists," he says, "describe this species (the chaffinch) as permanently resident with us, and nowhere subject to that separation of the sexes, and the consequent equatorial movement of

the females, which is known to take place in Sweden and other northern countries. The fact, however, is otherwise, as the experience of a series of years has evinced that these birds, in a general point of view, obey the same natural law in the north of England. In Northumberland and Scotland, this separation takes place about the month of November, and from that period to the return of spring, few females are to be seen, and those few always in distinct societies: the males remain, and are met with during the winter in immense flocks, feeding, with other granivorous birds, in the stubble lands, as long as the weather continues mild, and the ground free from snow; and resorting, upon the approach of storms, to farm yards and other places of refuge and supply."

There is reason to believe that this separation of the sexes, and migratory movement of the females, takes place in other species. Selby asserts, that it does in the case of the snow bunting, (*Emberiza nivalis*,) which visits us from the north in winter; and he asserts that the first flights of woodcocks which arrive, (and which stay only a few days to recruit their strength, and then pass southwards,) consist almost exclusively of females, while the later flights of woodcocks, (which remain with us during the winter,) are as exclusively composed of males. This curious point in ornithology requires farther elucidation: an attention to it on the part of field naturalists, and of persons who have opportunities of making the requisite observations, may lead to very interesting conclusions.

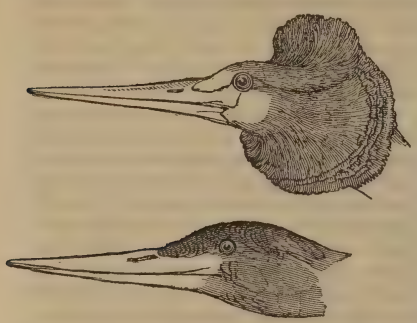
It may be asked, Why do birds which live only in pairs during the summer, congregate at this season of the year? A satisfactory answer is not easy, and still less so would be an answer to the question, Why, in some species, do the sexes form distinct flocks, of which those composed of males live with us through the winter, while those consisting of females migrate southwards? With regard to the first question, it occupied the attention of the ingenious author of the "Natural History of Selbourne," but he comes to no conclusion. "As these animals," he observes, "are actuated by instinct to hunt for necessary food, they should not, one would suppose, crowd together in pursuit of sustenance, at a time when it is most likely to fail; yet such associations do take place in hard weather chiefly, and thicken as the severity increases. As some kind of self-interest and self-defence is, no doubt, the motive for the proceeding, may it not arise from the helplessness of their state in such rigorous seasons, as men crowd together under great calamities, though they know not why? Perhaps approximation may dispel some degree of cold, and a crowd may make each individual appear safer from the ravages of birds of prey, and other dangers." It requires little reflection to perceive the futility of such conjectures; here, and indeed in numberless instances besides, the ultimate end to be fulfilled, by the operations of animals ever guided by an instinct implanted within them, eludes our scrutiny.

Among the rarer birds which now visit our coast, may be noticed the great northern diver, (*Colymbus glacialis*.) This beautiful species, so destructive among fishes, is a native of the polar regions, and also of Norway, Sweden, and Russia; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that the individuals which are to be found in the bays of Scotland, and the northern portions of our island, are all, or nearly all, the young of the year, in that state of plumage in which it was considered by the older naturalists to be a distinct species, and to which they gave the scientific title of *Colymbus immer*. Adult birds, characterized by the plumage of the upper parts being tessellated with square white spots on a black ground, are very seldom to be seen. The Frith of Forth is a favourite resort of these young divers, in consequence of the shoals of herrings which congregate there, and which furnish a sumptuous repast to these and other oceanic birds, which are appointed to thin their numbers. The propensity of the young to wander to a greater distance, than do the adults, from their native shores, which is remarkable in the instance of the northern diver, is common to many other oceanic species.

It might be supposed that with an exhaustless supply of food around them, and clothed as they are with deep, warm, waterproof plumage, that none of our indigenous oceanic birds would migrate to more southern regions: many of them, however, do so, visiting more congenial seas during the winter, and returning in spring to their old haunts for the purpose of breeding and rearing their young. Such is the case with the

gannet, or solan goose, (*Sula bassana,*) which covers in flocks during the summer, the Bass rock, the Isle of Ailsa, St. Kilda, and other rugged seagirt strongholds, time immemorial its breeding places; but the gannet, on the approach of winter, leaves our seas, and migrates southwards. The greater proportion of these birds are now to be found in the Bay of Biscay, along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and throughout the Mediterranean. Here they find an abundant supply of anchovies and sardines, both species of the herring genus, (*Clupea,*) which constitute a favourite food.

At this season, the grebes, (*Colymbus,*) which are rather the tenants of large rivers, and lakes of fresh water, than of the sea, present a remarkable difference as it respects their plumage, from that which they exhibited during the summer. During the breeding season, most have the head ornamented with beautiful tufts, or frills of silky feathers, producing an elegant appearance; and from the character and position of these plumes, the species have received their distinguishing titles, as the horned grebe, the crested grebe, the eared grebe, etc. To none, however, are these terms now applicable; for the ornamental crests and plumes are lost, and the head is covered with close short feathers. The annexed sketch will serve



to show the contrast between the head of one of these birds, in the attire of summer, and in the simple clothing of winter. Compare this with the accession of dense feathers, in which the head and feet of the mountain-bred ptarmigan are now invested; but here Providence designs the protection of the bird against the rigours of a northern winter; in the other instance, a gay and ornamental dress is lent for a little season, to be given up when the summer is ended. In the former case, the provision is one of mercy and goodness; in the latter, He who gave to the lilies of the field their hues of beauty, ordained that in the time of nature's rejoicing, the very plumage of the feathered race should bespeak the influence of the months of song, and of preparing for a future progeny. Temporary ornamental plumes, indeed, are common to many birds; and in some, as for instance in the whidah bird of Africa, the difference between the summer and winter dress is so great, that the bird might well be mistaken for two distinct species.

But to return to the ptarmigan; we have shown how some species lose ornamental feathers in winter; and here we may show how others, when it is needful, require an addition to their dress, at this season. During the summer, the leg is covered with close hair-like feathers extending as far as the toes; but in winter, these feathers are greatly augmented; they clothe the toes, completely hiding them; and the whole leg rather resembles that of a hare than a bird. The whole of the plumage, moreover, has now become deeper and fuller, and assumed a snowy whiteness; but in the spring, a variegated livery of mingled browns and black will take the place of the pure white, and the warm clothing of the winter will be exchanged for a thinner and a lighter investment.

Among the insect tribes, great changes are now taking place. To numbers, the present month brings the termination of their existence. The butterfly has disappeared; it accomplished the purposes of its existence, and laid its eggs, whence sprung hosts of caterpillars, from whose ravages the gardens have suffered; it enjoyed its hours of sunshine and perished, but its yet undeveloped progeny survive; they are now in the chrysalis state, waiting the time of their transformation. Some are enveloped in a silken mummy case, others suspended by a thread of silk, hang quiescent in places of safety, protected from the extreme severity of the weather, until the warmth of spring rouses their vital energies. Many insects, however, survive the winter, some concealed in chinks and fissures of old trees, or between the bark and the wood; others have burrowed into the earth, penetrating to a

considerable depth; and others, like the bee, have retired to their hive, the winter dormitory of themselves, and the nursery of their larvæ.

The grubs, or caterpillars of many species, especially of the *Coleoptera*, do not assume the chrysalis state, for a year or even more; these bury themselves in the earth, and well is it for the farmer that the rook is busy in his corn fields, dislodging them from their hiding places, and devouring them as delicate morsels. Some insects require, like the little dormouse, only a transient gleam of sunshine, a bright interval of warmth, to rouse them from their hybernation to a state of temporary activity. Even when the snow is on the ground, and all is dreary around, the feeble beams of the noonday sun will call forth myriads of sportive gnats, (*Trichocera hyemalis*,) which in sheltered woodland situations, may be seen merrily dancing in the air, as if rejoicing in the promise of a brighter day, and thus

"———They mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam."

It would be interesting to know what effect the depressed temperature of winter has on the multitudinous animalcules which throng our stagnant waters; on the hydra, and the polype, and the still minuter creatures with which the microscope only makes us acquainted. Perhaps to some, a sort of hybernation is allotted; but others may be so constituted as to feel nothing of the "winter's flaw:" an untrodden field of investigation here offers itself, not very easily to be explored.

At this season of the year, the shores of the ocean are attractive to the naturalist; but indeed when are they not? The rough waves throw up, on each returning tide, fragments of zoophytes, torn from their native rocks, seaweeds, shells, and other treasures of the deep. These are carefully examined by the gull, and hooded crow, the turnstone and the oyster-catcher, eager for food, and from them specimens of much interest may be often selected. On old shells, thus cast ashore, various polypes may be seen growing, as the *Thuiaria thuja*, and the *Thoa helecina*, while broad fronds of seaweed are often found covered with the beautiful campanularia, or sertularia.

In our notes upon former months, various polypes, as the hydra and the actinia, have been noticed; but these belong to a very different group: the polypes here mentioned are inclosed in elastic horny tubes, secreted from their surface, and they exhibit the most graceful forms imaginable. Some borrow the appearance of minute frondescent plants; others are like the plume of a feather, and all protrude from their sheath, mimic flowers, cups, and chalices, varying in figure and sculpture in every species. To these animals, the term *zoophyte* has been given, either from their resemblance to the frondescence of plants, or because they have been supposed to partake of the nature both of animals and vegetables, and thus to connect the two kingdoms of organic beings. Now, however, that the animal nature of these beings is ascertained, the term *zoophyte* has yielded to that of *polype*.

The beings included under this denomination, constitute an extensive class. This class Cuvier divides into the following orders: 1. Fleshy polypes, of which the actinia, or sea anemone, so common on the rocks of our shores, is an example. 2. Gelatinous polypes, of which the hydra is an example. 3. Polyparous polypes, that is, polypes consisting of an indefinite number of individuals, organically connected, so as to form a compound being, enclosed in calcareous, horny, or membranous tubes or cells; or supported by an internal calcareous mass, varying in form and the arrangement of parts: to this solid supporting, or protecting skeleton, is given the term polypary, (*polypier* of the French naturalists.) The polyparous polypes are of the greatest number, and offer the most surprising variety of forms. Cuvier divides them into the following families: 1. Tubular polypes, in which the gelatinous animal, contained in tubes, may be compared to the pith of a tree; the tubularia and sertularia are examples. 2. Cellular polypes, in which each polype is fixed in a delicate horny or calcareous cell, and communicates with the other polypes, (forming the compound one,) either by an expansion investing the calcareous support, or through minute pores traversing the walls of the cells; of these, the cellularia, the flustra, and the coralline are examples. 3. Cortical polypes, in which a thick, fleshy, or gelatinous substance, unites the whole into a common being, forming the investment of a calcareous axis: this family in-

cludes many tribes, of which one is represented by the black coral, in which a branching and apparently woody skeleton is enveloped by a soft covering, which, after death, falls off, leaving the internal support, which resembles the dried and barked branch of a tree. The gorgonia, on the contrary, has the gelatinous investment of a horny axis, so replete with calcareous granules, that it remains dry and fixed to the internal skeleton, and preserves its beautiful colours in the cabinet of the naturalist.

The common red coral of commerce, the representative of another tribe, has a beautiful branched axis, destitute of cells, invested by an animal bark, replete with calcareous granules. The polypes, or distinct animals, have eight fringed oval arms, capable of being contracted within cells, formed in the fleshy covering of the axis, which cells, however, do not penetrate the axis itself. The annexed sketch represents this species.

The distinct polypes, when expanded, resemble starry flowers, and the appearance of a large living branch is very attractive. The ends of the branches are represented as denuded of their living envelope.

Another group is represented by the madrepores; these have the calcareous axis sometimes branched, sometimes in rounded masses, sometimes in foliated plates, but always of a laminated structure, the laminæ either converging to central points, or terminating on a series of winding serpentine lines. This calcareous base is covered with a soft gelatinous investment, the polypes of which thickly studded over it resemble rosettes, formed of circles of tentacula, which contract on the slightest touch. In the fungia, however, (which resembles a mushroom in appearance,) there are no tentacula, the osseous laminated axis being covered with a living film of animal matter possessing the power of contraction.

Another tribe consists of the *pennatulæ*, or sea plumes, which are free, and regular and constant in form, and capable of moving by the contractions of the fleshy part, and of the tentacula of the polypes; the skeleton or axis is simple. The alcyonia constitute another tribe; these compound beings form a mass unsupported by a calcareous skeleton. The whole is of a soft, sub-cartilaginous texture, intersected by fibrous bands, and having sometimes threads of calcareous matter dispersed through its substance, which is permeated by numerous canals, disposed in various directions. The surface is covered with cells, filled each with a polype, not unlike the hydra in configuration, having the mouth surrounded by eight tentacula. They are, in a certain degree, related to the sponges, which form the last tribe of this class in Cuvier's arrangement. Most naturalists of the present day, however, regard the sponges as belonging to a distinct class, to which Dr. Grant has given the title of *porifera*, and M. Blainville, that of *amorphozoa*.

Dried sponge, as we see it in commerce, is only the skeleton of the living being. It consists of horny filaments, intermingled, crossing and recrossing, so as to form a porous, and in some species, an elastic mass; when examined by a powerful microscope, these filaments appear to be tubular. In the non-elastic sponges, besides the common fibrous skeleton, the living gelatinous mass embraces great quantities of crystallized spiculæ or needlelike points, of calcareous, or silicious matter, assuming the determinate forms in which the elements of which they consist naturally crystallize, and each species has its peculiar spicula. In its living state, every filament of the sponge is covered with a film of glairy matter, composed of aggregated, transparent globules; this is the animal, which as it extends itself during its growth, secretes the skeleton, or horny fibres, which serve as its support. If a living sponge be placed in

a small glass of sea water, this apparently inert mass soon gives signs of its vitality. The multitudinous pores by which its surface is perforated, imbibe the fluid in which it is immersed, and which thus permeates the whole substance; but, as may be seen on examining a piece of common sponge, it is traversed by large canals, and through these canals, the water imbibed by the pores is perpetually discharged in streams, a continual circulation being thus carried on; the effect of this is evidently the nutriment of the animal; but it remains to be discovered, by what means the influx and expulsion of the surrounding fluid is effected, as no contraction of the walls of the canals, nor any other movements have been detected, nor can any cause be assigned, on which this curious operation can depend. The sponge, as we know, is a fixed mass, attached to submarine rocks, from which it depends, covering their projections like tufts of moss; but at the commencement of its existence, the sponge is an oval gemmule, which passing through the canals of its parent, with the efflux of the circulating fluid, is free; and being covered with vibratory cilia of great minuteness, but yet by their action capable of producing currents in the surrounding water, the gemmule propels itself along at pleasure, till at length attaching itself to a suitable object, it becomes fixed and motionless; the cilia disappear, the skeleton begins to be deposited, it assumes the form peculiar to the species, grows, and gives birth to other gemmules, which undergo a similar change.

To this digression, on the nature of zoophytes, or rather polypes, have we been led, by suggesting to the inquiring mind, a source of interest and instruction, in an examination of the exuviæ of the sea, among which various species of these plantlike beings are often abundant, beings the history of which is still imperfect; animals, the simplest of all in organization, but varying in form, and in the results of their existence. To the labours of some, indeed, reefs and islands in the southern ocean are owing: silently and slowly does the work proceed; millions of labourers, connected by a living thread into one being, a compound unity, ply the unceasing task, and build a rocky fabric rising to the surface of the water. In due time, they perish, but the structure remains; sea birds repair to it as their home; the winds and the waves carry seeds and throw them on it; they germinate and grow, their decay clothes the surface with a rich mould, a more luxuriant vegetation springs up; and at length comes man, and claims it as his territory. Islands either in part thus formed, or wholly so, the fabric of coral polypes, now resound with the praises of the God of all goodness and glory, whose power is displayed in the coral island, as in the granite mountain; in the zoophyte, as in the colossal elephant, or the soaring eagle. Summer and winter, as they succeed each other, bring with them proofs of His wisdom and benevolence: the land, clothed with trees and plants, and tenanted by living beings, diversified in their natures and habits, proclaims his praise; the teeming ocean, with its submarine forests, and its countless living things, from the huge leviathan to the coral polype, proclaims his praise: and shall not we, who in all the operations of nature, in all the mysteries of organic life, in all the phases of being, behold God in all—shall we not proclaim his praise, and "speak well of his name!" M.

KNOWLEDGE.

Sagacity and knowledge are then only truly useful when joined with grace, meekness, discretion, and benevolence. The serpent's eye does best in the dove's head.—*Gurnall.*

THE POWER OF CHRIST.

When we contemplate the might of Jesus as a Saviour, our thoughts are first arrested with the events of his personal career; and from them we learn to estimate the greatness, and to rely upon the certainty of all that yet remains, whether of the deliverance of his church at large, or of the salvation of every individual believer.

We are first led to ponder the strange yet surpassing glories of Calvary and of the cross. We watch the unfoldings of his life, and the wonders of his mortal hour. We then read his triumphs, though in lines of blood. If when he suffered, fainted, and expired, he could still rise superior to the powers of death and hell; if, even in that scene of shame and sorrow, he could both bestow the blessings of immortality upon his fellow sufferer, and insure, by his

own voluntary submission to the dominion of the grave, that in a little while he would come forth again in splendour, even as the sun breaks forth from the clouds of morning and the chambers of the east; what now is his glory, and what is now the might of his salvation!

A fierce and fiendlike joy would animate the breast, and flash across the countenance of the great enemy, when the Saviour expired: it would awaken a dire response in peals of infernal laughter from all the spirits of the deep, light up the regions of death with a strange and unnatural brightness, and cause those arches of impenetrable night to resound with echoes of unwonted acclamation. For then the triumph of hell appeared complete and final. The momentous crisis was past. The last stratagem had proved successful. The hitherto unconquerable Redeemer was smitten by his foe, and he had bowed his head in death. During the lapse of hours, which appeared to them like ages, he had still been permitted to languish, as one unbefriended of Heaven. His dying prayer had seemed to be unheard; and when he uttered the last cry of agony, no other portents were visible than those which spoke not of pity, but of wrath. And now the darkened sun broke forth again in all his evening splendour; the rocks had ceased to tremble; the voice of the earthquake was stilled; the sepulchres, which lately cast forth their pale and shrouded inhabitants, and scared the living world with the ghastliness and horrors of the tomb, now yawned and heaved no longer; the night dews were descending in all their wonted softness; the moon rose calmly on high; and the footsteps of the sentinel, treading his solitary path amidst the gardens, or answering to his companions as they watched around, were the only sounds that arose, where all was so recently filled with the mingling cries, and shouts, and brutal execrations, of a multitude countless as the sands, and agitated and raging like the sea. But still no sign was given that should arouse within the breast of demons the apprehension of approaching disaster. The Prince of Life still lay in mysterious slumber. Those seraph guards, that before looked on in such amazement, were stationed now beside his bier, and mutely waiting around, as if to celebrate his strange and melancholy obsequies. There lay the predicted conqueror of death and hell! There the appointed Restorer of this ruined earth! Heaven's last and mightiest Captain was there stretched out in powerlessness and silence, his arms cast uselessly away, and the regal standard of Omnipotence itself torn, stained, and trampled in the dust beside him. No thunder broke, no lightning blasted them, no celestial falchion was gleaming from afar, while the powers of vengeance mustered, and the cloud of battle rolled on. Not a breath, a flash, a throb of unextinguished life, stole over the countenance, or thrilled a fibre, or heaved the sunken breast. What more could they desire? Their utmost hope was realized, and infinitely surpassed. The struggle of four thousand years was more than recompensed in this single and decisive conflict. They had dared to count only on the conquest of mankind; but now, behold the Son of God himself worsted and overthrown. Oh what a triumph was there!

Yes, brethren, it was a triumph; one that shall never cease to be the theme of admiration and delight throughout eternity. But that triumph was his, not who so hastily exulted, but who so meekly fell. Those scornful defiances of the fierce wrath of the Almighty, which vaunted of a ruined universe, and a dethroned Creator—how soon were they exchanged for lamentations such as the proudest spirits of the deep alone could utter, when they saw, too late, that this last victory was fatal to themselves, their acclamation the death knell of their glory, and their short-lived transport everlasting despair!

For then was laid the basis of that reconciliation, whereby the guilty race of men should be restored to the favour and love of God. Thence arose that most perfect and ineffable acceptance in presence of his Father, whereby he has become invested with a power to obtain by his intercession every variety and the last extent of blessings, on behalf of his people. Then was erected that empire of love and gratitude over the hearts of men, by which is secured to him a final and unlimited command. They shall read the story of his sufferings. They shall ponder the greatness of his compassion, and the instances of his condescending and mysterious mercy, till their deepest sympathy is awakened, and their strongest affections summoned into exercise. Thence it is alone that,

as over heaven and hell, so over all that is holy, all that is divine, all that is imperishable in its beauty and deathless in its grandeur on earth, he is invested with an undisputed and universal dominion.

It would be presumption to set limits to the resources of Divine supremacy, and we are, therefore, not permitted to affirm that the renovation of mankind could not have been effected in some other method. But we may surely say, without impropriety, that nothing in the order of means, as far as human thought is capable of being extended, could have been of equal directness of efficiency in subjugating all that is within the breast of man to the authority and the love of God. We must ever remember, when speaking on such subjects, that the process we describe is spiritual; that the powers which must accomplish it can be those only of a moral nature; and when, therefore, adaptations of such a kind are witnessed as those we thus refer to, it is surely no irreverence, but rather the elevation of our minds to the true character of this inquiry, if we assert that such means were, in a moral sense, necessary to its production.

And what we should thus anticipate from the contemplation of the case considered in itself, is confirmed and carried out by all the records of the past, and not less by all the experience of the present hour. The name of Jesus, and the history of his salvation, have never ceased to operate, with a resistless and a growing energy, upon the hearts of men, even from the period of their earliest proclamation.

Ages rolled on. The might of empire, and the monuments of martial glory yielded in their turn to the ravages of barbaric violence, or the silent agency of time. The night of deepest oblivion, and the silence of utter desolation, enwrapped the proudest cities, palaces, and temples, entombing a second time the conquerors of the world; till not a vestige was left of all that once boasted so vauntingly the perpetuity of its duration. All was forgotten, as if it had never been. As if those masters of the globe had formally bequeathed their honours and possessions to an entire and universal destruction, they ceased at once to be, and to be remembered. Their hope, their works, their name, their whole existence, was no more. And many a trophy is sunk into the dust, and many a pile laid prostrate, or razed from its lowest base; and many a deed of military prowess, or of civic glory, is left without a place amidst the annals of mankind. The same cloud of darkness and of overspreading night is still advancing onwards, to cover with its mantle all that yet remains of the great, or the mighty, or the noble, in this vain and ephemeral scene. And we that now are, shall be ere long like those that have departed before us. Like us, they delighted themselves for a little while, in all the eagerness of enterprise, and the ardour of pursuit. They toiled, suffered, studied, died, like us, for immortality. And we, like them, shall soon descend into the same silent and solitary regions; and our name and memory shall perish, ingulfed at length, like theirs, in the abyss of desolation.

But this name endureth for ever. The narrative of the Saviour's sufferings and death has, it is true, waxed old, and is the remembrance of ages and centuries long since passed away: but not the minutest circumstance is yet forgotten; and its effect is witnessed at this very hour, with an increase of directness, and a growing energy, that nothing can withstand. Unlike all other names, this, while it has become the loftiest in celebration, is also the highest in endearment. It is not that of one who was, but of One who is, who ever liveth, and is ever near to us, to whom we look, not merely with the eagerness of historical inquiry, but the fondness of fraternal regard. It is the name, not only of the noblest and the holiest, but of the most lovely, and the most beloved. A name, which gratitude cannot utter without benedictions; nor piety, but with veneration and delight. It is thus cherished and revered, not by one class of mankind rather than another. The most lofty and the purest minds prostrate their powers before it, with the profoundest sense of their own impotence and folly; while the most weak and dependent rejoice to lose in it their wants, and infirmities, and sorrows. The fearful find it their refuge and their hope; and those bowed down with the deepest consciousness of sin, the renovation of happiness and glory. Whether we contemplate the homage with which it is regarded, or the unspeakable and boundless blessings it ceaselessly diffuses, we shall rejoice to

acknowledge that it is, in every sense, "a name above every name, whether of those in heaven, or of those on earth."—*M'All.*

ANTIQUITY AND NOVELTY.

A pair of Portraits.

ANTIQUITY.

"None of your new-fangled notions for me," was the uniform reply of old Mr. Dormer, to every proposal for the adoption of any sort of modern invention or improvement. Mr. Dormer was a man of good property, residing on an estate of his own, situated three or four miles from that of my uncle, with whom he was on terms of greater intimacy than with any other of the neighbouring gentlemen; for my uncle discerned and appreciated his real excellences, and treated his little peculiarities with a greater degree of forbearance and candour than the rest. The old gentleman was fond of my uncle's society, and was not in fear of being ridiculed by him. It is remarkable, however, that he would listen with calmness, if not with approbation, to remarks from my uncle, which, if they had been made by any other person, he would have deemed highly offensive; and the few instances in which he, in the least degree, deviated from his long-adopted systems, were all at my uncle's suggestion.

An estate, contiguous to that of Mr. Dormer, came by marriage into the possession of Mr. Kennedy, a man whose taste and habits were the very antipodes of those of his neighbour. It may be supposed that this dissimilarity precluded all intercourse between the two gentlemen and their families. Such, however, was not the case. They frequently met, spent an hour or two in friendly altercation, and separated, each with an increased sense of his own superiority, and a growing contempt for the understanding and the taste of his antagonist: sometimes with a resolution to meet no more, but more frequently with either the censorious, or the benevolent determination of shortly making another visit, with the view to pry out and ridicule the foibles of his neighbour; or in the hope of making a convert of him to preferences and pursuits more in unison with his own. According as these dispositions prevailed, they were, for the time, the best friends imaginable, or the bitterest enemies—no, that is too harsh a phrase—the most unapproachable neighbours. And they spoke of each other with pity or with contempt, as "A good sort of man, with a few oddities;" or, "A man given up to most perverse and preposterous notions and practices."

The two gentlemen sometimes met at my uncle's; not frequently, and scarcely ever by appointment: for my uncle exceedingly objected, on principle, to such a selection of guests as would be, in effect, setting two men against each other, to render themselves ridiculous for the amusement or the annoyance of the company; and he knew human nature too well to suppose that such set encounters, in the presence of others, had any tendency to bring the combatants nearer to each other, or to cure or soften down the peculiarities and prejudices of either. Sometimes, however, it happened, that one of the two dropped in accidentally, when the other was making a visit. On these occasions both were under the salutary restraints of the laws of courtesy. Each, however, was evidently on the watch for an opportunity to throw out some remark on his neighbour's hobby; and indeed almost every topic afforded some such occasion. The conversation generally commenced playfully, but would sometimes have terminated angrily, but for the shrewd and good-humoured interposition of my uncle, who, without seeming to do so, acted as moderator on these occasions, and generally extorted, from each of the parties, such concessions in favour of the other, as sent them away mutual friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were one afternoon at my uncle's, with a few other friends, when the former, who happened to sit near a window which commanded a view of the avenue, suddenly exclaimed, "Here comes the president of the antiquarian society, my worthy friend Stephen Dormer, Esq., with his old-fashioned daughter, and his old-fashioned dog! Did ever any mortal behold such a hat, and such a waistcoat?"

"Oh, yes," replied uncle, "I have often seen your good father dressed in exactly the same style. If your own recollection does not confirm mine, the admirable portrait in your drawing room does."

"My father!—yes; but that portrait was taken at least thirty years ago. If my father had lived to the present day, it is not to be supposed that he would have retained that ridiculous costume."

"I do not know that the costume is, in itself, more ridiculous than that of the present day. Do you not think that a few years hence, the propensity to ridicule what is not the exact mode of the day, will find as ample scope for its exercise on what you now wear and admire, as the old-fashioned garb of our worthy friend at present affords you?"

"Possibly it may; but, at all events, I will take care not to adhere so long to any one mode, as to give to posterity an opportunity of recognizing my portrait by the cut of the coat. I must rub up the old quiz about his tailor."

My uncle had scarcely time to request that Mr. Kennedy would give a truce to quizzing, as he could not permit his friend to be annoyed in his house, when the old gentleman was announced. He was indeed an original. It seemed as if all the manufactories ofGreat Britain had been ransacked to procure every article of his dress, the very best of its kind; and as to the make, it was the old gentleman's pride, that not a single article had been varied, in its cut, from that of the suit he wore in the reign of George II., when the prince and princess of Wales, accompanied by their son, (afterwards king George III.,) visited the silk manufactories in Spitalfields, of one of which his father was the proprietor. Since that period, considerably more than half a century had intervened. The old gentleman had outlived the tailors, and the sempstresses, and peruke makers of his youth; yet he contrived, by hunting out the most antiquated work people in each department, by preserving an original pattern of each article, by rigidly enforcing exact conformity in every particular, and by paying a more than liberal price for compliance with his wishes, still to keep up a regular succession of richly embroidered satin waistcoats with flaps or pouches, almost resembling the shooting jackets of the present day; of finely wrought cambric frills, ruffles, and cravats; of powdered periwigs, with stiff rows of curls, and a rose in the centre, resembling the knocker of a door; and of hats turned up in a triangular form. These, with variegated silk stockings, massive silver buckles to the shoes and knees for undress, and for full dress, similar articles set with diamonds or rubies, had been the mode when Mr. Dormer was young, and still, in his esteem, were indispensable to the attire of a well-dressed gentleman. The whole was preserved and arranged with the most scrupulous neatness and care; and when, at stated periods, they were replaced with new ones, and transferred to the old French gardener, (a family piece of some sixty years' standing,) they appeared almost as good as new; and sometimes caused the old man to be mistaken for his master, a mistake which he generally corrected with a shrug and a smile, expressive rather of satisfaction than of displeasure. Those, however, who made such a mistake, must have overlooked the absence of two appendages, without which Mr. Dormer was never seen abroad—his gold-headed cane, and his shock dog, whose silvery locks were every day washed and combed with as much care as was bestowed on the dressing of his master's wig. Such was the exterior of Mr. Dormer, an old-fashioned old gentleman of the by-gone century; and a very respectable old gentleman he was, and would have been looked upon, at least in the house of my uncle Barnaby, with unmingled respect and admiration, as a genuine specimen of the old school, if he would have been contented with adhering to his old preferences without either enforcing them on others, to whom they were not agreeable or suitable, or dealing out his censures on those who followed another mode; but in both these particulars the old man was apt to display his weakness, and render himself obnoxious to those around him.

Scarcely were the usual inquiries after health, etc., etc., got through, before Mr. Dormer poured forth a violent tirade against the dress of the ladies, placing it in most disparaging contrast with that of ladies fifty or sixty years before, and denouncing it as one of the most fearful indications of national degeneracy, and of approaching national ruin. In the enthusiasm of his zeal, he forgot to inform the company that his displeasure was excited by the appearance of a carriage full of ladies, whom he had met on the way to my uncle's, attired in the very extreme of the fashion; nor did he observe that there were seven or eight females present who might have supposed his censures directed to them. My uncle endeavoured to soften down the matter, and exempt the present company from Mr. Dormer's remarks. "No," he replied, "they were all alike in the present day. Even his daughter would be just the same as the rest, if he would

suffer her." This ill-timed remark painfully drew the attention of all present to the young lady, and added to the mortification already too heavily imposed upon her by her antiquated appearance. Mr. Kennedy, nowise loth to debate with his neighbour, began defending the modern style as most graceful and most natural, and the debate probably would have occupied the remainder of the evening; but my uncle, in pity to the company in general, and especially with a view to relieve Miss Dormer's embarrassment, asked her if she had been to see some beautiful specimens of glass work, then exhibiting in the neighbouring town. She had been, and had been much interested in the operations and experiments she witnessed. It gave her a more clear idea of the process than she had ever received before. The rest of the party also had been. My uncle had purchased several beautiful specimens, which were produced: and the subject bid fair to afford a little rational and peaceable conversation: but, alas! it served the old gentleman with an occasion to start off against the modern innovations of machinery. He thought the present age was characterized by a presumptuous desire for knowledge and speculative inventions, some of which he considered absolutely sinful and profane, and others useless and injurious. Among the first, he particularized the attempts to travel by means of air balloons, on which, it must be confessed, some schemes, sufficiently absurd, had been broached by Montgolfier and others; and vaccination, which was then just introduced to public notice. The old gentleman had never given into the expedient, even of inoculation; but expressed satisfaction, and even pride, that both himself and his daughter bore on their countenances incontrovertible marks of the ravages of small pox in its unmitigated form; he spoke with contempt of the arguments that had been employed by friends and physicians, to induce him to have his only remaining child inoculated. He had lost several by the natural small pox, and seemed to consider the preservation of her life as the reward of his own constancy; for, had she been inoculated she might have died, and was it worth while to hazard life for the sake of preserving beauty?" Here the young lady seemed by no means to sympathize in her father's self-approbation. He proceeded to speak of the new experiment as transcendently absurd, preposterous, and impious; and such as, if univerally adopted, would infallibly bring the next generation of men, whoever might live to see it, to a level with the brutes of the field. Then, as to the modern advancements in machinery, they were fraught with evil, and only evil. He dreaded to visit either the metropolis, or the towns in the north with which he had formerly had connexions in the way of trade; for he knew that he should find the hundreds of families who used to be comfortably supported by the labour of their hands, thrown out of employ and reduced to starvation. It made him melancholy when he read of the achievements of machinery.

Mr. Kennedy, notwithstanding my uncle's prohibition of quizzing, could not refrain from stimulating the old gentleman, by telling him of new discoveries, and predicting the further march of improvement in mechanical science, to a degree which seemed, at the time, most extravagant and improbable, though actually far exceeded in the present day. "You may depend upon it, sir, that in the course of a few years, good cotton cloth will be manufactured for sixpence a yard:" it was then selling at little short of two shillings, and may now be purchased for fourpence. "And as to hardware, they have almost brought to perfection a scheme for putting into a machine, invented for the purpose, rough pig iron at one end, which is to come out at the other, good polished steel knives, scissors, and snuffers; and every thing will be sold so cheap, that the humblest classes of society will be furnished with the conveniences and elegances of life. And glass, Mr. Dormer, if government would but take off the glass tax, it is astonishing to how many purposes glass would be immediately applied: for instance, it would entirely supersede the use of iron and lead for underground pipes for the conveyance of water. There are many more improvements, my dear sir, that you and I shall see before we die, hoping to live to a good old age."

"Glass water pipes, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Dormer, "but indeed there is no saying to what pitch of madness the rage for modern improvements may be carried. Improvements! I can't call them improvements. Civilization, carried to excess, will lead to luxury, degeneracy, and national downfall. Read, sir, the

Decline of the Roman Empire, and see what these modern refinements are likely to do for Great Britain. You talk of machines producing good articles: no such thing, sir. There never was a good article produced since machinery was invented. It is impossible, at any price, to procure articles of equal goodness, with what were bought and sold when I was a boy." The old gentleman's indignation and ire kindled as he proceeded. My uncle observed, that if the use of machinery were to be wholly abolished, we must go back much further than to the days of Mr. Dormer's youth. It was by the use of machinery that mankind began to emerge from a state of savage barbarism; and if once the use of any implement, besides the human hand, was admitted, he did not see the point at which limits could be assigned to the progress of mechanical and scientific improvements.

A pause to these remarks ensued, but it was not long, however, before a new controversy was begun, on the comparative merits of slated and thatched roofs. My uncle had recently built some cottages, and had adopted the former material. Mr. Dormer was so fully persuaded that the good old method of thatching was, in every respect, so far superior for picturesque appearance, for warmth in winter, and for coolness in summer, that he had actually surmounted his utter abhorrence of having work people about his premises, and had had the tiled roof of his own mansion removed, and replaced with one of thatch; and was causing the same return "to the good old customs of our forefathers" to be effected on all the houses of his tenants, in which it had been abandoned. It was only in deference to my uncle's request that Mr. Kennedy had been restrained from having a laugh at his neighbour, on the most incongruous appearance of his dwelling; but now that the subject was broached by Mr. Dormer himself, he seemed to feel himself quite at liberty to let out upon him. Mr. Dormer rather angrily retorted—He was not surprised at such remarks from a gentleman who was celebrated for adopting every thing new, and who had even had all his fireplaces conformed to the vagaries of Count Rumford; but he was surprised, that a gentleman of my uncle's good sense and taste should defend the adoption of new-fangled notions. He wished he could convince *him* of the decided superiority of thatch above every other kind of roofing, and then he should hope, through his influence, extensively to revive the old plan; an object on which his mind was so much set, that he would willingly make the alteration, at his own expense, on any cottage in his own parish, or the three adjoining to it. It would restore the appearance of an old English village, and furnish employment to many hands. Time was, when the skilful thatcher was a man of importance in the village, and gained an excellent livelihood; and would do so again, if he (Mr. Dormer) could but induce my uncle to join him in an effort to restore thatched roofing, as far as their influence could extend. My uncle smiled, and inquired how all the poor slaters and bricklayers were to be provided for, whom such a measure would throw out of employ. That was a difficulty which had not presented itself to the mind of the zealous advocate for antiquity: and to him it *was* a difficulty; for, with all his whims, he had a benevolent heart, and was misled only by taking a one-sided view of things. He was so eager in enumerating the advantages to be derived, and the benefits to be conferred, by the adoption of his schemes, that he overlooked the evils that would result, and the injuries that would be inflicted; and this is the case with all mere theorists, whether their projects be for the retention or restoration of old, or the introduction of new systems. In this respect, there was a striking resemblance even between Mr. Dormer and Mr. Kennedy.

The conversation next turned upon education. Mr. Dormer had conducted the education of his own child on a very limited scale, not at all suitable to her prospects in life. With a fortune to bestow upon her, almost equal to nobility, her means of information had been inferior to those of many a tradesman's daughter. This, like most other of the old gentleman's narrow-minded peculiarities, was a matter of principle, not of parsimony. He had sought, with great solicitude, and remunerated, with great liberality, a governess of the old school, whose instructions were chiefly devoted to fine needlework, embroidery, filigree, and other laborious trifles, with the very rudiments of English grammar and geography. Mr. Dormer himself instructed his daughter in the elements of the French language; but carefully guarded against her proceeding so far in it as to

inspire a wish to read a French author. Her knowledge proceeded little further than the pronunciation of a few common-place phrases. An able master was engaged to teach the young lady the art of writing; and her neat hand, and exact arithmetical exercises gave great satisfaction to her father; but the proposal of her preceptor to give her themes for the exercise of her intellectual powers, and for facilitating a habit of composition, were regarded with excessive jealousy; and the study of astronomy, a subject on which she discovered some curiosity, was absolutely prohibited, as far too exalted and mysterious to be fit for a young lady. On one occasion, Miss Dormer was allowed to spend a few days at my uncle's, to meet my sisters and my cousin. During their visit, my uncle engaged a lecturer on natural and experimental philosophy, to meet the young people in his library. A very entertaining and instructive evening we had. But old Mr. Dormer was perfectly horrified when his daughter, in the simplicity of her heart, told him all she had seen and heard; especially on experiments illustrating the theory of thunder and lightning. This he considered the height of profanity, which he could not have supposed would have been tolerated by my uncle. He never afterwards permitted his daughter to visit there, without stipulating that she should see no philosophical experiments. Her library was restricted to the Bible and one or two books of devotion, Salmon's Gazetteer, Culpepper's Herbal, the Complete Housewife, and the Universal Spelling Book. If ever the lucubrations of the young lady took a wider range, she was, by her father's injudicious restrictions, exposed to a two-fold injury: that of acting in stealthy disobedience, and that of making an indiscreet selection. My uncle, in some degree, convinced Mr. Dormer of his mistake in this particular; or, at least, so far won upon his confidence, as occasionally to obtain permission to place in the hands of the young lady some book which he decidedly recommended as of a harmless and useful tendency, though the permission was generally accompanied by a sigh of apprehension, lest she should turn her brains with study, or be diverted from attention to proper feminine duties. Her mother, he said, was an excellent woman, and her grandmother too; and they never thought of reading scientific books, or of writing, except their household accounts, a few receipts for preserving or making cakes, and perhaps, in the course of their lives, some half dozen letters to an absent parent or partner; and why the young ladies of the present day should want to be so much more learned, he could not imagine. He feared it boded no good for the nation. It will be supposed that the views of the good old man, on the subject of general education, were not very liberal. He watched, with mingled apprehension and satisfaction, the wide and rapid spread of Sunday-school instruction, "doubting whereunto this would grow." His majesty, for whom Mr. Dormer had a profound veneration, was, about that time, reported to have said, that he hoped the day would come, when every poor child in his dominions would be able to read the Bible. My uncle repeated it as a noble sentiment, and, coming from such high authority, the old gentleman could not dissent from it. "True! yes! it was very desirable, and he himself earnestly desired it, that every person should be able to read the Bible; but then, would they make a good use of it? and would the matter stop there? If they should sin against light and knowledge, it would be worse than sinning in ignorance, and their condemnation would be the greater; and, if they were taught to read the Bible, who could answer for it that they would not apply the ability, thus acquired, to the reading of bad books; or, at least, to the acquirement of knowledge not necessary to their station in life? He had heard of some enthusiastic teachers who, not content with teaching poor children to read the Bible, employed a week evening in teaching them to write; an accomplishment which he considered extremely undesirable, and likely to lead the way to all sorts of mischief. A poor man had been recently executed for forgery. If he could not have written, *that* would never have happened."

My uncle reminded Mr. Dormer of an opposite circumstance. A diligent and industrious lad, known to both the gentlemen, had entered a mercantile house in its very lowest department. He devoted every moment of leisure to the acquirement of useful knowledge; and with a little assistance from one of the clerks, he learned to read and write. This circumstance excited little notice in the establishment; but his general industry, fidelity, and aptitude for busi-

ness recommended him to promotion, and he was advanced a step or two in the office scale. At length, one of the clerks, who had long been in failing health, was entirely laid aside; and one of the principals observed to the other, that it was matter of regret that the faithful lad, with whose services they were so well satisfied, had not been qualified by education to fill the vacant post. To their great surprise they learned that, for several weeks, if not months, he had actually almost entirely discharged its duties in addition to his own. He was immediately appointed to fill the situation, and ultimately became head of the establishment, and was, at the time the circumstance was mentioned, a retired country gentleman, an active magistrate, and an extensive benefactor to his neighbourhood. "If this young man," said my uncle, "had not learned to write, he could not have taken the situation which led to his subsequent advancement and extensively beneficial influence. It will not do, my good friend, to argue against any thing merely from being abused, or being capable of abuse, else we might argue down as evil, the sight of our eyes, and light of day."

Mr. Dormer admitted that there might be here and there a youth of talent, who might properly be allowed to make his way to literary attainments of a higher class than those assigned him by early education; but, in general, thought it quite unnecessary for domestic servants and village labourers to acquire any thing more, than an ability to read the Bible. Fifty years ago, he said, writing was never thought of for people of that class, and yet there were servants as trusty and respectable as in the present day. He expressed great satisfaction in saying, that of his own servants, each of whom had lived very long with him, not more than one or two could write; and on the very rare occurrence of having occasion to hire fresh servants into his establishment, he always gave the preference to those who could not write. Indeed, he very much questioned whether reading was, in any case, an unqualified advantage.

While Mr. Dormer was debating these questions, my uncle was acting on the liberal decision that, "for the soul to be without knowledge is not good;" that knowledge is favourable to individual and social happiness and virtue; and that those who possess this advantage, are bound to diffuse it among their fellow creatures to the widest possible extent. He was not only a liberal contributor to public designs for this object, but was the principal originator and supporter of schools in his immediate neighbourhood. The results of these institutions, in some degree, brought to the mind of Mr. Dormer a conviction of their utility. It was not, however, without fear and trembling, lest future years should develope some latent evil in the system, that he became an unsolicited contributor to the funds, sheltering himself behind the judgment and benevolence of his friend; but confessing his misgivings, lest the ranks of servants and labourers should be deserted, or, at least, that faithful, attached domestics would become increasingly rare.

About that time, the life of Mr. Dormer was placed in circumstances of imminent peril, by the ignorance of a favourite, and, indeed, valuable servant, of whose merits he had often spoken with exultation, adding, "And she can neither read nor write." This old woman, who had been the nurse of Miss Dormer in her infancy, was always lady paramount in the sick chamber; and on one occasion, Mr. Dormer having met with an accident, old Betty who could not read the labels, administered, by way of draught, a powerful liniment, and assiduously rubbed the shoulder with what was intended for a cooling draught. This incident probably had some influence in convincing the old gentleman that it was possible for the value, even of a faithful domestic servant, to be enhanced by the possession of knowledge enough to prevent such a mistake.

Mr. Dormer had a dreadful antipathy to the modern practice of medicine. He had an old friend, a physician of the old school, and, while he lived, Mr. Dormer never hesitated to follow his prescriptions, taking it for granted, whether with or without reason cannot now be said, that his practice was governed by two maxims, which Mr. D. held to be incontrovertible—That every land yields both food and physic adapted to its own inhabitants; therefore foreign drugs can never suit the constitution of an Englishman—and, That flesh and herbs being appointed for the food of man, and nothing said about minerals, no kind of mineral substance or preparation can be adapted to the purposes of medicine. The old man had boundless

faith in certain infallible family receipts, of infusions or decoctions of British herbs, handed down from generation to generation, as of sovereign use under all the maladies that flesh is heir to. By the help of these, in conjunction with a sound constitution and a temperate life, Mr. Dormer enjoyed a good portion of health and activity to old age. When his health began to fail, he was continually lamenting the loss of his old friend, and declared that he could place no confidence in any of the modern race of medical men. He was sure they would poison him with calomel. At length, after much persuasion, and in order to satisfy his daughter, Mr. Dormer consented to see the successor of his late friend, an honest and intelligent man, who kindly entered into, and bore with the little peculiarities and prejudices of his patient, candidly told him that medicine could do but little for him; and that the particular class of medicines, against which he had so strong an antipathy, would, in his case, be neither necessary nor proper. This seemed to win the old man's confidence, and he contrived to receive the visits of his doctor, and made no further question as to his prescriptions; but, after his death, old Betty confessed to her young mistress, that the medicines, at the appointed hour of taking them, had, by the express injunction of the patient, been regularly thrown away. Thus was "the ruling passion strong in death."

Before I dismiss old Mr. Dormer, I must mention one instance in which he carried out his opposition to the habits of the times, much to his own spiritual privation, in a matter which excited much sympathy towards him, in the minds of his minister and the fellow Christians with whom he was associated; but in which they could not feel themselves justified in sacrificing the interests of many, to the feelings of one. Mr. Dormer had been always accustomed to attend public worship twice on the Lord's-day, and in the evening to read a sermon to his household. In his latter years, the practice of evening preaching was very generally adopted, and was found very useful, in bringing under the sound of the gospel, multitudes who had been accustomed to spend the sabbath evening in dissipation or idleness. In the congregation with which Mr. Dormer worshipped, the measure was not very soon adopted; for the minister, and several of the old standards like himself, preferred employing the evening in domestic worship and instruction, and a decided opposition was anticipated on his part; but, at length, the desire became so general, and the prospect of usefulness so evident, that it seemed a duty to sacrifice individual preference to general good. Mr. Dormer's was the only dissentient vote to the proposed measure of engaging an assistant minister to take the afternoon service, and establishing an evening lecture. Every possible means was tried to meet and conciliate his feelings. It was known that he assembled his family exactly at five o'clock, and that they separated at half-past six. The time of the afternoon and evening services were so arranged as to admit of his attending either, without interference with his domestic order; but no, he could not attend in the afternoon, because it was a minister to whom he had not been accustomed; and he could not attend in the evening, because he had always been used to go out in the afternoon. Thus he went on for several years, depriving himself and his family of privileges after which they pined, and considering himself as deeply injured by the minister and congregation. The afternoon preacher he had never even seen; and he had become very shy of his old pastor. Two or three years before his death, Mr. Dormer was laid aside for several weeks, by an accident. My uncle frequently visited him, and happily succeeded in introducing the young minister, and in re-establishing the intimacy of the old gentleman with his long valued pastor. Afflictions are sometimes sanctified in softening down prejudices, and mellowing the feelings. It was so in this case. Mr. Dormer became truly thankful for the visits of both these gentlemen, one or other of whom kindly conducted the domestic service on the Lord's-day evening, until Mr. Dormer was able to resume it himself. After his recovery, he resumed his seat in the sanctuary every sabbath afternoon; and on several occasions was known even to attend the evening lecture. He also added a codicil to his will, bequeathing a testimonial of friendship to both the ministers and each of the friends who had opposed his views about the evening lecture, with an expression of regret that he had ever spoken or thought hardly of them.

C.

MOUNT TABOR.

Mount Tabor is a very remarkable mountain, of sugar-loaf shape, standing alone on the plain of Galilee, but surrounded by hills at some little distance. Its summit is flat and very fertile, being pretty thickly studded with trees and shrubs, though towards the south it is more open, and from that quarter there is a most agreeable view which amply compensates for the exertion of the ascent. Round the mountain, the plains of Esdraelon and Galilee spread their beauty to the eye, and the Mediterranean rolls afar in the north-west. Mount Hermon is descried in the east, as also the sea of Tiberias, and further to the right rises the high ridge of Gilboa: at the same time, the scenes of our Saviour's life are continually brought before the mind as the eye surveys, and the ear almost at every turn catches the names of places hallowed by his presence.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

By a Naturalist.

DECEMBER.

"'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year."

Shall we sit shivering by the fire, or brave the cold, and by exercise give warmth to our frame, and energy to our feelings? What! though "winds be loud and ways be foul," and snow cover the ground, shall we fear to venture forth? Come into the fields, for though nature wear her humblest garments, she is still attractive to her votaries.

See, the hardy furze (*Ulex Europæus*) which covers the common, is putting forth its golden blossoms, in beautiful contrast with the dark green of its thorny stem. This shrub, which is very abundant, forms in summer a fortress guarded with an array of spears, to which many of our smaller birds, as the linnet, repair, to build their nests; in winter, it offers beneath its dense canopy, an asylum for various animals, which there find security and concealment. There the hedgehog often hybernates, and field mice and shrews make their burrows; the viper too, intertwined with others of its race, for the sake of mutual warmth, there, in some snug recess, passes the colder season; and the lizard secures a dormitory. But the furze is not the only plant which dares to unfold its flowers: the polyanthus may be often seen in bloom, the mezereon, and the daisy; and in sheltered borders, the snowdrop, towards the close of the month, peeps timidly forth, and discloses its bell-like blossom.

December, 1840.

At this season, when the ground is frozen, and the snow lies deep, the timid tenants of the fields often approach the habitations of man; hares and rabbits venture into gardens, and nibble the culinary vegetables; the tracks of the fox and the polecat in the snow, prove that these marauders have been roaming all night about the farmer's barns and outhouses; and when the wolf was a denizen of our uncleared woodlands, urged by want, and rendered thus doubly ferocious, that dreaded animal prowled around the hut of the peasant, and devastated the sheepfold and the cattle yard. During the winter, indeed, the ravages of this beast of prey were very great; nor was man safe from its attacks. These animals abounded in the hilly and thinly peopled parts of the island, and their destruction became a matter of such importance, that in the reign of Edgar the punishment of certain offences was remitted, on the condition of the offender producing a certain number of wolves' tongues. A tribute of wolves' heads was received in Wales, as equivalent for taxes, otherwise to be paid in money; and long after that period, lands were held on the condition of hunting these animals. Yorkshire, in the time of Athelstan, so abounded with them, that places of refuge were built for the security of travellers, tracked by sanguinary troops, "burning for blood, bony, and gaunt, and grim." Happily, the wolf no longer disturbs the peasant with his nightly howl; but in some parts of the continent, and especially in the wooded regions of the northern countries, this animal is very common, and every winter commits extensive depredations.

The otter, well known for its destructiveness to fish, quits the smaller streams which it haunts, or the lake where it habitually dwells, should they now become frozen, and seeks broader and deeper rivers, and not unfrequently it descends to the sea. In some cases, when the means of obtaining fish fail, it has been known to make inland excursions, and visit the farmyard, attacking sucking pigs and poultry; but instances of this kind are very rare. On the other hand, the polecat has been ascertained to pursue and capture fish, when other means of support become scarce; and an instance of this kind is related by Bewick, for the truth of which he personally vouches. During a severe storm, one of these animals was traced in the snow from the side of a rivulet to its hole at some distance from it. As it was observed to have made frequent trips, and as other marks were seen in the snow, which could not be easily accounted for, it was thought a matter worthy of greater attention: its hole was accordingly examined, the polecat (or foumart, as it is termed in the northern countries) was taken, and eleven fine eels were discovered to be the fruits of its nocturnal excursions. The marks on the snow were found to have been made by the motion of the eels in the creature's mouth. Mr. Bell, in his interesting History of British Quadrupeds, alludes to the foregoing circumstance, and quotes from Loudon's magazine an analogous instance, in which a female polecat was pursued to her nest, where five young ones were found, comfortably embedded in a snug nest of withered grass, but adjacent to which, in a hole by themselves were packed forty large frogs and two toads, all alive, though merely so; they were, indeed, capable of sprawling a little, and that was all, for the polecat had contrived to strike them all with palsy. They were found, on a more careful inspection, to have been bitten through the brain.

In the colder portions of England and the continent, the stoat, or ermine, assumes that snowy whiteness of fur, excepting at the end of the tail, which renders it so much esteemed, as a lining for winter garments, and for robes of state and royalty. In the southern districts of our country, the ermine seldom becomes entirely white, this colour only appearing in patches, mottling the brown; but in Scotland and the northern counties of England, pure white specimens are often met with; and we have seen one, in this snowy garb, from Ireland. Still, both as regards the fullness and softness and also the purity of the colour of the fur, no British specimens at all equal those obtained in Russia, Norway, and Siberia; nor indeed is the animal so abundant in our islands as to be worth consideration in a commercial point of view. On the contrary, in the northern regions of Europe, the ermine exists in astonishing numbers, the vast forests covering with-

out interruption large tracts of country, affording it food and concealment: it is only hunted during the severest months of winter, and a sufficient number remain, after the season is over, to replenish the stock. Still the annual destruction is immense; for in 1833, the importation of ermine skins, into England alone, amounted to 105,139.

We have, on several occasions, alluded to the change of colour, from a brown, or richly tinted dress, to white, which occurs in so many of the northern mammalia and birds; and we have mentioned, that the ultimate cause of this phenomenon may be concealment from natural enemies, by the approximation of hue to that of snows which now cover the face of the country, and also the preservation of the animal heat, which is more completely retained when above the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere by a white than by a dark vestment. The mode, however, by which this change is accomplished, yet remains to be pointed out; it involves many difficulties, and some interesting points of physiology. In the instances alluded to, namely the ermine, the variable hare, the ptarmigan, etc., the question naturally arises, Is it by a moult, or casting off, of the old fur or feathers, and the growth of a new covering, that the change of colour is produced? or does the change depend upon the fading of the brown or other colours into white, and the return of the old colour again in the same identical hairs or feathers? The late colonel Montagu, whose name stands so high among the practical naturalists of our country, evidently considering both hair and feathers, when completely developed, to be extra vascular, or, in other words, to have neither circulation, nor a power of secretion, or absorption, thus expresses his opinion:—"Some species of birds seem to change their winter and summer feathers, at least in part; in some, this is performed by moulting twice a year, as in the ptarmigan; in others, only additional feathers are thrown out; but we have no conception of the feathers changing colour, although we have been informed of such happening in the course of one night."

Dr. Fleming, on the contrary, contends for a change of colouring, and not of hairs or feathers, and adduces, in confirmation of his opinion, among other examples, that of an ermine which was shot on the 9th of May, 1814, in a garb intermediate between its summer and winter dress. On all the under parts, the white had nearly disappeared, in exchange for the primrose yellow, their ordinary tinge in summer; but the upper parts of the body had not fully acquired their summer colour, which is a deep yellowish brown. There were several white spots, and not a few with a tinge of yellow; and upon examining these white and yellow spots, not a trace of interspersed new short hair could be discerned: this would certainly have been the case if a change of colour is effected by a change of fur. Besides, while some parts of the fur on the back had acquired their proper colour, even in those parts, numerous hairs could be observed, of a wax yellow; and in all the intermediate stages from yellowish brown, through yellow to white, proving that the white hairs were regaining their summer hue. Again, in reference to the analogous change in the plumage of the ptarmigan, he observes that the young birds have their first plumage mottled, chestnut, brown, and black, similarly to that of their parents; but they become white in winter, and again mottled in spring. Now these young birds, provided the change of colour is effected by moulting, must therefore produce three coverings of feathers in the course of ten months. This is a waste of vital energy, which no bird, in its natural state, can be supposed to be capable of sustaining, as moulting is the most debilitating process they undergo. In birds of full maturity, two moultings must be necessary; one on the approach of winter, one on the return of spring. It is, however, remarkable, that in these changes the range of colour is from brown, through grey to white, a transition so nearly resembling that which takes place in the fur of the ermine, that Dr. Fleming is disposed to regard the change of colour as being effected in the old feathers, and not by the accession of new plumage, in place of the old, the change being independent of the ordinary annual moulting of the birds.

In corroboration of Dr. Fleming's, we may adduce the following statement by sir John Ross, in his Appendix to the Narrative of a "Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage," etc.

It relates to that little animal, the Hudson's Bay lemming, an individual of which lived for several of the winter months in his cabin. "Finding that, unlike what occurred in our tame hares, under similar circumstances, it retained its summer fur, I was induced to try the effect of exposing it, for a short time, to the winter temperature. It was accordingly placed on deck, in a cage, on the 1st of February; and next morning, after having been exposed to a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, the fur on the cheeks, and a patch on each shoulder had become perfectly white. On the following day, the patches on each shoulder had extended considerably, and the posterior part of the body and flanks had turned to a dirty white: during the next four days, the change continued but slowly; and at the end of a week, it was entirely white, with the exception of a dark band across the shoulders, prolonged posteriorly down the back, forming a kind of saddle, where the colour of the fur had not changed in the smallest degree. The thermometer continued between thirty and forty degrees below zero until the 18th, without producing any further change, when the poor little sufferer perished from the severity of the cold. On examining the skin, it appeared that all the white parts of the fur were longer than the unchanged portions; and that the ends of the fur only were white, so far as they exceeded in length the dark-coloured fur; and by removing these white tips with a pair of scissors, it appeared in its dark summer dress, but slightly changed in colour, and precisely of the same length as before the experiment."

Here then, in an animal which does not naturally become white in winter, we find, when cruelly subjected to an extremely low temperature, that the hairs not only elongate, adding fulness to the fur; but they actually begin to assume a white tint, which, had the animal lived, would doubtless have disappeared on the return of warmer weather.

It may here be observed, that this change is not one dependent upon season, but upon temperature; for in mild winters, and in sheltered situations, this change does not occur. This fact is well illustrated by J. Hogg, Esq., in a paper published on the subject, in the fifth volume of Loudon's Magazine, and referred to by Professor Bell in his British Quadrupeds. "Within the last nine years," says the writer, "I have had the good fortune to meet with two ermines (stoats in their white dress) alive, and in two of the most different winters that have occurred for many years: the one was in the extremely severe winter of January to March, 1823; and the other was in the almost as extremely mild January of the year 1832. In consequence of the months of December, 1831, and January, 1832, having been so extremely mild, I was surprised to see this stoat clothed in his winter fur; and the more so, because, about three weeks or a month before, I had seen a stoat in its summer coat, or brown fur. I was therefore naturally led to consider, whether the respective situations, which the brown and the white stoats, seen by me, this warm winter, inhabited, could alone account for the difference of the colours of their fur, in any satisfactory manner. The situation, then, where the brown stoat was seen, is in north latitude fifty-four degrees, thirty-two seconds, nearly; and west longitude one degree, nineteen seconds, nearly, upon a plain, elevated a very few feet above the river Tees, in the county of Durham. Again, the place where I met with the ermine, or white stoat, on the 23rd of January, 1832, is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, in north latitude fifty-four degrees, twelve seconds, nearly; and west longitude one degree, thirteen seconds, nearly. It is situated at a very considerable elevation, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the lofty moorlands, called the Hambledon Hills. These constitute the south-western range of the Cleveland hills, which rise in height from one thousand one hundred, to one thousand two hundred feet above the sea. At this time, the ermine was making its way toward the hills, where, no doubt, he lived, or which he frequently haunted; and consequently, the great coldness of the atmosphere, even in so mild a winter, upon so elevated and bleak a spot as that moorland range, would satisfactorily account for the appearance of the animal in its white fur; although the place is in a direct line, more than twenty-three miles to the south of the fields, near the Tees, inhabited by the brown stoat in question." The comment on this statement is, that, if this change be the result of a law connected with season only, and therefore produced by a renewal of fur, it would take place,

whether in cold or mild winters, in cold or sheltered situations.

The opinion of colonel Montague, therefore, that hairs and feathers are thoroughly extra-vascular, is certainly erroneous. We cannot, it is true, trace the vessels either of absorption, secretion, or circulation, which pervade the plumelets of a feather, or the body of a hair; but still, when facts prove that changes of colour undoubtedly occur in feathers and hairs, we are constrained, though we cannot detect their vascularity by our glasses, to admit the conclusion.

In the first part of the transactions of the Zoological Society of London, there is a very masterly essay by one of our most exact and observant naturalists, Mr. Yarrell, "on the laws which appear to influence the changes and plumage of birds," and in this, many experiments are detailed which bear upon the point.

A herring gull was examined at Christmas, when Mr. Yarrell found that several of the tertial wing feathers had their basal halves of a blue grey, the remaining parts mottled with brown. Two notches were made with scissors on the webs of these feathers, as marks of reference to the two colours then present. Some other feathers were wholly mottled with brown, and were therefore marked with only one notch. The bird was re-examined in April; the tertial feathers which when marked, were of two colours, Mr. Yarrell now found to be entirely of a blue grey; the brown having disappeared, one was even tipped with white; the other feathers, which when marked were wholly mottled, were now for two thirds of their length of a pure white, the terminal third alone remaining of a mottled brown.

In another example, namely, the black tailed godwit, (*Limosa melanura*,) black markings began on the lowest part of the breast and belly on the 24th of February; three days afterwards, Mr. Yarrell observed, that the feathers on the upper part of the head, neck, and breast, began to change colour from dusky brown to red. On the 29th, he found that the scapularies, the wing coverts, and the tertials had begun also to change their colour. By the 29th of April, the bird had arrived at the full colour of the breeding plumage. That the change going on in this bird since the 24th of February, was absolutely an alteration of colour, and not produced by moulting, is proved by the fact, that he examined the bird, day by day; the change, he states, commenced at the base of each feather, the tip being the last part that altered in colour.

Now, although these and many other experiments prove beyond a doubt, that feathers do both assume and lose colour; and that in some birds the change in their livery is to be attributed to this circumstance alone, still it is not pretended that it is exclusively the case in every instance. Various birds, besides a change of colour, acquire ornamental plumes on the approach of the breeding season, which they moult off as soon as that period is over, and with them lose the rich tints which overspread the rest of their plumage. In our notes for the past month, we instanced the grebes.

The ruff, (*Tringa pugnax*,) may also be cited. In spring, the male of this bird assumes a full frill, consisting of elongated feathers, arising from the neck and throat, while tufts spring, one from each side of the head behind the eyes; and it is farther remarkable that in no two individuals is the colour of this ornamental temporary frill alike, nor in the same bird for two successive years. The following instance of this partial moulting, is from Mr. Yarrell's paper already alluded to. About the 24th of May, the male of the beautiful mandarin duck (*Anas galericulata*) commenced moulting off his ornamental breeding plumage; and by the 3rd of July he so much resembled the female, that it was a matter of some difficulty to distinguish them, except by a close inspection. He remained in this state until the 22nd of August, when he began to shed the feathers which were to be replaced by others of a more brilliant colour, and on the 25th of September, he appeared in his perfect breeding plumage. In this last moulting, the bird did not shed all his feathers, but only those that gave place to new ones of a more brilliant colour.

Thus far have we been led, by observing the changes which take place in the fur of the stoat, and variable hare, and in the plumage of the ptarmigan, during the rigours of winter, to enter into the laws on which these phenomena are based. They speak of Almighty power and wisdom, and prove how in the minutest, and as we thought-

lessly call them, the most trifling things, no less than in the most momentous, God is present. But, the trifling and the momentous, the minute and the great, are words designating the value of things only in our weak and limited comprehension. The Christian philosopher sees the goodness of God in the feather which clothes the ptarmigan of the mountains and in its changes; in the fur of the ermine and in its marvellous transitions; in the laws of migration and hybernation; and in the appointment of each living creature to its destined mode of life, according to the organs and instruments which God has given. Man's destiny is above the tenants of the earth and waters; but high as he is, and great as are the purposes of God towards him, and well as he may be assured of them, how often does he forget the Author of all his mercies, and slight his commands! how often does he shut his eyes, from beholding God in creation, in providence, and grace!

And now, reader, if you have wandered with me, in mind and feeling, through woods and lawns, by brooks, and along the margin of the sea, month by month, from the first to the last, you will not, I trust, say that your time has been misapplied. If you have been interested, I shall be pleased; if instructed, gratified. We have seen spring emerge from winter, and give beauty and brightness to the freshened landscape; we have seen the fields, carpeted with flowers as with a cloth of gold; and marked the return of the swallow and the nightingale. We have seen summer in his strength, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; we have looked into the sunny waters, intent upon their curious inhabitants; we have watched the birds of the air, and the animals of the land. We have seen autumn stealing on, with mellowed tints, while the brown corn fields invited the sickle of the husbandman, and the trees bent, laden with fruits. We have marked the departure of our summer songsters, and the influx of a new race of feathered visitants from the wilds of the dreary north; and we have mused on the wisdom and mercy of God in his care for the creatures, whom he guides, "lone wandering, but not lost," by an implanted instinct, ruling all their ways. We have seen autumn fade into the age of winter; and the long nights and chilly days bring gloom over the once smiling face of nature, while rains, and storms, and clouds have driven many of the denizens of our woods and fields to their snug retreats, there to endure a long and quiet trance, till revived by the warmth of the returning sun. We have pondered on the wisdom displayed in the adaptation of the hardier of our animals to the severities of the season, both by the increased thickness and by the change of colour in their dress; and as month has succeeded month, we have traced the passage from the activity to the quiescence of the operations of the vegetable kingdom around us. And now, *in sese vertitur annus*, the year having travelled its circle, returns into itself, and January succeeds December.

But though we have sketched the phases of the revolving months, and called your attention to the habits and instincts of living beings, and invited you to study their ways, and to delight in the visible creation, we have not forgotten to speak of Him, the Alpha and Omega of all, whose glory shines in the sun by day, and the moon by night; whose voice is heard in the tempest and the thunder, and the roar of many waters, when the sea boils, and the billows lash the shore; and of whose mercy and kindness all his living creatures speak, from the humming gnat that sports in the sunny beam, to the strong-eyed eagle; from the animalcula, whose ocean is a drop of water, to the huge whale that revels in the wide realms of the arctic seas. In all his works of creation have we acknowledged God: but ere are greater things than these; there is a land where all shall be spring, where delight shall never die, where the flowers shall never fail, where choral songs, unutterably sweet, shall never cease. But these sights and sounds, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard; they are in the land where death is not known, and where God, the Creator, the Redeemer, and the Sanctifier, sitteth on the throne for ever and ever. Reader, commune with your own heart and give all "diligence to make your calling and election sure."

M.

OLD HUMPHREY ON CHRISTIAN CORRESPONDENTS.

Those who know me, and my habits of picking up from different sources any thing likely to prove acceptable and pro-

fitable to my readers, will never be surprised at my laying before them the communication of a correspondent. The postman, an hour ago, left me the letter, the contents of which I am now about to communicate.

Among the manifold mercies for which I ought to be, and I trust am thankful, is that of having Christian correspondents, who, with all fidelity and kindness reprove, correct, instruct, and encourage me from time to time, as the case may be, by a free outpouring of their own thoughts, views and experience. How sweet is a crust to a hungry man! How refreshing is a fountain of water to him that is athirst, but yet not more so than the Christian sympathy of a faithful friend. See Prov. xxvii. 17.

In the first page of my correspondent's letter, is a rude, but very effective drawing done with a pen. A poor pilgrim is seen with a bundle on his back, and a staff in his hand. Three roads are before him, while in the distance is seen a cross, with rays of glory beaming from it in all directions. The road, Number 1, appears to go straight on to the cross, it is called "The drawings of God," and it is marked with "a love of the Saviour," "sweet meltings of heart," "quietness and peace, and a lowly wandering and seeking after God."

The middle road, Number 2, entitled "Pharisaical security," appears to go by the cross. It is marked with "head knowledge," "severity and bitterness against outward sinners," "a stand off, for I am holier than thou!" "a burning hot zeal for seeming sanctity," "a regarding of experimental religion as fanaticism," and "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad!" There is, too, in the middle of this road, right opposite the cross, a company of horsemen, apparently in urgent haste; very likely meant for Saul of Tarsus and his company.

The remaining road, Number 3, called, "A plunging in the ditch," goes off in a round-about manner, turning up somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly in the direction of the cross. It is marked with, "a slipping into a dependence on morality," "a falling into the mire of sin," "earthquakes in the mind," "a gasping and terror," "a looking and running every way," with a "What shall I do?" almost at the end of it.

Well! Having described the rude pen drawing, at the head of the letter, I will now give you the letter itself; and if you find in it nothing to recompense you for the reading of it, let my poor judgment bear the reproach. I have read it over twice already, and I dare say that I shall read it over twice more, before I tie it up in my weekly packet of correspondence. It runs thus:

"It is evening, friend Humphrey, and I am sitting at the round table at the window. An aged friend, well known to you, is reading beside me. I have been thinking much of you, and feel inclined, just now, to write down the subject of my meditation. I have been considering the different ways people have gone to heaven. Do not start,—but no! you are no starter,—do not mistake me. I know He is the way, and there is no other; but I mean the different ways pilgrims have gone to Him, and been drawn by Him. My reflections have been of a peaceful kind, and have done me good. It is wonderful how God in his abundant goodness builds up those who look to him, sometimes by a sermon, sometimes by a chapter, or text of his holy word, sometimes by the converse of a friend, and sometimes by the quiet musings of the mind. I can fancy, I say, that my reflections have done me good, and I hope they may suggest a few thoughts that will be acceptable to you; for there are some friends in my mind day and night, and because they do not seem to be going to glory, just exactly the way I have laid down in my pride and presumption, I am often afraid they will never get there.

"Look at the road in the map, No. 1. 'The drawings of God.' 'I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me,' Prov. viii. 17. Some come to Jesus this way. All come by the drawings of God; but I mean from infancy, from the dawn of their existence, the opening of the bud is beautiful and promising. There is a love of God's house, a clinging to God's holy book, and a shutting of the closet door in early life that brings tears down the cheeks of mothers, fathers, and sisters who have long prayed and watched, for they have sown 'not in vain!' Samuel came this way, set apart for God from a babe. Timothy came this way; from a child he knew the holy Scriptures. Lydia seems to have been drawn in this quiet way, God opened her heart as she listened

to Paul. I mean this class to include, not only children, but all who are drawn to fear God in a quiet and peaceful manner.

"These often appear like lonely wanderers, passing for melancholy people in the blithesome world; but their laughter is not before men, and they have sweet sunny hours little recked of.

"Look at the map, road No. 2. 'Pharisaical security.' 'I am found of them that sought me not,' Isa. lxv. 1. Ah! this hot, bitter, burning zeal; this pharisaical security of heart is the worst, the most dangerous of all. I shudder at it; for this road goes straight by the cross. The cross is a small and contemptible object to travellers who hurry on this way. They are hot with running, and driving, and working, and fighting, and doing God service, as they think; too proud and restless to dream of such a thing as lying down at the 'foot of the cross.' Had it been some great thing that had been required of them, they would have done it. Ay! and some of them are doing great things in their own estimation; for they are not without zeal and courage. Their lives are in their hands, and they will die for the shadow and the name of religion, while they know nothing of its substance and power.

"This is the worst path, the most dangerous, the most hopeless. He says so whose word is truth. 'Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you,' Matt. xxi. 31.

"Yet some come this way. 'I was found of them that sought me not.' They run furiously, and would pass by the cross; but Jesus stops them ere they pass. Paul came this way: he was running by with great speed, but one called to him out of heaven, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Oh, what voice is that which melts his heart, and takes his false strength away? What voice is that which makes him lie so low and humble in the dust? It is a voice from the crucified Redeemer. 'I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest,' Acts xxii. 8. Yes, hard and dangerous and hopeless as it seems, some come even this way on their road to glory.

"Look at the map once more, at the road No. 3. 'A plunging in the ditch.' 'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more,' John viii. 11. 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,' Matt. ix. 13. Many, very many come this way; they walk uprightly as they deem, in an even path for some time, when suddenly being overcome by temptation, drawn aside by some besetting sin, they break forth into some glaring immorality. Then is the ground taken from under their feet. Then do they plunge in the ditch, and their own clothes abhor them. Then are there terrors, and earthquakes, and gaspings in the soul! And, oh glorious signs! this is often the time of dawning mercy.

"These poor, terrified, self-condemned, stand afar off from others. They dare not company with the holy. What is the house of God to them? What is the blessed book to them? There is a throbbing in the conscience, a shunning and trembling in the heart, a hiding of the face. They are not so much as worthy to lift up their eyes toward heaven; but beat upon the breast, saying, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' Luke xviii. 13.

"Little reck they where they are! These are at the foot of the cross, though they see it not. Their eyes are holden for a season, 'that they should not know Him.'

"But they shall know him presently. He will bear with their cries a little longer, for he loves them; then he will show them his side and his hands, and they will cry out, 'My Lord, and my God!' John xx. 28.

"The adulterous woman came this way; Mary Magdalene came this way; the dying thief came this way. Oh, dark, and miry, and terrible as the road is, a goodly company come this way.

"And now let me be comforted in the matter of those I love; so that they are coming to God and going to glory, what does it matter which way? What is that to me? And that they are coming, I will hope because I ask not their salvation of myself. He has put the cry into my heart who hath said, 'Ask, and it shall be given you,' Matt. vii. 7.

"I do not often pray peradventurously for any body and every body. I would if I had leisure. I would if it were not for this ceaseless and mighty yearning for the safety of those I love. I pray for those whom God brings into my heart, and allows me to bring before him when I pray. I bring them to the foot of the cross, and my prayer is, 'Father, glorify thyself in them, that they also may glorify thee.'"

Sir Thomas More and his Family. From an ancient Picture.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: WITH MISCELLANEOUS PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THAT PERIOD.

DRESS.

A considerable number of pictures remain, which were executed during the seventeenth century, representing the costume of that period. The above engraving is from an old picture representing sir Thomas More and his children; it gives a good idea of a respectable family in the reign of Henry VIII. In the middle are sir John More in his robes as a judge; and his son, sir Thomas More, as chancellor. On one side are two females standing, Elizabeth, daughter of sir Thomas, and her companion, Margaret Gige. Behind is the youthful wife of sir John. On the other side is Alice, the wife of sir Thomas; before her are Cecilia and Margaret, daughters of sir Thomas; John More, a youth, standing by the side of his father; the figure next him is Paterson, the fool or jester kept by sir Thomas, afterwards given, by him, to the lord Mayors of London. Various articles of furniture, books, a clock, and a viol, are represented.

The articles of dress, worn by persons of rank, are described in the directions given to a chamberlain, "how to dress his sovereign," at the commencement of this period. "At morne, when your soverayne will arise, warm his shirte by the fyre, and se ye have a fote shete made in this manner: fyrst, set a chayre by the fyre, with a cuyshen under his fete, then sprede a shete over the chayre, and se there be redy a kerchife and combe; then warme his petycote, his doublet, and his stomachere; and then put on his hosen, and his shone or slyppers, then stryke up his hosen mannerlv, and tye them up; then lace his doublet, hole by hole, and laye the necke clothe, and kimbe his heed; then look ye have a basyn and an ewer with warme water and a towell, washe his hands; then knele upon your knee, and aske your soverayne what robe he will were, and put it upon him; then do his gyrdell about him, and take your leve mannerly." The obsequious chamberlain was then to go to the church or chapel, and make "the soverayne's closet" ready; then to the chamber, and make the bed; to beat the feather bed, "but loke ye waste no feders." The process of putting to bed was similar, but of course reversed, and concluded with driving out the "dogge or catte." Such was the process with Henry VII. and Henry VIII.

The following anecdote, from Camden, shows what ridiculous fashions were often in vogue, and the increasing desire of the middle classes to imitate their superiors.

Sir Philip Calthrop bought on a time

as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker, of Norwich, coming to the said taylor's, and seeing the knight's gown cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth, and price, to the same intent; and farther bade him to make it of the same fashion, that the knight would have his made of. Not long after, the knight coming to the taylor's to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the taylor whose it was. Quoth the taylor, "It is John Drakes' the shoemaker, who will have it made of the self-same fashion that yours is made of." "Well," said the knight, "in good time be it! I will," said he, "have mine made as full of cuts as thy shears can make it." "It shall be done," said the taylor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas-day, for serving of customers, when he had hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the same to be full of cuts, he began to swear at the taylor for making his gown after that sort, "I have done nothing," quoth the taylor, "but that you bid me; for as sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made yours." "By my latchet, or shoe tie," quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear gentleman's fashion again!"

Laws were frequently passed to check excess in apparel. Only the higher classes of laymen were permitted to wear coats or gowns of costly materials, but a gown of some sort was worn by all engaged in civil occupations, unless of the lowest classes. The forms of the gowns varied, and they were often richly ornamented with gold, pearls, jewels, and lace. Furs were much valued; also the feathers of birds, frequently the whole skin. Henry VII. paid 1*l.* 4*s.* for an "estryche" (ostrich) skin for a stomacher, whether for himself or his queen does not appear.

The hose assumed the form of trowsers, usually tight about the leg. Silk hose or stockings are mentioned as early as the reign of Henry VIII., but they were scarce articles even twenty years later, when a pair of knit silk hose was presented to the queen by her silk woman, in the third year of her reign. It was considered an article of value, and she is said to have declared roundly, that she never would wear cloth stockings again. Knitted worsted stockings were also esteemed. The dress of Mary Stuart, at her execution, is described: she wore blue worsted stockings, with silver clocks; a head dress of fine lawn, edged with bone lace, a mantle of black satin, faced with sable; her pourpoint was of black figured satin; a bodice of crimson satin, and a skirt of crimson velvet.

The frame for making stockings was invented in 1599, by William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, and was a curious specimen of mechanism at that period.

The female costume then, as in other days, was still more fantastic than the garb of men; the representations are numerous, and must be familiar to the reader. Stubbes describes the gowns: "Some with sleeves hanging down to the skirts, trailing on the ground, and cast over the shoulder like cow-tails; some with sleeves much shorter, cut up the arm, drawn out with sundry colours, and pointed with silk ribbons."

The upper articles of female dress were usually of costly materials; velvet, satin, cloth of gold, and embroidered work, are enumerated in the descriptions of dress in the higher ranks; the middle classes wore gowns of woollen, often costing from 10*s.* to 14*s.* the yard, with such ornaments on their heads and necks as they could afford. The women usually wore caps or coifs, sometimes a sort of bonnet; the variety of form was endless. The coverings for the head, worn by men, were also various; to encourage the cappers, who were home manufacturers, a law was passed, in 1571, ordering that all persons, above six years of age, under the degree of nobility, should wear caps of wool, knit and dressed in England, under a penalty of four groats.

False hair began to be worn towards the close of the sixteenth century; so that it was dangerous for children, with fine locks, to wander into lonely places. The addition was by tying in false locks, rather than by periwigs. The queen of Henry VII., as early as 1494, paid for frontlets 3*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The barber of that monarch was paid 2*l.* 12*s.* for shaving the king from the 25th day of March to June 25th.

Farmers and countrymen wore clothes of russet cloth or leather; the citizens were dressed much as the children of Christ's hospital, in London, now are attired: yellow stockings or hose were common.

Serving men often wore liveries of the colours adopted by their masters, if persons of rank; but blue was the colour usually worn by men servants. The jackets of the London firemen and watermen, preserve the costume of this period: badges, with armorial bearings, or some device assumed by noble families, were commonly worn on the sleeve. The number of retainers, or serving men, was very great. The Tudor princes limited the number by severe laws, to break down this remnant of feudal customs, and lessen the mass of idle, useless followers, ready at all times to insult or injure any one who displeased their master. Lord Burgley, who may be considered as an economist, and having a well-regulated family, had a hundred servants. But, at that period, in addition to the common servants, and to young persons who were in the family to receive instruction, rather than as servants; it was usual for retainers to grow grey, and to be kept till they died in their services. Fidelity was thus encouraged. Shakspeare has well described one of these retainers, but rather as a specimen of a past age, than as common in his own day. The aged Adam offers the son five hundred crowns, saved in his father's service, and declares,

"Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty,
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I."

That fashion which causes the bond between master and servant to be dissolved continually, is indeed a bad one. It proceeds from covetousness that thinks to save, and from pride that refuses to obey; with selfish desire for indulgence, that shrinks from needful services, if out of the common course; but in the result, the master spends more, and the servant has to endure more, than if mutual forbearance, and due consideration, were not too often forgotten by both. The injunctions of holy writ, on this subject, are very clear and strong; and are for the welfare of both classes. Servants are exhorted to obedience, not with eye service; masters are to forbear threatening, and to do that which is just and equal.

Harrington's orders for household servants, in 1566 and 1592, show earnest desire to preserve decorum in a numerous family, and this, at a time when the manners were far less polished than at the present day. Absence from prayer, oaths, and unseemly conduct, were subject to fines.

Proceeding to the close of this period, we find, that in the reign of queen Elizabeth, the ruff, the stomacher, and the farthingale, or large round petticoat, became common. The ruff led to the invention of starch, which was severely censured by some of the writers of the day. The use of it was first taught by a Flemish woman, named Plasse, who came to London in 1564, and taught the art, charging each scholar four or five pounds for instruction; the starch was then made by the starcher herself, and was frequently coloured red, blue, or purple. The kirtle was a sort of under gown, the skirt of the upper robe being drawn to each side.

Under all the finery which appeared in the garb of both sexes, too often, there was only a scanty supply of dirty body linen, though these articles were frequently made of costly materials. Stubbes describes men's shirts of cambric and lawn, wrought with needlework, the meanest costing a crown, but sometimes as much as ten pounds. A lady's shift is described, in a ballad, as one half of fine holland, the other of needlework. On new year's day, 1530, the lady Elizabeth presented her brother, prince Edward, with "a shyrte of cam'yke, of her own woorkynge." In 1577, the earl of Essex, then a student at Cambridge, paid Mrs. Croxton, in Cheapside, 40*s.* for four shirts, at 10*s.* a piece; and 10*s.* for six handkerchiefs. Also, for a broad riding hat, 8*s.* Handkerchiefs were often wrought with silk and gold. It is needless to say, that such linen seldom visited the wash tub, or the running stream, then resorted to for cleansing linen.

The variety of articles of dress, worn even by children, is shown by a letter from lady Brien, who had the care of the princess Elizabeth, upon the death of her mother. The governess applies, "that she may have som rayment; for she hath neither gown nor kertel, nor petecot, nor no manner of linnin for smokes, nor cerchefes, nor sleves, nor rayls, nor body-stychets, nor handcerchers, nor mofelers, nor begins." The last article was a close cap worn by children.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, the male dress became more inelegant. Large trunk hose, long waisted doublets, with short cloaks and ruffs, are seen in the pictures of those times. The doublets were sometimes quilted or stuffed with

five or six pounds of wool; the breeches were also stuffed, and so large, that the seats of the parliament house being found too narrow for the new fashion, others of greater width were fixed. The cloaks were of all lengths and colours, and for general use, took the place of gowns; they were often of costly materials, lined and bordered with fur. The anecdote of Raleigh's attracting the notice of queen Elizabeth, by spreading his new plush cloak over a dirty puddle, that she might step upon it, is well known. The covering for the head varied from the flat cap of the citizen to hats rising in a peak or sharp point, a foot or more above the head. The best hats, felted of beaver, came from abroad, and cost 20*s.* or 30*s.* each. They were ornamented with feathers and embroidery, and even with gold bands of "massie goldsmiths' work."

The hair was worn in divers fashions, "sometimes polled, sometimes curled, or suffered to grow at length, like women's lockes, many times cut off above or under the ears, round as by a woodden dish." The variety of beards was great, some shaven from the chin, not a few cut short, some made round, like a rubbing brush; others with a peak, or now and then suffered to grow long, "the barbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors."

The armour, worn by nobles and the military, was chiefly plate armour, often elegant in form and workmanship. Henry VII. paid for garnishing a sallett, or head piece, 38*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* As the use of firearms prevailed, armour was less trusted to.

The clergy wore their official costume. The higher orders, in the days of Popery, like Wolsey, indulged themselves in splendid apparel, often in addition to their sacerdotal robes. The latter were costly: the father of queen Catherine Parr left to the abbey of Clairvaux, the vast sum of 1,600*l.*, equal to 20,000*l.* at the present day, "to buy copes and vestments." After the Reformation, these fine trappings nearly disappeared. Queen Elizabeth enforced the use of the surplice, or white robe, in the public services; but in common life, the clergy were required to wear black gowns, "befitting scholars."

Physicians and lawyers wore their dress made full, and of a grave character. They usually walked with canes or staves. Swords or daggers were worn by all ranks of laymen, excepting the lower orders. The serving man, when attending his master abroad, frequently carried a short sword, and a small round shield or buckler. Street frays were common, and whatever weapons were at hand were used, both for attack and defence. Even the apprentices had their bats or clubs ready. When attending their masters or mistresses at night, they usually carried lanthorns; the nobility were attended, at night, by torch bearers.

The variety of jewellery, worn by men and women, was very great; the forms were often elegant, h[illegible]ly wrought and expensive. The lists of articles, presented to queen Elizabeth by her courtiers, contain many articles of this description. Three may be inserted, selected almost at hazard. In 1582, "a juell being a shipp of golde, garnished with six faire dyamondes, and other small dyamondes and rubyes; the sayles spredd abrode, with a word enamuled on them." "A juell of golde, being a catte and myce playing with her, garnished with smale dyamondes and perle." "A flower of golde, garnished with sparckes of diamonds, rubyes, and ophales, with an agathe of her majestis' phisnamy (portrait) and a perle pendante, with devices painted in it." These articles were carefully delivered to the officers whose duty it was to take charge of them. Rings, chains, and other ornaments, were prized by all ranks. The beaus, as well as the belles, of Elizabeth's reign, wore jewels, or ribands in their ears.

During the "twelve nights' reign" of the lady Jane Grey, she had the crown jewels delivered to her: these, and other valuables, she was afterwards required to give up. Mary seems to have looked very sharply after them; for sundry articles not being forthcoming, the lord treasurer had to apply for her majesty's gracious acquittance of what were deficient. Some are very singular to appear in a list of royal possessions, "A little piece of a broken ring of gold," "Four old halfpence of silver," "xvi.*d.* two farthings and two halfpence," "A pair of twichers of silver," "Two shaving clothes, and fourteen pair of gloves of divers sorts." Jane had previously given up coin to the value of 541*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*

Shoes varied in shape and material. In the reign of Mary, square toes were fashionable; an act, however, was passed to limit the width of the toes to six inches. Expensive buckles, and roses on the shoes, were introduced. Boots and spurs were often worn by men, when not on horseback. Shoes were com-

monly fitted for each foot. Shakspeare describes an eager tailor newsmonger, with slippers, in his haste, "thrust upon contrary feet." We read of archers in scarlet boots, with yellow caps. Ladies began to wear corked shoes, or slippers, with raised heels.

Woodstock was noted for gloves. Henry VII., in 1497, paid there 5*s*. 4*d*. for sixteen pair of gloves. But gloves were often richly worked, and often perfumed. One of Elizabeth's ministers wrote to the ambassador in Spain, to send a pair of perfumed gloves for himself, and another for his wife; they were to be scented with orange flowers and jasmin. Perfumes were the general remedy for ill scents and the want of ventilation, thus increasing the evil. Elizabeth was very much displeased with ill scents, and would rate a courtier as "a sloven," if he appeared with shoes having the smell of new leather. Mary Stuart complained much of ill scents during one of her abodes at Tutbury. Even now, though our houses are more airy, yet proper ventilation too generally is neglected. Perfumed pockets, scent boxes, and pomanders, or balls of perfumes, were abundant and costly in the sixteenth century; also, oils, tinctures, and pomatums. Among the expenses of Henry VII. is a payment "to a Lumbard, (a foreign merchant,) for muske and awmber, 17*l*. 5*s*."

It was common for gentlewomen to wear small mirrors at their girdles, or to have them set in the fans they carried; these fans often were expensive articles. Fans were often made of ostrich or other feathers. In 1578, lord North paid for one 33*s*. 4*d*. A fan, presented to Elizabeth, in 1589, was "of swanne down, with a maze of green velvet, embroidered with seed pearles, and a very small chayne of silver gilte; and in the middest a border, on both sides, of seed pearles; sparkes of rubys and emeralds, and thereon a monster of gold, the head and breast mother of pearl."

Articles of dress, at this period, being often so costly, it was common to leave them by will to relatives and friends. One person, of middle rank, thus bequeathed his best black gown, guarded and faced with velvet; his shepe-coloured gown, guarded with velvet, and faced with coney or rabbits' fur; his short gown, faced with wolf, and laid with billiment, an inferior sort of lace; and another short gown, faced with fox.

In her early days, queen Elizabeth was averse to fine clothes, and unwillingly complied with her sister Mary's orders that she should wear finer apparel; but she soon became fond of splendid garments: at her death, her wardrobe contained three thousand different habits; but any one who looks through the long list of new year's presents to the queen, will observe, that a large proportion of them were gifts on those occasions; and many of them, probably, never were worn by Elizabeth. In those of 1578, we find, "a pettycote of tawny satten, reysed with four borders of enbrawdory, silver and golde, with hoopes, lyned with orange, collored sarceonet." "A gowne with hanging sleves of black vellat, alov' with small wyer of golde, like scallop shelles, set with spangills, embrawdred with a garde, with sondry byrds and flowers enbossed with golde, silver, and silke, set with sede perle." In that year, considerably more than a hundred articles of dress were presented to the queen; and in some other years a still larger quantity. It was then customary, at times, to wear the garbs of different nations.

Harrison, in 1586, after describing the vanity and variety of fashionable dress, laments, "how much cost is bestowed, now a daies, upon our bodies, and how little upon our soules! How manie sutes of apparell hath the one, and how little furniture hath the other! How long time is asked in decking up of the first, and how little space left wherein to feed the latter." He then speaks of the difficulty the tailor has in fitting his customers, and what reproachful language he had to bear. That advance in civilization, which teaches mutual forbearance, was then little known, though it is becoming to every rank of life.

The attention paid to dress, and the numerous changes in the apparel of this century, strongly impress upon the mind the declaration of holy writ, "that the fashion of this world passeth away." Nor is the direction, given by St. Peter, to the females of his day, less important. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel," etc. 1 Peter iii. 3—6.

TRADES AND MANUFACTURES.

In the sixteenth century, trades were followed as regular occupations, after the

manner of later times, but on a far more limited scale; the large factories of our days were not then known. In the woollen trade, then the principal manufacture of England, the large clothiers, such as Winchcombe, styled Jack of Newbury, employed hundreds, perhaps thousands of workmen, who wrought mostly in their own houses. The large number of Flemish refugees, sheltered by Elizabeth, gave a new impulse to this trade, and the wealth of the nation was much increased thereby. The cutlery trade was much enlarged by these strangers; the neighbourhood of Sheffield became the seat of this manufacture. We find the earl of Shrewsbury sending a box of Hallamshire whittells, or knives, as a present.

The general progress of society caused the demand for iron to increase largely. The art of casting iron was practised about 1550. This soon became a very important and increasing branch of trade, and consumed large quantities of fuel. The iron works of Sussex and Kent soon cleared those districts, once covered with forests; and had it not been found practicable to smelt the iron stone with pit coal, the trade must long ago have been extinct in England. The iron trade now is only carried on in districts where pit coal abounds. But even in Lancashire, in the seventh year of queen Elizabeth, the furnaces were stopped, because the cattle required the tops and croppings of trees for sustenance in winter. The raising of artificial food for their supply was not then practised.

Mining much increased: considerable sums were expended in such adventures, with all the vicissitudes that attend these operations at the present day. A considerable quantity of silver, at one time, was found in Cornwall. But the absurdity of attempting the transmutation of metals still continued, and even increased.

In London, and other large cities, the different trades had their several gilds, or companies, and for the most part the artizans of the same line lived near together. Their rules tended to cramp the progress of trade; the true principles of commerce were then little understood.

Mary, in her short reign, interfered with the progress of commerce, by demanding loans from the merchants, and sometimes stopping exportation. Elizabeth had more enlarged views; she encouraged commercial transactions, and sometimes furnished capital for difficult enterprises.

In foreign commerce, merchants formed companies, to raise capital, to afford mutual protection, and to keep out interlopers. Among these companies were the Merchants Adventurers, and the Russian company. Towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the East India Company began; but not in a permanent or connected form. Individuals subscribed sums of money, as best suited their views; fleets were fitted out, and commodities exported, in lieu of which the products of the east were brought home. The cargoes being sold, the amount realized was divided among the adventurers, in proportion to the capital each had supplied. The first fleet sailed in May, 1601, with a charter of privileges, under captain James Lancaster. The capital subscribed was 68,373*l*. It returned in September, 1603, when the adventurers realized a handsome profit.

Several other voyages, upon the same principle, followed; the clear profits realized, varied from doubling to trebling the original outlay. It is to be remarked, that the amount of bullion sent out much exceeded the value of the goods exported.

Foreign commerce was also largely increased by the discovery, or rather rediscovery of America, at the close of the fifteenth century, though this result was indirect, rather than direct, so far as England was concerned. The word *re-discovery* is used advisedly, as there is no reason to doubt but that the Northmen made continual voyages from Iceland to North America, from the tenth to the twelfth centuries; this, however, does not lessen the merit and perseverance of Columbus. Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, plantations, or settlements were formed on the main land of North America, in consequence of the voyages and discoveries of Cabot.

Tobacco and potatoes were introduced by sir Walter Raleigh; the latter valuable root being planted by him in Ireland; but Hawkins is said to have brought it first from New Spain, in 1565.

The discovery of Newfoundland, in the reign of Henry VII., has been noticed; among the expenditure of that monarch, we find, "To him that found the new

isle, 10*l.*;" and "To the men of Bristol that found the isle, 5*l.*" The mistaken desire to find a northern passage to China and the East Indies, was the principal cause why England profited so little by voyages of discovery; and their feeble attempts at colonization of North America were long unsuccessful.

The greatest evil that affected trade and commerce, during the reign of queen Elizabeth, was the increase of monopolies. The sparing or avaricious disposition of that princess, rendered her unwilling to reward her courtiers and officers by direct gifts of money; but she was more easily prevailed upon to grant monopolies of various commodities. In 1601, this list included a great number of articles, both of manufacture and commerce, from currants and ox shin bones, brushes, paper, glasses, new drapery, and dried pilchards, to seacoal, oil, and importation of Spanish wool. One of the most oppressive, was the monopoly of salt, the price of which was thereby raised, in some places, from sixteen pence to fifteen shillings the bushel. One member had the courage to ask, "Is not bread among them? if it be not now, it will be before next parliament." Upon the evils of this system it is unnecessary to enlarge; the only lawful monopoly is that where skill and attention secures a preference, and which continues no longer than the consumer finds it his interest to support the same.

The improvement of the coin was one of the most valuable proceedings of Elizabeth, and was very beneficial to commerce. The amount of coined money, in circulation at the close of her reign, is estimated at 4,000,000*l.*

Mistaken views still caused interest for money lent to be reckoned usurious, and therefore unfair, if not quite unlawful; but in 1571, a law was passed, allowing interest at ten per cent. per annum, to be charged on money borrowed or lent. But the most exorbitant advantages were often obtained on loans. One writer describes the manner in which spendthrift heirs were made to pay fourscore in the hundred, or eighty per cent. in the year. He describes even poor women pledging a silver thimble for sixpence, being compelled to pay a halfpenny a week, if they wished not to lose the article pawned.

EDUCATION.

That onward progress of the mind which, under the Divine blessing, led to the Reformation in England, caused increased attention to education. The deficiency that prevailed in this respect, immediately before the Reformation, is shown by a plan devised early in the sixteenth century, to discover the writer of a seditious placard. The aldermen of London were to go round their wards, and to require all persons who could write to do so in their presence, and to compare these specimens of handwriting with the placard. At that time, the city of London had more than three times the number of inhabitants it has at the present day. In the country, a still smaller proportion would be able to read and write. The learning then most encouraged, appears from some of the expenses of Henry VII. "To a priest, for making a prognostication, 1*l.* To an astronomer for a prognostication, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* To one that showed quintescentia, in rewarde, 2*l.* To a multiplier, in the Tower of London, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*" At that period, alchemy and fortune telling were the sciences, falsely so called, that were best rewarded.

The desire to keep the people in ignorance was shown not long before, in 1446, by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London ordaining that there should be "five scholes of gramer and no moo," in the city, and that all others should be discontinued, although the number of inhabitants at that period was very great. But before the downfall of Popery, many became convinced, that for the soul to be without knowledge is not good. Many persons endowed schools, instead of leaving wealth to monastic establishments. Among these was Dean Colet, who founded St. Paul's school in 1510, where Greek was first publicly taught by Lilly. He placed the direction and support of his school under the Mercers' Company, assigning as a reason, the integrity he had observed in the conduct of London merchants. Thus he conveyed a strong though tacit censure, upon his own ecclesiastical fraternity, and intimated his apprehension that they would probably ere long be cast down from the authority they usurped, by their claims to be considered as "lords over God's heritage," instead of being examples to the flock.

After the destruction of the monasteries, the number of public schools was largely increased and endowed. Most of the free schools now existing may be traced to the reign of Elizabeth. Westminster and Merchant Tailors' schools were founded early in her reign. And we are to remember that the instruction directed to be given in the free schools, was the best then known; the error has been, that a general principle of allowing improvements to be introduced under proper authorities, has not been established: thus many of the advantages the founders intended to confer, have now been lost or misapplied.

During the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., the contrast between the Papists and the reformers was especially manifested in regard to education. Gardiner and other bigoted Papists always threw every impediment in their power, in the way of educating the people. Cranmer, Becon, and others, who opposed error, did all in their power to promote education. In reference to some schools, established at Canterbury, which the Romanists wished to restrict to the higher classes, the primate said, that "to exclude the ploughman's son and the poor man's son from the benefit of learning, was as much as to say that God should not be at liberty to bestow his great gifts of grace, but as men shall appoint them to be employed, according to their fancy, and not according to his will and pleasure." During the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, even the highest offices of state were open to men of all ranks, distinguished for their learning, and many of the brightest ornaments of that day rose from the lower orders. But Cranmer declared, that one great error prevailed in most places of education, namely, undue severity, and corporal correction to a cruel extent. Ascham, in his Schoolmaster, written about 1563, strongly exposes this error. His remarks are well worthy of attention at the present day; he says, this "system of beating and fear is the cause that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly to school, and run so fast to the stable. For in very deed, fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat them into the hatred for learning; and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools; they feel liberty and freedom in stables, which causes them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to learn the other." A visit to some of the most celebrated of our public schools at the present time, would exemplify the truth of this remark.

In the preceding centuries, female education was much neglected, but now it was attended to. Young females of the higher ranks were not only instructed in needlework, music, and other accomplishments, they generally were taught some modern languages, and Latin, and even Greek. Not only were the queens, Mary, Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart, and Jane Grey, thus instructed, all who were considered gentlewomen, received more or less of literary instruction. Lady Burleigh, the daughter of sir Thomas Cook, wrote a letter in Greek to the university of Cambridge. Ascham says she spoke that language as fluently as English. Her youngest sister was well skilled in Hebrew. Udal speaks with pleasure of its being "a common thyng to see young virgins so nowzled and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set al vain pastymes at nought for learning's sake."

Considerable attention was given to penmanship. Edward VI. and his sisters wrote legibly and well. Among the interesting relics of those times, is the copy book of queen Elizabeth, when a child: in it is a loose paper on which she tried her pens: she seems usually to have done so by writing the name of her beloved brother Edward. After receiving the first rudiments of their education, young females, as well as young men, were often placed in some noble family, where they received farther instruction; and while acting as dependents, they were trained in the manners of the age. Literary acquirements did not unfit the females of that day from being generally useful. It was said of the court ladies, "there was in a manner none of them, but when they be at home can help to supply the ordinary want of the kitchen with a number of delicate dishes of their own devising."

The classical attainments led to an elaborate display of acquaintance with heathen mythology and fabulous history. Every procession and public exhibition displayed this. The pastry cooks were trained to show their skill in classical

devices; the tapestry on the walls, the pictures and the statues, all had reference to these subjects, of which it may be truly said "it is hard to touch pitch and not be defiled."

Elizabeth patronized learning; her court exemplified this, and it was not altogether of the unprofitable sort just alluded to. Harrison describes every office as having a Bible, or Foxe's Acts, or both, placed in it, besides some histories and chronicles, "to avoid idleness and to prevent sundry transgressions." The nobility were thereby excited to patronize authors; Spenser and many o thers weresupported and encouraged. The expenses for the education of the sons of sir William Cavendish, at Eton, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, contain many items illustrative of that day. A week's charge for food, was 5*s.* two pair of shoes cost 1*s.* 4*d.*, Esop's Fables 4*d.* The whole yearly expense of two boys and their man servant, including clothes, books, and other charges, was 12*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* Parents who have two sons now at Eton, or any other great public school, find the charge increased far beyond the difference in the value of money; while it may be inquired, whether the improvement in the education imparted, has kept pace with the advance of knowledge since that time. In 1514, the expense of a scholar at the university, could be defrayed by five pounds annually; it increased by the end of the century with the general rise in prices. But the fare of what were called poor scholars, was very different from the present day. Lever describes it at Cambridge, about the middle of the century, thus:—"There be divers ther whych rise dayly betwixe foure and fyve of the clocke in the mornynge, and from fyve untyll syxe of the clocke use commen prayer, wyth an exhortacion of God's worde, in a commen chapell; and from syxe unto ten of the clocke use ever eyther pryvate study or commen lectures. At ten of the clocke, they go to dinner, whereat they be content with a penye piece of beefe amongst four, havyng a few potage, made of the broth of the same beefe, wyth salte and oatmele, and nothynge elles. After this slender dinner, they be eyther teachinge or learninge untyll five of the clocke in the eveninge, when as they have a supper not much better than their dynner. Immediatelye after the which, they goo eyther to reasoninge in problems, or unto summe other studye, until it be nine or ten of the clocke; and then being without fyre are feyne to walke or run up and down haulfe an houre, to get a heate on their fete, when they go to bed. These be mennes, not werye of their paynes, but verye sorye to leve theyr studye; and sure they be not able some of them to continue for lacke of necessary exhibicion and relief." At Oxford, some years before, the case according to sir Thomas More was even worse, he says that "poore schollers of Oxforde, goe a begging with bags and wallets, and sing *Salve Regina* at rich men's doores, where for pitie some goode folkes will give their mercifull charitie."

In the reign of queen Mary, 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* was considered a competent amount for a year's expenses of a young man engaged in the study of the law at the inns of court. But contrast with these accounts of the poor scholar, the expenses of the earl of Essex at Cambridge, in 1577. In one quarter, five pair of shoes, 5*s.*, and a pair of winter boots, 6*s.* For rushes and dressing the chamber, 4*s.* My lord's commons for the quarter, 54*s.* His lordship's cizinge, 35*s.*; breakfast for the quarter, 23*s.*; meat on fasting nights and times extraordinary, 25*s.*; the laundress for washing, 6*s.* 8*d.* The total of the quarter's charge, 45*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.* Expenses of a journey to court, 29*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* Apparel for the same time, 21*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* At the same period, his tutor writes of "his extreme necessitie of apparell," and that there was danger "he shall not only be thrid bare, but ragged."

Ascham, when stating that he did not desire to confine young gentlemen to "the tongues of learning," or that they should be "always poring on a book," gave a list of what he considered gentlemanlike pastimes, which he would have made a part of education, "to ride comely, to run fair at the tilt or ring, to play at all weapons, to shoot fair in bow, and surely in gun, to vault lustily, to run, to leap, to wrestle, to swim, to dance comely, to sing and play on instruments cunningly; to hawk, to hunt, to play at tennis and all pastimes generally which be joined with labour, used in open place, and on the daylight, be not only comely and decent, but very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use." Observe, here is no recommendation of idle games of chance, which always lead to gambling. Another extract from Ascham is as applicable to

the present time as his own day. "God keep us in his fear, God graft in us the true knowledge of his word, with a forward will to follow it, and so to bring forth the sweet fruits of it; and then shall he preserve us by his grace from all manner of terrible days. The remedy of this doth not stand only in making good common laws for the whole realm; but also, and perchance chiefly, in observing private discipline every man carefully in his own house: and namely, if special regard be had to youth, and that not so much in teaching them what is good as in keeping them from that which is ill. Therefore, if wise fathers be not aware in weeding from their children ill things and ill company, as they were in grafting them in learning, and providing for them good schoolmasters, what fruit they shall reap of all their cost and care, common experience doth tell."

TRAVELLING AND INNS.

During the sixteenth century, travelling was mostly on horseback; the state of the roads generally was too bad for wheel carriages. Females usually rode behind their servants. Even queens, if not good horsewomen, rode behind their officers. Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., the young queen of Scotland, thus made her first entry into Edinburgh. She travelled part of the way from London in a litter, or close carriage, but was usually mounted on horseback when passing a city or large town.

From the expenses of Henry VII., it appears that six new chariot horses cost 10*l.*; they would be cart horses now. 1*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* was paid for hire of a chariot, (a wagon,) with the driver and six horses, for fourteen days. During one of this king's progresses, was paid "to yomen riding in the countre for to serche for the sekenes, 13*s.* 4*d.*" That is, to inquire whether there was any infectious disease in the direction whither the king was going. Also October 1, 1497, paid for a guide from Wells to Bath, in reward, 1*s.* 8*d.* These items show how imperfect the communications in the country were at that period. In 1555, the first general law for repairing the highways of England was passed. It was followed by six more in the reign of Mary, and nineteen in that of Elizabeth.

Both Elizabeth and Mary Stuart were good riders. The latter, on several occasions, rode in man's apparel. There were coaches for the infirm and sick, or for occasions of state. Queen Elizabeth rode in one on some state occasions. Sir William Cecil, chancellor of Cambridge, rode thither in a coach, to attend the queen in 1564, having hurt his leg; but it was thought disgraceful for a man to ride in a coach if in health. These coaches were only ornamented wagons. They had neither springs nor glass windows; but were often richly carved, and had canopies and curtains. At the sides were projecting seats called boots, usually occupied by attendants. A privy seal of queen Mary describes "one wagon of tymbre work for ladies and gentlewomen of our prevye chamber, with wheeles and axeltrees, strakes, nayles, clowts, and all manner of work, theretoo apperteyninge, fine redde cloths to kever and line the same wagon, fringed with redde sylke and lyned with redde buckerum, paynted with redde colours; collers, drawghts of red lether, hamer clothes with our armes and badges of our colours, and all other things apperteininge unto the same wagon."

Hired wagons were sometimes used for travellers; but regular stage conveyances were not known. Relays of post horses were kept on the great road for the accommodation of travellers, who could proceed on horseback with tolerable rapidity when the weather was fine, and the roads good. Essex came post from Ireland, when he heard that the queen was displeased by his proceedings, and arrived before any intelligence of his design had been received. Among other particulars relative to travelling, may be mentioned sir Robert Cary's winning 2000*l.* by wagers gained by his going on foot in twelve days from London to Berwick.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, a great part of travelling was in pilgrimages; sometimes matters of business were connected with these journeys, but they were more frequently excursions of pleasure and even of immorality. Latimer and Erasmus have fully described the real character and results of pilgrimages. After the abolition of monasteries, travellers had no places of resort, excepting inns; of these the larger ones usually retained the form of an open courtyard, with galleries around, communicating with the various ranges of apartments.

The innkeeper now became a personage of considerable note and importance in the town. In country places, where the living was a scanty provision for the incumbent, sometimes that personage also was the tavernkeeper, and entertained travellers. Harrison says, that before the Reformation it was common for those who desired good wine to purchase it from "the cleargie and religious men," as it was known that they would neither drink nor be served of the worst; and that the merchant would fear future punishment, if he served them with other than the best. A writer of the latter part of the century, enumerates the many attentions a traveller receives at an inn. He closes with saying, "Should he object to any charge, the host is ready to alter it." Harrison, in 1586, describes that "ech commer is sure to lie in cleane sheets," no charge for his bed was made to a horseman, but a foot traveller had to pay a penny. He says, "Every man may use his inn as his own house in England." In large towns there were as many as from twelve to sixteen inns; in some instances, 30*l.* or 40*l.* was expended in "gorgeousness of their verie signes," to tempt travellers.

The danger to travellers from thieves was considerable. We read in 1599, of both horsemen and footmen, "disguising themselves with beardes that they carry about them in their pockets, which do frequent and use about Layton and Snaresbrook, near London." Salisbury plain was very dangerous, from the resort of thieves and highwaymen. A particular account of robbers at Gad's hill, near Rochester, in 1590, shows that Shakspeare describes the robbers connected with prince Henry, from his own times. The leader wore "a vizard grey bearde;" he administered an oath to the persons robbed, that they should not raise the hue and cry, and gave them a watchword to pass other thieves of the same company. There were companies of thieves in other counties. The carriers of Ludlow were robbed of 300*l.* A party of twenty clothiers were set upon in Berkshire, but they lost not more than 10*l.* In other places, from Cambridge across the country to Somersetshire, were similar gangs of robbers. In Warwickshire, a robbery was committed on a Mr. Spencer in his own house, wherein about twenty-four persons were concerned.

There was no regular speedy, national conveyance for letters. They were sent by such opportunities as offered, or by the carriers of goods. In cases of importance, special couriers were employed. In 1577, the expense of sending lord North's sister in a litter from Kirtling, near Newmarket, to London, was 37*s.* 9*d.* The expense of a foot post from the same distance, varied from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.*; but the messenger was at least two days on the route: the letter would now be carried for a penny in a few hours!

A large expense was incurred by the numerous communications of the government during the reign of queen Elizabeth, especially with Scotland. There were postmasters at different stations on that line, who were responsible for the forwarding of the despatches. The superscription of the letters is often curious, urging the messenger to use the utmost haste. In his northern correspondence, lord Burghley had the covers regularly marked with the time of the arrival of the messenger at the different post stations. One instance is as follows:—

"To sir Raff Sadler and sir James Crofts, knights at Barwicle W. Cecill, for liff, liff, liff, 25th of November, at Westminster.

Received at Styelton, the xxvi day of November, at six of clocke at nite.

Received at Neverke the xxvii day of November, at ix of the clocke in the morning.

Received at ——— the xxviii day of November, at ii of the clocke at afternoon.

Received at Newcastell, the first of December, at xi of the clocke before noon."

A letter now posted at Westminster at six o'clock on the 25th of November, would reach Newcastle soon after midnight of the next day, or in about thirty hours; and this for the cost of one penny, while the speed is likely to be still farther increased.

A letter from the council at Greenwich to the earl of Shrewsbury, in May 1550, has this inscription, "Hast, for thy lyf, post, hast, for thy lyf, post, hast, hast, for thy lyf, hast, hast, hast, for thy lyf, post, hast." This was only to tell the earl to prepare suitable entertainment for the marquis de Mayne, afterwards duke of Guise, who was shortly to pass through the north on his way to Scotland. Such injunctions, as they became more numerous, would by degrees, lose their effect.

WINTER AN EMBLEM OF DEATH.

The seasons of the year have been aptly compared with the various stages in the life of man. Spring, when nature bursts into new life, and with such grace unfolds its growing charms, amidst alternate smiles and tears, beautifully shadows forth the period of infancy and youth; summer, with its full-blown beauties, and its vigorous powers, represents the maturity of manhood; autumn, when the golden harvests are reaped, and the fields are stripped of their honours, and exhausted nature begins to droop, is a striking figure of the finished labours, the grey hairs, and the advancing feebleness of old age; while winter, cold, desolate, and lifeless, indicates, with an accuracy not more remarkable than it is affecting, the rigid features and prostrate energies of the human frame in death.

This dismal month of December, which closes the year, seems peculiarly calculated to remind us of human decay. The vital powers which produced and sustained vegetation are withdrawn; the forests are leafless; hill and dale mourn their faded verdure; a dismal gloom covers the face of the sky, and cheerless desolation reigns. Recollections of the past, and anticipations of the future, oppress the sensitive mind. Let us turn our thoughts, then, on the congenial subject of death: it is the common lot of every thing that lives. From the microscopic insect to man, the lord of the earth, all must die. Each has its spring, its summer, and its autumn; each, also, has its winter. With some, life is literally but a single day—or less, a single hour, perhaps; others survive the common period of human existence; but the various stages of life belong to the ephemera, as well as to the elephant; and the former fulfils the end of its being, as well as the latter; while the minutes of the one are perhaps as equally pregnant with incidents, as the days of the other.

Death is gloomy and revolting, if we look only at its externals. Who, that has seen a lifeless corpse, has been able to remain unmoved, by the affecting contrast to its former self, which it exhibited? The closed and sunken eye, which erewhile beamed with intelligence, or sparkled with delight; the motionless lips, which gave utterance to sentiments of wisdom and of piety, or, perhaps, of reckless folly and unblushing falsehood; the heart, which beat with feeling, and the head which meditated, planned, and formed conclusions—what are they now? A heap of lifeless clay; a mass of corruption; food for worms!

But, when we look deeper, and regard death with the eye of reason and religion, it assumes a very different aspect. The body is but the house of the soul. The feeble tenement has fallen into decay, and its living inmate has removed. It is but the covering in which the chrysalis was confined; the time of its change has arrived, and it has burst its shell, to expatiate in a new life; or rather it is the instrument with which an intelligent being performed its work; the task is finished; the instrument is worn out and cast away; the artificer has gone to other labours.

Such is the conclusion of reason, and the analogy of nature gives countenance to the view. Nothing is annihilated. Every thing, indeed—organized matter above all—grows old, corrupts, and decays; but it does not cease to exist, it only changes its form. The herbs, the flowers, and the leafy pride of spring and summer, wither, fall, and are mingled with their parent earth; but from their mouldering remains, elements are furnished which clothe a new year with vegetable life, as fresh, and abundant, and lovely as before. Nature is not dead, but sleepeth. The seeds, roots, and buds of the year that are past, are preserved, through the winter, with admirable care, till the voice of a new spring calls them once more into life, that the seasons may again run their course, and autumn may again spread her liberal feast. Neither does the soul perish. It has "shuffled off its mortal coil," but it has not ceased to live. This is a conclusion at which we confidently arrive.

What, then, has become of this ethereal spark? Reason cannot tell; but conjecture has been rife. Some have imagined, that the disembodied spirit passes into other bodies, and runs a new course of birth, life, and death, in new forms; that all living things, from the lowest to the highest grade, are possessed of souls, which either have animated, or may yet animate, human frames; and that a constant change from species to species, and from individual to individual, is taking place, regulated, in some mysterious way, by the law of retribution. This ingenious fancy, which has been called the doctrine of metempsychosis or transmigration, has been

widely disseminated through the extensive regions of the East, and has given a very peculiar mould to the practices, and even to the moral character of those who receive it. A prouder and more metaphysical philosophy, which prevails in the same quarter of the world, has offered another solution of the question. All life, it is said by the followers of this sect, is but an emanation from the great fountain of existence; a drop from the universal ocean of life. Death comes, and the emanation is absorbed; the drop returns to the ocean, and mingles, undistinguished, with its parent element.

Another doctrine, well known, because associated with all our classical recollections, is that of Greece and Rome; which assigns to souls a separate state of existence in the infernal regions, where rewards and punishments are awarded, according to the good or evil deeds of a present life. The puerile fables, false morality, and fanciful traditions, which are mingled with this doctrine, tend to debase and render contemptible, what might otherwise be considered as the germ of a purer faith.

All that history records, or modern discoveries have ascertained, of the belief of mankind on this subject of vital importance, tends to show the impotence of human reason; and shuts us up to the revealed word of God, as the only source of light and of hope, as regards the future destiny of man. The soul survives the grave, but where does it go? What new forms of being does it assume? What conflicts and what triumphs are reserved for it? These are questions which curiosity, that powerful principle, unites with every selfish and every ennobling feeling of the human heart, to urge on the attention. And what is the answer which the Divine oracles return? Man is a sinner, and "the wages of sin is death." Such is the appalling response. And what is death? Not the separation of the soul from the body merely, but the separation of both soul and body from God for ever. And is there no remedy? Not in the power of man, but in the grace and mercy of God. "God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." The incarnate Son of the eternal God is our Saviour. He came to earth, and assumed our form and nature, that He might take away sin by the sacrifice of himself. His own words are, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die," John xi. 25, 26.

Blessed assurance! But does it belong to all? Alas, no! It belongs only to believers. All else are excluded. What, then, is the portion of unbelievers? There is only one answer, "Spiritual death." Their inheritance is, the undying worm, and the unquenchable fire. The offer of life has been freely made, and they have rejected it. It has been urged upon them by every motive; it has been enforced by every sanction, and yet they have rejected it. The means of grace, the warnings and lessons of Providence, in the varied occurrences of life, have all been employed in vain. They have chosen death, and have sealed their own doom.

But to you, who close with the offered redemption, it is not less secure, than it is glorious in the means employed, and unspeakably gracious in the blessings bestowed. By the vicarious sufferings of the Son of God, sin is punished, and the sinner absolved; eternal justice is satisfied; and infinite holiness is reconciled. From the horrors of impending destruction, the guilty descendant of Adam is introduced to anticipations of everlasting life; the child of Satan has become an adopted child of God; the heir of hell, a joint-heir with Christ of the blessedness of heaven.

What, then, is death? It is to the Christian but the passing away of a feverish dream, and an awaking to the glorious realities of an endless and unclouded day. This at least it is, as far as regards his soul. But his body goes down to the grave, and, for all that we can perceive, is finally resolved into its native elements. Yet it is not so. A germ remains. It is like seed buried in winter, by the sower, beneath the sluggish soil, that it may undergo a mysterious change, and rise again to life, in a new season, under a more propitious sky. The spring of an eternal year will come. It will breathe on the dry bones, and they shall live. Then shall the soul be re-united to its material frame, "sown a natural body, but raised a spiritual body;" and this mysterious re-union, which seems essential to the perfect happiness of human beings, will consummate the appointed period, when death,

the last enemy, shall be "swallowed up in victory;" when time itself shall perish, along with the revolution of seasons; and when one vast, changeless, incomprehensible eternity, shall embrace all.

ANTIQUITY AND NOVELTY.

A pair of Portraits.

NOVELTY.

I HAVE already introduced to the readers of the *Visitor* my uncle's neighbour, Mr. Kennedy, who was as famous for the eager adoption of every thing new, as was Mr. Dormer for his rigid adherence to every thing old. Meet with him when and where you would, he was sure to be full of some new project, and the newest was invariably the best that ever entered the mind of man. It was, however, a matter of no unfrequent occurrence for the wheel of his opinion so completely to change its position and aspect, that in less than six months the project which had been exalted as the very best was degraded as the very worst. I will mention a few instances of his versatility.

"My dear sir," said he to my uncle, "have you heard of this new plant, the mangel-wurzel?"

"Yes," said my uncle, "I have heard it well spoken of, and intend to give it a trial. I have ordered a small piece of land to be parted off for the purpose. I was in company the other day with a practical agriculturist, who strongly recommends it for the use of cattle."

"Oh, not for cattle merely. It is useful for ten thousand purposes, and by far the most profitable crop that can be raised. I intend to devote the whole of my land to it; in fact, all hands are at this moment employed in getting it in; and I should strongly recommend you to do the same. If all agriculturists were as sensible of its value as myself, there would be many thousands of acres immediately devoted to its growth."

"Perhaps more than could well be spared from other purposes. I hope that in your zeal for mangel-wurzel, you modern farmers will not forget that wheat, barley, oats, and beans also are useful."

"No fear of their being forgotten while yourself and old Dormer are conservatives for the county of every thing that is old-fashioned. I have been arguing with Dormer these two hours and more, but he is as stubborn as a mule. He will not sow even an ounce of the seed on all his extensive grounds; and why? just because it is new."

"I don't agree with my friend Dormer there; though it is new, it may be good: that remains to be proved. Meanwhile I prefer for the present year trying the experiment on a small scale; then, according as it turns out, I shall be able to form a judgment to what extent it may be desirable to cultivate it in future."

"Well, I am no half-and-half man; when I do take up a thing, I go into it with all my heart. Let me earnestly recommend you to devote at least a few acres to it. It is sure to answer. When you see the produce of your small piece of land, you will regret that you had not ten times as much."

"Then it will be easy to increase my stock another year; meanwhile, there are enough of you eager experimentalists to try the matter on a larger scale, and I most sincerely wish you all the success you anticipate."

"Well, Mr. Kennedy," said Mr. Dormer, some months afterwards, "how comes on your new-fangled crop of mangel-wurzel? I suppose you clear cent. per cent. more than by the old staple growth." My uncle, who was present, observed that the subject did not appear particularly agreeable to Mr. Kennedy, and endeavoured to spare him the embarrassment of a reply by saying that he had a little plot of the plant, and was much pleased with it. The produce was very satisfactory, and it appeared to answer the purposes for which it had been recommended. He thought that on suitable lands it would be found a valuable variety of crop. It was his intention another year to have a larger quantity, and also to recommend it to the notice of his tenants.

Mr. Kennedy complained of the badness of the seed, and the stupidity and negligence of his men, who, although he gave them a pamphlet containing every particular as to the soil required, the preparation and mode of culture, had not attended to half the directions given, but had gone on with the land just in the way to which they had been accustomed for other crops.

"In other words," replied Mr. Dormer, "your experiment is a failure, as all new-fangled experiments are. Nothing like keeping to the old things, which we know are good."

The fact was, that Mr. Kennedy had

eagerly engaged in an experiment, without making himself acquainted with the principles and details of procedure. He had purchased a pamphlet on the subject, perhaps too sanguinely written; even that he did not thoroughly examine, but contented himself with the introductory statement that mangel-wurzel was a most excellent thing, and ought by all means to be cultivated, and the closing anticipation of most profitable results from its being extensively adopted. The intermediate directions for the preparation and culture he completely overlooked; or at least contented himself with handing it over to his men, who were either too inattentive and indolent to follow the plans laid out, or too confident in their own skill to be willing to receive instruction. So between master and men, the experiment was not fairly tried, and the result was any thing but satisfactory. Mr. Kennedy found the returns of his crops to fall two or three hundred pounds short of the foregoing year; and he resolved never to sow another grain of mangel-wurzel as long as he lived.

Mr. Kennedy was a novelist—(I do not mean a writer of novels, but a lover of novelty) in building and planting. I do consider it one of the innocent pleasures of a wealthy country gentleman to alter and improve his residence and estate, provided such expensive gratifications are kept within the bounds of justice, prudence, and moderation, so as neither to injure his creditors, nor impoverish his family, nor engross the resources that ought to be devoted to the claims of benevolence and piety. This was perhaps one of the least exceptionable of King Solomon's experiments, when he was making trial of the various expedients adopted by the sons of men to find gratification in worldly things, Eccles. ii. 4—6.

But Mr. Kennedy's taste for novelty and variety was carried to such excess as to defeat its own end. Nothing was left long enough to give a fair trial of its merits. Every alteration that presented itself to his own imagination, or that was suggested by a visitor, or of which he had seen an example on any other estate, was immediately adopted; and these changes took place in such rapid succession that his grounds never presented the same aspect for two successive seasons; his plantations had scarcely time to take hold on the earth before they were to be re-arranged; hedges, walls, and invisible fences displaced each other with almost as great rapidity as the master of the estate changed his coat; and it was frequently said of his house, that the mortar was never dry. In the course of a few years the timber on the estate, which to former possessors yielded a rich revenue, was comparatively worthless, and even the estate itself was mortgaged.

For several years, Mr. Kennedy was in a very indifferent state of health; his maladies, there is every reason to believe, greatly aggravated, if not entirely originating, in his sudden and capricious changes of diet and regimen, and his rash adoption of every novelty in medicine, or rather in quackery. Nor was he content with practising his whims on his own proper person. All who came under his control became the subjects of his experiments, and the sufferers for his folly. In his eagerness to embrace the new thing proposed to him, Mr. Kennedy never gave himself the trouble to consider how far it might be applicable to existing circumstances. For example: he somewhere met with the remark that modern luxury was not conducive to health and vigour; that carpets, curtains, and heated rooms tended to enfeeble the constitution. Mrs. Kennedy, a sensible woman, admitted the justice of the remark, and said she would immediately make arrangements for reducing both the nursery and sleeping rooms to a temperature more congenial to hardihood. But gradual reductions would by no means suit the ardent theorist. "Wait for a change in the weather?" and "do it by degrees?" No such thing. It should be done immediately and entirely. That very day the carpets should be taken up, and the curtains removed, the chamber windows should remain open all night, and the children should be plunged in cold water; he wished to see them as robust and vigorous as the hardy mountain children described by the theorist with whose work he was so delighted. In defiance of all remonstrance, he carried his plan into effect, and in a few days Mrs. Kennedy was laid up with an alarming attack of inflammation on the lungs, and the youngest child died of croup.

At one time, Mr. Kennedy was a great admirer of count Rumford's digester, and thought that animal jellies and broths were the most nutritious and digestible food; they were adopted almost

exclusively in his family, much to the dissatisfaction of some, who, though they would have liked soups, stews, and jellies to come in by way of occasional variety, wished also to partake of the good substantial roasted sirloin, or fillet; and who complained, too, that however warm the room might be, and however well the cookery might be carried on by means of stoves, digesters, and other modern apparatus, there was nothing so cheerful and agreeable as a good visible English fire. During the reign of stoves and invisible heat, one or two of the servants took their departure in disgust. But the obnoxious novelty soon passed away; Mr. Kennedy discovered that broths, stews, and jellies, impart no nourishment whatever, except in the bread of which they form the vehicle; and that of meat much done, the nutritive properties are neither to be found in the meat nor in the gravy. The table once more groaned under solid joints of meat; which, however, the capricious master insisted should be not more than half roasted. The stoves, also, were abolished, and in their place were introduced large shallow grates, without hobs, presenting a front of clear fire, several feet in extent, both of width and height. "Bright and cheerful enough, now," said one of the servants to another, "only one cannot get near it without danger of being roasted alive. I do wish our master could be content with moderation; but with him it is all one way or all the other; and this new contrivance will last as many nights as days, but nobody can guess how many." It needs scarcely be said, that the master, on whom such remarks can be fairly made, loses much of the weight and respectability attaching to stability of character.

The versatility and caprice of Mr. Kennedy, in reference to the physical management of his children, has already been alluded to. The same fickle disposition was no less manifest in regard to their moral discipline. According to the theory of the last writer on education with whom he happened to meet, and perhaps with only a superficial and one-sided view even of the scheme for the present adopted by their father, the little Kennedys were now treated with the utmost tenderness and indulgence, and now with the most rigorous severity. The effects of such a course were most disastrous. Both the happiness of the children and the influence of the parents were sacrificed by this injudicious treatment, and in the tempers and habits thus formed, or left unformed, during the pliant years of childhood, a harvest of misery was laid up for future years. The mother, indeed, exerted herself for the real welfare of her children; but, comparatively speaking, what can a mother do, who is liable to be continually thwarted by some incalculable freak on the part of her husband? Not one of the children grew up thoroughly amiable and desirable as a family connexion. Each was in some way eccentric, capricious, disorderly, and ill-tempered.

Mr. Kennedy was a great patronizer of almost every new pill, powder, drop, elixir, and embrocation that was announced in the newspapers. If he chanced to read an advertisement, setting forth the wonderful cures effected by these nostrums, he directly fancied that he discovered in himself, or in some one with whom he had influence or authority, symptoms of the various maladies against which these powerful batteries were levelled; and forthwith the party must be put under their operation, I need scarcely say with no advantage, and sometimes with serious injury. Perhaps one of the most harmless of his medical whims, was the use of the patent metallic tractors, which made a great but short-lived noise at the commencement of the present century. So fully persuaded was Mr. Kennedy of their universal efficiency, that he purchased two pairs. (The price was considerable, I forget whether one guinea or five.) He invited all the poor to come to his hall, and be operated upon by these infallible instruments of good, and kept two persons constantly employed in applying them. Nervous people fancied they found benefit; poor people really found benefit, from having their wants brought under the notice of those who were able and inclined to relieve them; but some, who were labouring under real disease, were thus diverted from the use of proper remedies, until their maladies had become doubly intractable, if not altogether incurable. Mr. Kennedy was also a great reader of medical books, and very fond of picking up, and acting upon a smattering of chemistry or medicine. I recollect once, when going to London, being commissioned to procure for him,

at Apothecaries' Hall, "an ounce or two of bismuth." I requested a medical gentleman, at whose house I was visiting, to procure it for me: he smiled, and said, "Why your practice must be very extensive; I do not think I have had as much in my shop since I commenced." I told him that it was not for my own use, but was a commission from a friend, and was probably wanted for some experiment. Indeed it was; a few weeks afterwards Mr. Kennedy was alarmingly ill. Happening to meet the surgeon who attended him, I inquired after him, and was told that he had almost brought himself to death, by the ignorant and altogether unnecessary, and, therefore, improper use of a powerful drug, called bismuth.

Mr. Kennedy's fickle disposition was exercised on politics. I must confess myself so little of a politician, that I scarcely know one side from the other; and when I knew Mr. Kennedy, I was too young to enter at all into the matter. I only know that I have heard him talk loudly, by the hour together, about king and parliament, and the rights of the people, and the impolicy of the measures adopted; and the one only thing that could save the nation; but of what it was all about, I have no clear recollection; only I know that I have heard my uncle say, that in the course of seven years he had veered to every point of the political compass, and, for the time being, was equally zealous for each. He was, at one time, ardently favourable to the French Revolution, and at another, as eager an advocate for the war commenced by Great Britain in opposition to it.

Mr. Kennedy was fond of speculating in money affairs, and was, on several occasions, duped by persons or companies that professed to have devised some infallible plan for turning every thing to gold. Mr. Kennedy was not naturally a mercenary man, but his numerous expensive whims, during a series of years, had seriously injured his property, and led him eagerly to grasp at any thing that seemed to promise to reinstate him in his former comfortable circumstances. It will be concluded, by those who know any thing of life, that the expedient proved worse than the original difficulty. Happily, the estate could not be alienated from Mrs. Kennedy and her children, but it was clogged and impaired in every possible way; and I believe that, for years, while keeping up the appearance of wealth and gentility, that family knew straits, to which the careful, prudent tradesman, or labouring man, is a stranger.

Among the many schemes eagerly adopted by this lover of novelty, he was one of the earliest and most zealous advocates of phrenology. As soon as it was broached, he received it, not with the spirit of candid examination and patient inquiry, but as a matter of absolute, universal, and infallible certainty, and fully expected that this science (for so he boldly denominated it, when at most it could but be regarded, by sober people, as a matter of interesting inquiry) was to work a most beneficial change on the face of society. He gravely said to my uncle that it would effectually guard us against imposition, and especially against admitting improper persons into our houses as domestics or friends, or in any family connexion; and that in all transactions of importance he should think himself perfectly justified in claiming to examine the protuberances of the person in whom he was about to confide. He was exceedingly anxious to make proselytes to this system; and, as he was repeatedly outvoted in his attempt to introduce to the reading society with which he and my uncle were connected all publications treating on that subject, he purchased two sets at his own expense, gained over the secretary of the institution, and, through his instrumentality, put them in circulation through the society; allowing twice as many days for perusal as would have been assigned to any other books of the same size.

As to religion, I hope and believe that Mr. Kennedy was a good man, but here his native eccentricity was most unhappily displayed. He was one of whom it might justly be said, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." In the course of his religious career, he touched at the various points of pharisaical rigidity and antinomian latitudinarianism: at one time, he maintained that human effort was every thing; at another that, by the absolute sovereignty of Divine grace, it was rendered absolutely needless. At one time, he was the eager partisan of some one of the various departments of pious labour, for the sake of which he neglected and deprecated all the rest; all funds, all exertions, not devoted to his favourite object, he con-

sidered misapplied: at another time, he thought all human efforts presumptuous interferences with the Divine purpose: if it pleased God to convert children, He could do so without parental instruction and discipline; if sinners were elected to salvation, they would be saved without ministers, missionaries, Bible, tracts, and schools. It was in vain to argue with him that God had made it our duty to exercise the means, and that, though the efficacious blessing was at His own sovereign disposal, it was usually bestowed on a diligent and humble employment of the appointed instrumentality; that though, doubtless, Omnipotence could carry on its own work without human effort, yet since that was, in mercy and condescension, employed, the honour ought to be earnestly desired, and the opportunity thankfully embraced, of being workers together with God. I cannot recollect his answers to these and similar arguments; but I know that, somehow or other, he contrived to reject them all. Of several popular preachers, very different in their scale of theological sentiments and in their method of preaching, it might be said in succession, that at one time he would have plucked out his eyes for them; at another, that he regarded them as ignorant misguided men, blind leaders of the blind. He read a popular and able work on the covetousness and worldly-mindedness of Christian professors. He pronounced it the best book that ever was written; that it ought to be circulated universally, and its principles carried out to their widest extent, and minutest details. In less than a year another book came out on the opposite side of the question; then that book was the very best, and the former was grossly erroneous. Equally versatile were his religious feelings; sometimes he laboured under most distressing apprehensions about his eternal salvation, lest he should not be among the elect. In vain was he urged to lay hold on the express and general invitations and promises of the gospel, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth"—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." No; to all these he contrived to attach some restrictive meaning that completely nullified all their freeness. At another time, he would speak of the full confidence and persuasion he had of his safety, in such a way as, to Christians of more sober views or more humble attainments, seemed at best very questionable. At one stage of his religious experience, he measured his growth in grace by the rapidity of his movements from one place of worship to another, and the quantity of sermons he could contrive to cram into a given portion of time; at another, he regarded preaching as a carnal ordinance, and the separation of men to the work of the ministry as an infringement on the teaching of the Holy Spirit, of which all believers partake. He was the ready disciple of every new and visionary teacher. He listened with eagerness to explanations of unrevealed mysteries, and detailed expositions of unfulfilled prophecy. He was certain that this and that would take place exactly as Mr. Somebody had described it; and, not content with his own full assurance on the subject, he was ready to denounce all who did not receive his views or go all his lengths. At one time he was the zealous advocate of uniformity in order to Christian communion; at another, he maintained such a universal liberality of sentiment and practice as would speedily amalgamate the church and the world.

But it is needless to extend the sketch, especially as I wish to add a few sayings of my uncle, called forth at different times by the opposite errors and absurdities of antiquity and novelty. I will only add, that when in declining health, Mr. Kennedy was the subject of gloom, distress, and uncertainty, it was extremely hard for him to shake off his vain speculations, and come with humble and unprejudiced mind to the pure fountain of truth and consolation. It was there, however, that he was at last brought, through many painful and perplexing exercises of mind, and there alone he found rest and satisfaction. With no common emphasis *his* feeble lips pressed on those around him the apostolic exhortations, "Be ye henceforth no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine," Eph. iv. 14; "Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines. For it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace," Heb. xiii. 9; Be ye stedfast and unmoveable, 1 Cor. xv. 58; "Hold fast the

form of sound words," 2 Tim. i. 13; 1 Tim. vi. 20; "Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing," Phil. iii. 16.

I close with my uncle's remarks.

It indicates a weak mind to estimate things merely as they are new or old. The proper question is, Are they true and good?

Those who attach great importance to the date of things, are taken up with trifling circumstances, and overlook matters of real importance connected even with the things they admire. They pride themselves on possessing a rare piece of antiquity, or in outstripping others in adopting the newest inventions; but are strangers to the solid satisfaction which belongs to the possession of what is truly valuable and the adoption of something really useful. "I have a sampler of my great-grandmother's," says one; "it is ugly and moth-eaten, but I value it for its antiquity; it must have been in the family more than a hundred years." "I have some letters of my great-grandmother's," says a sister of the first-mentioned young lady, "which indicate that she was an excellent woman. She evidently possessed sound judgment, high-toned principle, and generous magnanimity and genuine piety. I often read her letters with deep interest, I sympathize in her trials, and derive instruction from her example for my own guidance and support."

The idolaters either of antiquity or novelty continually expose themselves to petty vexations. One possesses some trifle of which he boasts as being the most antique in existence and altogether unique: another values himself on an article of dress or furniture because it is the very first of the kind, nobody else has one like it; but the former finds out that one antiquarian has a gem exactly like his own, and another has one some years older; the latter finds himself outstripped in the chase of fashion by some one perhaps whom he considers his inferior, and immediately the things in question have lost all their value. What wise man would place any portion of his happiness on such trifles?

The slave of antiquity bars the door against improvement. The hunter after novelty opens it to ruin.

He who spends all his attention and energies on securing and admiring what he has, is not likely to gain more or better. He who devotes himself to grasping after something that he does not possess, is very likely to lose what he has.

Truth is immutable. It is neither old nor new. It cannot change with the little changing circumstances by which we are surrounded. If therefore we take our stand by truth and excellence, we join all the wise and good among the ancients; and we shall be joined by all the wise and good of the present and future generations.

The Bible is a blessed book. It teaches us to set a due value upon every thing, to judge of things by their real importance, to choose or reject them as they are suitable or otherwise to our character, circumstances, and duties; and amidst all the changing opinions and customs of men, it gives us something to direct our steps, to satisfy our souls, and to sustain our expectations, that can neither be worn out by antiquity nor superseded by novelty. C.

A DIALOGUE ON OLD TIMES AND NEW TIMES

Between Robert Arnold and Henry Milman.

Robert. Well, Henry! Here we are again on the eve of another Christmas; it seems but as yesterday since this time last year. Do you remember that you and I met in a party last Christmas eve?

Henry. Oh yes, I remember it well. There is much that is pleasant in Christmas parties, when children, and parents, and friends assemble together with thankfulness to God, and good will and affection towards one another; and yet there is something solemn in them, too; for we are travellers to another world, and these meetings are like so many milestones that tell us we are getting nearer and nearer to our journey's end.

Robert. Ay! Time flies apace.

Henry. It does fly apace, and, what is still more important, we are flying apace with it. If we are going in a wrong direction, it is a fearful thing; but if we are going right, it does not much signify.

Robert. Well! From what I have heard, things are not now what they had used to be. *New times* are not to be compared with *old times.*

Henry. In what respect do you mean, Robert?

Robert. Why, I mean that in many respects things have got worse instead of better.

Henry. That may be, but it does not

prove *old times* to be better than *new times*. One would think by what you say that the *older* times are, the better they are. Perhaps you would like to go back again to the days of Adam at once?

Robert. No! no! Not quite so far back as that neither.

Henry. Well, then, what say you to the times of the ancient Britons? The Druids might then burn you alive in a wicker cage for despising their barbarous rites and their sacred misletoe. Or the days of popery might suit you; what think you of Lollard's tower? Should you like to be crammed into the dungeon of little ease, where you could neither stand up nor lie down, and all for reading over a chapter in the New Testament? To be sure you might burn your Testament, and instead of reading it, go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at the cathedral of Canterbury.

Robert. I neither want to be burned, nor to go on a pilgrimage; but almost all old people say that the times are not what they used to be.

Henry. People once wore clogs instead of shoes, and wooden skewers for pins. Our great great grandfathers wore cocked hats and pigtails, with their waistcoat flaps half down their thighs, and our great great grandmothers, on company occasions, wore hoops that took up as much room as from here to yonder, with head dresses half a yard high, plastered with pomatum and powder. You do not want these things to come into fashion, do you?

Robert. No, I do not, but say what you will, there is a great difference between *new times* and *old times*.

Henry. There is a great difference, certainly, as you say: for instance, there are not so many prize fights, bull baitings, badger baitings, and cock fights now; nor half so many highwaymen on Hounslow and Bagshot heaths as there used to be. Stocks by the wayside, and whipping posts and pillories in market places, are much scarcer than they were. It would be a hard matter now, to find a gibbet, though years ago the country was studded with them. In these things, I grant you that *old times* beat *new times* all to pieces.

Robert. Yes, but changes have taken place in learning, and manners, and many things.

Henry. True! Changes have taken place both in learning and manners; but I do not know that *old times*, in this respect, have any great advantage. If we have not so many Jacks, Dicks, Bobs, and Harrys, Bets, Salls, Nances, and Polls,—we have Johns, Richards, Roberts, and Henrys, Betsies, Sarahs, Annes, and Marys to make up for them. In *old times*, a man who could read and write was looked upon almost as a conjurer, and I have heard say that before now,

"Mighty monarchs wanted skill to prove
The letters that composed their mighty name."

Those days are over, and hundreds of mere boys now can read and write like schoolmasters.

Robert. Learned men in *old times* were very learned indeed! Look at some of their books! Why, they would make a score of those that are now written. You know very well that learned men in *old times* wrote great big folios.

Henry. They did write great big folios, but who now would read them if they were written? Books, indeed! you must not say a word about books. Formerly, they were hardly to be had for love or money; but now they are plentiful as blackberries. Young people used to have put into their hands the histories of Goody Two Shoes, Mother Hubbard, and Cinderella, and the famous adventures of Jack the Giant Killer, Bluebeard, and Greensleeves. What were such books as these to do for them either by making them wiser or better? Time has been when a Testament would have cost twenty pounds; but you may buy a capital good one now for a shilling or eighteen pence. Talk of books! Why only last year the Bible Society sent out more than seven hundred thousand Bibles and Testaments, and the Religious Tract Society upwards of nineteen millions of publications. These two societies alone, since they were established, have spread about in the world more than twelve millions of Bibles and Testaments, and three hundred millions of useful and pious publications!

Robert. You are right there as to number. We have more books certainly than we used to have; but for all that, there is enough superstition and ignorance among us yet.

Henry. There is superstition enough, and too much, among us, but not so much as there used to be formerly. We cannot see the man in the moon

quite so plainly as people formerly did. We do not believe that witches ride through the air on broomsticks. People seldom, now, nail horse shoes over their doors to defend themselves from evil spirits, nor do they throw harmless old women into the river with their hands tied, to find out whether they have bewitched their neighbours. These, and a hundred other silly things, were believed or done in *old times;* but *new times* have very little to do with them.

Robert. But do you think mankind are any better in *new times* than they were in *old times?*

Henry. I hardly know what to think of that, Robert; but *new times* have many things in their favour. *Old times* carried on the slave trade with all its injustice, oppression, and cruelty; but in *new times*, England gladly paid twenty millions of money to liberate the slaves in its colonies. Then, besides the slave trade, cruel wars were engaged in, where human blood was shed as freely as water; but now we have had a twenty-five years' peace, a thing to which *old times* were almost strangers.

Robert. Ah! Peace is a good thing, and we have got it; and the slave trade was a bad thing, and we all ought to rejoice that it is done away with.

Henry. Time was when we had neither microscopes, nor telescopes, nor printing presses, nor watches. The mariner's compass was once unknown, and ships could not sail the wide ocean as they do now. In *old times*, those who had no pump were badly off for water; but now water is abundant in our cities and towns. Formerly, our streets were lighted with dim and dingy oil lamps; but now the clear flame of the gas light is seen, at night, in all directions. Old watchmen, too stiff in the joints to run after a rogue, and too feeble to hold him if they caught him, are, of late years, exchanged for young, active, and strong policemen. You will admit that these are improvements?

Robert. You seem determined to make the best of *new times*, however. Nothing seems to escape you. I wonder you have not said something about ballooning, there has been so much of it going on for the last few years.

Henry. I will not say any thing in favour of ballooning, because, though I can see the danger of it, I cannot see the advantage; but safety coaches, safety lamps, steam carriages, steam boats, life rafts, life boats, and fire escapes, are excellent things. They are among the improvements of the *new times; old times* knew nothing about them.

Robert. What else have you got to say? I should like to know all that could be said in favour of *new times* now your hand is in. You get on most famously.

Henry. Well then, Robert, you shall have a little more in favour of *new times.* If a servant girl wrote a letter in *old times* to her poor mother, or an apprentice boy to his sick father, living a long way off, (and such a letter you know is often more welcome than money or medicine,) why, the postage used to be a shilling or thirteen pence, and if a bit of paper, only an inch long, was slipped into it, that made it double; but now children and parents, and brothers and sisters, may write one another letters, if they have got the time, almost a yard long, and the postage will be but a penny, and they may put a little book or tract into a letter into the bargain.

Robert. Ay! all of us are in favour of the penny postage.

Henry. In *old times*, if an aged father had a son settled at a distance, and his heart yearned to see him once more before he died, he made his will, and took leave of his family before he set off on his journey. It was almost as great an affair as when old father Jacob went down into Egypt, with the wagons that Pharoah had sent for him. A journey of a hundred miles took up the better part of five days then, whereas now, you may go it by railroad in five hours.

Robert. If you had been a counsellor, I hardly think you could have pleaded your cause better; but I do not like these railroads. In my opinion, we are running on too fast. There will hardly be any time, after a while, I suppose, to eat our meals. We must have breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper altogether.

Henry. In *old times* there were no Sunday schools, now there are thousands! Once there were no Sunday scholars, now there are millions! Places of worship were scarce, but now they are multiplied. Almshouses, asylums, hospitals, and benevolent institutions have increased. The deaf and dumb, the halt and the blind have asylums. There are Sailors' Homes, Orphan Institutions, and refuges for the distressed,

that were never known in *old times*. Say what you will about *old times*, I am sure we have a great deal in these *new times* to make us thankful.

Robert. In that I agree with you, Henry.

Henry. In *old times*, men of whom the world was not worthy, were compelled, by the bitterness of persecution, to dress themselves in sheep skins, and goat skins, wandering in deserts, and in dens and caves of the earth. Smithfield used in *old times* to be often of a light-shine with the blaze of fagots piled around good men, for believing what we believe, and for reading that Bible, which now we can read in peace and comfort every day of our lives.

Robert. I should think that you had almost got to the bottom of your budget, now, Henry.

Henry. Perhaps you think that I have said too much already. Whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages of *the times*, it will be well for us to keep in mind that the human heart has been evil at *all times*. The first man that was created sinned against God, and the second shed the blood of his brother. Wickedness increased among mankind, till God drowned the earth; and when our Saviour came into the world he was betrayed by one of his own disciples, and crucified by the Jews, the peculiar people of God. These things should make us watch and pray, lest we also enter into temptation. Then, again, God has been good at *all times*. When he turned our first parents out of paradise, he did not destroy them. When Cain was cursed for the murder of his brother, God set a mark upon him, that no man should kill him. When God drowned the world for its iniquity, he left a rainbow token in the sky, that it should be drowned no more. When the Lord of Life and Glory was crucified, he prayed for his murderers, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" And even to this hour eternal life is offered to us all, sinners as we are, through faith in the Son of God. The important question with us should be, then, not, What are the "times?" but rather, What shall we be, when time shall be no more?

Robert. It would please me much to hear what you could say on my side the question; for you have said a great deal on your own. Is there nothing wrong in *new times*, think you?

Henry. A great deal, Robert, though I have not time to mention it. There had not used to be so much infidelity and socialism as there is now; more is the pity that such a change for the worse has taken place. And then, again, it is certain that children do not honour their parents as they did in *old times*. This is a black mark on the forehead of *new times*. Oh that young people were more humble than they are, and more thankful for their many advantages. Oh that they feared God, and reverenced old age more, having the commandment in their hearts as well as in their lips, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee!"

Robert. You seem coming over to my side of the question at last.

Henry. A great deal might be said for *old times;* but I am rather disposed, just now, to think favourably of *new times*, on account of the improvements that have taken place; and it might be a profitable inquiry, if we were to ask ourselves this question, While so many improvements have taken place around us, what improvements have taken place within us? in our character and conduct, our thoughts, our words, and our deeds? The best thing you and I can do, let the *times* be what they will, is to be thankful for them; our wisest course will be to gain experience from the past, to improve the present, and to seek God's grace to prepare us for the future. *Old times*, and *new times*, yea, *all times* are in God's hands, and he can make smooth what is rough, and make straight what is crooked.

His power can make our joys abound,
While changing seasons roll around;
And bid unnumber'd mercies fly,
Through time, into eternity.

THE LAST DAY.

(*Reflections for the 31st of December.*)

The Holy Scriptures declare, that "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the sun," Eccl. iii. 1. With the many, the closing hours of the year are made "a time to laugh, and a time to dance;" but those who seriously regard the rapid flight of their years, will rather make it a season of reflection, of self-examination, and of prayer.

How many thoughts are awakened in the mind on the last day of the year!

Another year has flown, and in its flight has borne me onwards towards eternity and my final home. What is the report it has carried to heaven?

It has been a year of mercies. How regular and abundant have been the supplies which a kind Providence has bestowed! Shall I recount them in order? But where shall I begin?

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

Morning and evening, noon and midnight, have borne witness to the goodness and faithfulness of God. Oh, what shall I render to him for all his benefits?

Has it been a year marked by bereaving providences? If it has not been so to me, it has been to thousands. Many a widow now sits in solitude, weeping over the loss of him who was her earthly comfort and protector. Many a child turns to the fireside corner, where a father or a mother was wont to sit, and close the day in cheerful converse; and many a parent now looks in vain for a child that he had hoped would have been his comfort in declining age. Death has divided many hearts, and marred many bright prospects this year. The mourners have gone about the streets, and thousands have been carried to the grave.

> "Heaven gives us friends, to bless the present scene;
> Resumes them, to prepare us for the next."

Yet I have been spared, and why, Lord? Is it because I am stronger, or more healthy, or more useful, or more deserving, than others who have gone? Ah, no! It is of thy mercies that I am not consumed, and because thy compassions fail not, Lam. iii. 22.

Has it been a year of trials? Who have been without them? Trials in trade, in the family, in the church, in body, in mind. Perhaps one has followed another in quick succession. Could I, at the commencement of the year, have foreseen the losses and disappointments which I had to meet, it would have pressed me down in sorrow. Yet strength has been according to the day; and through the good hand of God, I continue to the present hour.

It has been a year of privileges. Fifty-two sabbaths have blessed the year; what have I done with them? Many solemn addresses from the pulpit have I listened to; what have been their influence on my character? Here is my Bible; have I read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested its sacred truths? Do I understand it better than I did on the first of January last? How have I spent my seasons of prayer? Have I done as much good as I have had opportunity of doing? If I have done little or nothing in the cause of Christ, is it because I have lacked opportunity? If I have been active, what have been my motives, my rule, my end? Am I as spiritually minded as I should be? Have I kept a tender conscience within, and maintained a consistency of character without? I am hastening on to eternity; am I better prepared to enter on this awful, final state, than I was on the last day of last year? What are my hopes, my prospects? Are they scriptural? Will they bear the test of a dying hour? Or are they like the hopes of the hypocrite which go out at death? Do I love Christ more? Am I resting on him with a more simple faith, deriving from him all my spiritual health and life? Am I looking forward and longing for his appearing? Oh, these are questions which should be fairly, fully met. When can I better think over them than on this last day of the passing year? The season calls for reflection. Another stage of my journey is past; let me, then, enter into my secret chamber, and shut my door about me; and while humbled in the dust, under the painful conviction of guilt and unworthiness, seek afresh to that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and again renew the surrender of my soul to Him who is able to keep that which I commit to him. Surely, if there be one day more than another that I feel my need of the blood of Christ, it is that which closes the departing year.

But, perhaps, I began the year with a heart at enmity with God; am I now converted? I commenced it as an unregenerate sinner; am I now an humble penitent, seeking mercy through a Divine Saviour? If conscience tells me I am yet unchanged, still afar off from God and righteousness, what have I done? I have shut my eyes to the light, closed my ears to the voice of mercy, resisted the Spirit of God, denied the Saviour's claims, increased my guilt, and "heaped up wrath against the day of wrath." I am nearer eter-

nity than I ever was, and less prepared to enter on it. I have made progress to judgment, but have increased my account. When the year commenced, mercy cried, "Lord, let him alone this year also:—if he bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut him down." The year is gone, and I am found the same fruitless tree, yea, with less prospect of ever bearing fruit. Promises were made, and good intentions formed; but I have lived only to give another proof, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

But the last day of the year reminds me of two solemn periods—the last day of my life, and the last day of the world.

The last day of my life will surely come. How fast is it hastening on! Who can tell me how near I am to the grave? I look back on the years already gone; they appear but a handbreadth: how few to me remain! it may be, not one. There may literally now be but a step between me and death. Could some celestial messenger speak to me on the morrow, he might say, "This year thou shalt die." On my coffin lid may be inscribed, "Who departed this life, ——, 1841, aged ——." Oh, how many solemn thoughts are associated with the last day of my earthly probation!

Think of the last day of the sinner. What anguish rends his heart! So unexpectedly called to die! He had hoped that many years were yet in reserve; but now he is told he must die. He looks back in anguish of spirit; he looks forward, and all is dark and hopeless. "Farewell all my gains and projects, my merriments and thoughtless companions, my abused sabbaths and seasons of grace, my 'murdered hours,' my promises of amendment! Before me is nothing but misery, and the blackness of darkness for ever!"

How different the last day of the believer! Hear the dying saint exclaim, "Welcome death, welcome glory! 'The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7. 'Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God,'" Job xix. 26. When the hour comes that shall end my pilgrimage below, will it be my happiness to take my farewell, for ever, of sin and sorrow, pain and death, and at once rise to light and holiness, and bliss, and join the ransomed throng in singing the "new song" before the throne of God, ascribing all the praise of salvation to the Lamb that was slain? What answer does my heart give to this inquiry? "Search me, O God, and try me; and see if there be any wicked way in me;" save me from deceiving my own most precious soul.

The last day of the year seems prophetic of the last day of the world. Every day, as it is added to the thousands that are past, is bringing on that day, of which "Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all," Jude 14, 15, when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," 2 Pet. iii. 10; and though scoffers, who walk after their own lusts, ask, "Where is the promise of his coming?" yet it will come "as a thief in the night." Oh, that day! who shall abide its coming? I shall be a party to its solemn transactions, though thousands of years should intervene, and this body pass into the finest dust, until not a vestige is left to denote that it once formed a part of a human being; yet I shall be there, not as a spectator, but as one deeply interested in the sentences that shall then be passed. Then the year that is now departing, will be brought into review, with all its mercies and privileges, its misimproved hours and accumulated guilt. Oh, where shall I stand? on the right hand, or on the left hand of the Judge? Is He that shall be the Judge, now my Saviour and Friend?

Thus, from this point of time, I look forward to the last day of my life, and the end of the world; and with the solemn realities connected with those days crowding on my mind, I seriously resolve, God's grace assisting me, to set out anew, or at once for heaven.

J. H. C.

THE PRAISE OF THE ENVIOUS.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censures; they praise only that which they surpass; but that which surpasses them, they censure.—*Austin.*

W. Tyler, Printer, 5, Bolt Court, London.

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